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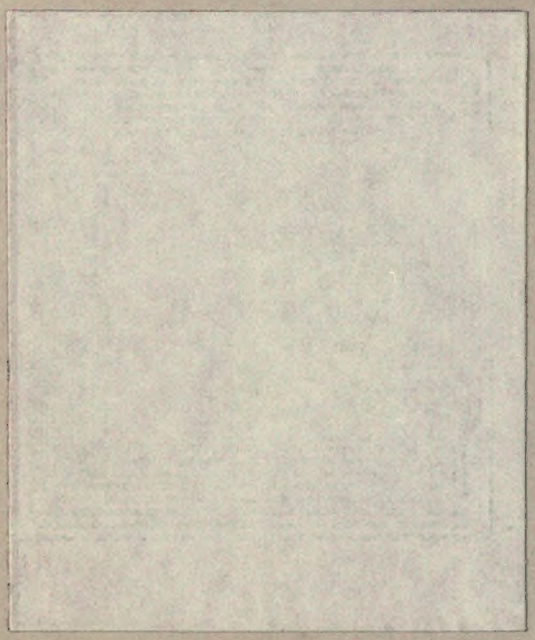

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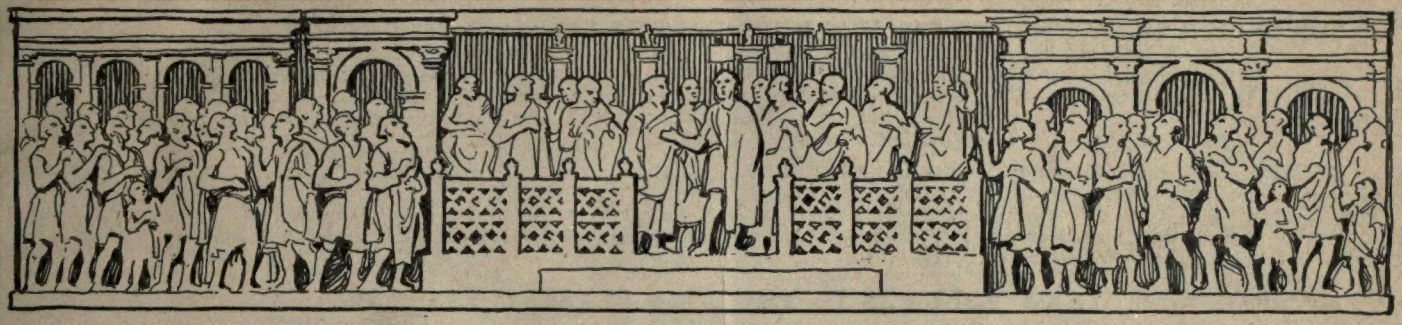

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE bankruptcy of the Conservative party in Canada is well illustrated in the complexion of the new cabinet. Few of the talents are there represented. In a government with reasonable prospects of re-election, cabinet reconstruction before the election is naturally a small matter. Mr. Meighen, however, was in such case that wholesale changes were unavoidable. Certain ministers, being full of years and merely picturesque, wished and had earned retirement; others, being expert politicians, saw that the game was up. Mr. Wigmore had survived by months his fatal lapse, and needed to receive more leisure to attend to the business of Nagle and Wigmore. Of the new ministers Mr. Baxter and Mr. Stewart have the best record. The Quebec members are political ciphers. Mr. Stevens represents mainly British Columbia intolerance of Oriental labour, and Dr. Edwards the peculiar prejudices of Ontario. Mr. Bennett is well known as a rapid orator and a counsel of the Canadian Pacific; Mr. Bristol as devoted to ward politics and Canada Steamships. The new cabinet's journey should be comfortable as well as brief.

MR. KING will never make progress by facing the past. Whatever opinion one may entertain as to the place of Sir Wilfred Laurier in the history of Canada, this is not a time when electors are disposed to say their prayers to his image. We doubt if Quebec is disposed to do so. We know that the rest of Canada is not. Men are looking to the distressing conditions of to-day and to possibilities of better things to-morrow. They are asking for leaders who have ideals—grateful memories they may have as well—but leaders who are looking to the future with sufficient courage and resourcefulness to meet the problem arising from the mistakes of our railway, and war, and fiscal policies. Pre-election pledges have a way of haunting politicians. Mr. King has been in politics long enough to know this. He is disposed to be wary at all costs. But these are days when traditions are being shattered. The eye raised to an image on the wall is less likely to presage victory, than the eye turned to the living present.

AN element of comedy has already brightened the political campaign. Mr. Meighen asked a question at London that many lesser men have asked before him. Condemning the latest tariff platform of the liberals, "Does Mr. Mackenzie King", he demanded, "stand pledged to put that platform into effect if returned to power?" Hopes ran high when Mr. King replied. "I do not propose", said the Liberal leader, "to be thought lacking in frankness and candour". An enthusiastic audience cheered him. But the quality which passes with Mr. King for frankness and candour will never warm the passions of his stalwarts. An age less temperate than our own would describe it as very small beer. His hearers received his explanation in respectful silence. "I shall answer", he continued, "in the terms in which I answered it before the convention which drafted the platform". The statement that followed (and he correctly quoted his speech to the convention) must rank as one of the most remarkable acts of foresight in our politics; for these words, which suffered then from the vagueness natural to peroration, he now produces in triumph as a solemn pledge. "I regarded the platform as a *chart, upon which was plotted the direction of the course it was expected the Party should take*".

IF we understand aright the general obligations which govern party leadership, Mr. King possessed an alternative answer as definite as this was ambiguous. He might have replied at Toronto, "The Liberal Party hereby pledges itself to implement by legislation the provisions of this resolution". He would only have been repeating the closing sentence of the tariff platform; and it was with full knowledge of its adoption that Mr. King undertook to lead his party. If not explicitly, at least implicitly he has made the pledge his own. But Quebec leaders will not have it. Quebec disowns the platform, and Mr. King must do the same. Two years ago the resolutions were acclaimed as evidence of statesmanship. The tariff platform of the farmers (which remains unchanged) was almost identically the same. Continued harmony between the parties would have changed the tariff history of Canada. To-day,

however, this kind of statesmanship is at a discount. "A tariff revision" (according to M. Lemieux), "is always a delicate operation. . . . An alliance the price of which would be the adoption of brilliant but inapplicable theories would be a *mésalliance*". Mr. King, who sat meekly beside his henchman at Montreal, must have enjoyed the description of his former principles. On this occasion he vaguely discussed a "tariff for revenue": and was welcomed like a repentant prodigal. There is a world of comfort in meaningless phrases.

THE Prime Minister is nothing if not clear-cut. He does not mince words. That is good. But he also forbears to set limits to logic, and that is not so good. There is something metallic about his voice and his mind. One can almost hear the clicking of his brain. In his recent speech in his home town he is quoted as saying: "But this platform of Wood and Crerar denounces protection of every kind, and if protection of every kind is wrong, then we should not have protection. It is all humbug to talk about getting rid of something that is wrong by easy stages". The Farmers' platform, it is true, is severe on protection. But any doctor will tell Mr. Meighen that there are certain habits injurious to the human body which may be best removed gradually. The fact that they are injurious or "wrong" does not make it wise to remove them at once but rather by "easy stages". This may well be the case with the Protective Tariff. The shock to the little system may be too severe if the bottle is suddenly removed from our infant industries, still, like Mr. Meighen, on the sunny side of fifty. Hence the farmer, whom a sober and painstaking life makes a conservative force in any country, has given five years for free trade with Great Britain. Unlike Mr. Meighen he does not allow his logic to drive him into absurdity.

WE have at least one "broadening-out" candidate in Ontario. In the West, at any rate between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, the economic solidarity is such that urban voters and rural voters are likely to be pretty much of the same mind. But in Ontario city is set against country, and no prophet has arisen who can lead them together. In Halton County, for many years a safe Conservative riding, the Prime Minister of Ontario found his seat. Mr. Ford, who made room for him, has now been chosen a federal candidate. Not, however, at a straight Farmers' Convention. Delegates from certain urban districts were present and joined in giving practical effect to an idea which Mr. Drury sponsored. Mr. Ford will go to the polls not as a Farmer candidate, not as a Farmer-Labour candidate, but as a People's candidate, representing all, whether in country or town, who support his platform. Canadians will take special note of the election in Halton.

WE ventured in our August issue to forecast a difficult future for the Fordney Tariff. September has shown that we were right. In the Middle West, opinion hostile to the measure has been organized by the great Chicago firm of Marshall Field. Mr. J. J. Shedd of that company is quoted as publicly stating that it involves the suicide of the Republican Party. In New England it is expected that the Dry Goods Associations will oppose the bill; and in the Far West, it has been denounced by the Western Pine Manufacturers Association. The coming of the Premier of Newfoundland to plead before the finance committee of the American Senate against the duties on fish and fish oils is an event almost without precedent. Yet he was received with unmistakable sympathy. Of the tariff on wheat the Wall Street Journal flatly says that it "is no more calculated to protect the farmers of North Dakota and Minnesota than a tax on door knobs". The promises of the Republican leaders, made before the last election, are nothing now but an embarrassment. For if they flout the great mass of opinion which is hostile to the tariff, the public will remember it against them; and if they defer to this opinion, they repudiate their pledges. The lesson is clear that in a time like this, it is no less bad politics than bad economics to hamper the trade between nations. Rather, we must encourage it whenever that is possible; for if we will not buy, we cannot sell. There is especial interest for Canadians in the plea of the Western Pine Manufacturers. Condemning the tariff on posts, poles, and ties, their association urges as a prime consideration the effect which free importation of these articles would have upon the betterment of exchange with Canada. In an open market, exchange rates will adjust themselves.

IT will be noticed that the article on the Washington Conference that follows these notes makes no mention of the important question of Canadian representation. The omission was intentional; for, at the time the article was written, a satisfactory solution seemed to be only a matter of a few days. The delay that has supervened, however, makes comment necessary. Canada has a peculiar interest in at least one of the main problems that is to come up for discussion at Washington; and this interest, which recent events have proved to be by no means identical with that of the other parts of the Empire, can be adequately served only by direct, separate representation at the conference. To such a claim—and there can be little doubt that nothing short of this is the claim of our government—there are only two likely sources of opposition. One is the extreme section of the Republican party in the United States; the other is the Imperial Foreign Office. An immediate statement from Ottawa would strengthen the Government's hand if opposition is, in fact, being

encountered; or if the delay is due to some other cause, it would sweep away the unfounded suspicion. The issue is too important to be dealt with by the old back-stairs methods.

NEGOTIATIONS with Ireland are to continue. After a protracted dialectical contest, conducted on both sides with considerable ingenuity, Mr. Lloyd George has at last decided that he can safely meet the Sinn Fein leaders without committing himself to their own estimate of their status; and the Sinn Feiners, on their part, have decided that they can meet Mr. Lloyd George without insisting upon his doing so. The situation is not substantially different from what it was six weeks ago when the interchange of notes began; yet the extreme partizans on each side are claiming it as a triumph for their respective champions. Such a view, however, overlooks the real significance of this phase of the negotiations. Broadly that significance lies, we believe, not in the formal contest between Mr. De Valera and Mr. Lloyd George, but in the masked struggle which each has had to wage against the *intransigeants* among his own following. Here the victory seems to have been distinctly a victory for common sense. For the rest, the interchange of notes, by revealing some of the ambiguities inherent in such terms as Dominion status, has served to clear the way for what one hopes will be the final step towards the long delayed settlement.

TO all appearance the Mennonite "trek", at least so far as it affects the old Manitoba settlements, is likely to amount to little or nothing. Almost fifty years ago this peculiar people, shunning the ways of the world and particularly the ways of cities, sought an asylum on the deep lands of the Red River valley. They had their origin in Holland during the Reformation, and had sojourned in East Prussia and later in Southern Russia, fleeing militarism as they would a plague. Their Canadian charter made them immune from religious persecution and military service. They interpreted it as giving them also their own schools and relieving them and their children from the necessity of learning English or attending state schools where worldly principles might be inculcated and killing by nations condoned or even glorified. When Manitoba finally under the present government insisted on the teaching of English to all children, and consequently sought to supplant by state schools the "Old Colony" schools conducted in a German dialect and giving little beyond religious instruction, and especially when the war spirit ran across the western plains, those of the Mennonites who remained steadfast in the old faith sent forth men of their number to spy out another land. Various states of the Union, Mexico, and even South America were visited. More than once the Press announced that migration was arranged. But the Mennonites still remain. Even among the faithful there are those who like Canada well enough, and trust the educational authorities sufficiently, to be unwilling to leave their lands. Had real estate operators been inactive, the agitation would probably have ceased long before this. As it is, after many months of advertizing they have failed to sell their blocks of five thousand acres, no Mennonite colonies have migrated, and Canadian Schools are steadily winning their way.

AGAINST the preaching of a gospel of pity which has led so many thoughtless people to waste their sympathy on the "under dog", the Rev. Prebendary Gough, a distinguished Anglican divine who has been visiting the Dominion, uttered a strong protest at a recent Canadian Club banquet. The animal, he explained, has been ruined by too much kindness. He bites the hand that feeds him. He leaves nice large bones on the floor of his kennel to go after the sheep in the Anglican pastures. In denouncing the enfeebling gospel which has produced such deplorable consequences, Prebendary Gough also placed responsibility for it without hesitation. We confess that we shared the common view that the gospel of pity originated with a Galilean artisan who wandered about, without visible means of subsistence, telling people to love one another, instead of remaining at his bench and increasing the output of ploughs and cartwheels. It appears we were wrong; this detestable gospel originated in the country of Nietzsche and Marx. And quite evidently Germany, as the country which worships at the same time the super-man and the under-dog, is the source of all our present troubles. German influences, said Prebendary Gough, have shaped the attitude of British Labour and brought about the recent miners' strike. They are no doubt also responsible for the present trouble in Ireland, though Prebendary Gough omitted to mention this, and for the famine in Russia, as well as for the agitation among the Labour mayors and councillors in Poplar and other working class boroughs in the old country, which may even lead some to think it is desirable to interfere with the working of the present system. Prebendary Gough has given us fresh reason to believe in the vision of the English satirical poet who foresaw that when the present system had done its perfect work there would remain to take his stand upon a pile of skulls a "large, fresh, pink, well-nourished Anglican" to murmur a bland benediction.

THE new premises of the Ontario College of Art were officially opened in Toronto on September 30th last. They are situated alongside of the old Grange, with which they conform beautifully in architectural style, and within a few feet of the new

Art Gallery. There is the nucleus here for an impressive home of Canadian Art. Outwardly the impressiveness will be enhanced when the Art Gallery spreads to Dundas and Beverley Streets and the College of Art to McCaul Street. But the inner spirit is of much greater importance. It is appreciation that is wanted. There is a fine spirit abroad in the College of Art, which by the way owes more to its present Principal, Mr. G. A. Reid, than to any other person. There are promising students too. But there is also a surprising number—not in Toronto alone but in Canada—of mature artists whose work entitles them to live by the free practice of their art. One wonders just how many of them do. Very few if the truth were known. And here is the gap in the structure of that inner world in which art really lives. It is still felt to be a little daring, don't you know, to buy a Canadian sketch for one's walls. The artist sends his pictures to the exhibitions without any tears of farewell for he knows that they will drift back into his studio in due course and merely complicate the problem of dusting. Perhaps this condition will change sooner than we know. The little-picture show of the Ontario Society of Artists last year made a fair number of sales and we hope that their present Exhibition of Small Paintings, now hanging at the Art Gallery, will be made a hunting ground for Christmas presents, as it should be.

FEW things are more annoying to the thoughtful citizen than anonymous and unreasonable attempts to bamboozle him. Yet so far we have heard but few expressions of surprise at an attempt to institute a new form of organized sentimentality. The streets and street cars of Toronto are placarded with a notice which reads: "CANDY DAY, October 8th. Remember the loved ones at home". Now, why should there be a "Candy Day" at all? And who is responsible for its institution? Who pays for the advertisements? It can hardly have been suggested by the City Health Officer, for doctors and dentists are pretty well agreed in their opinion of candy. (Indeed the most obvious step would be a fresh placard announcing "Dentists' Day, October 10th"). And it is difficult to believe that the candy manufacturers could be guilty: for it would be somewhat unscrupulous to write "Remember the loved ones at home" when the true reading should be, "It's your money we want". One is also tempted to ask, "Why October 8th?" But this question is unanswerable. If the institution of a special Candy Day is intended to suggest that on this day alone should people purchase candy, it is perhaps deserving of serious consideration, though a little hard upon candy-lovers like ourselves.

The Summons to Washington

BEFORE many weeks are past, the leaders of the allied nations, impelled less, no doubt, by mankind's unsatisfied longing for a new and better world than by their own difficulties and perplexities, will have gathered at Washington in a second, but more modest attempt to contrive some cure for the jealousies and conflicts that still, in the third year of victory, block the path towards peace. The day upon which the delegates are to assemble is one that should evoke something more than complacent reflections. The atmosphere in which they are to work promises to be comparatively free from the worst traditions of European diplomacy. The task that awaits them is at least less complicated than the one that overwhelmed their predecessors at Paris. Even the lesson of those predecessors' mistakes stands ready to confront them at every turn in the disappointments and miseries born of the last three years.

Yet, in spite of these obvious advantages, the proceedings at Washington will arouse little of the enthusiasm that marked the early days of the great conference at Paris. Enthusiasm has long since given way to disillusionment; great aspirations have dwindled to meagre hopes, and for the fulfilment even of these the Washington conference holds out no certain promise. Far from being the constituent assembly of a new world order, it will, in a sense, mark the failure of the one that has hardly yet been established. If it is likely to revive little of the humbug and empty rhetoric of Paris, still less is it likely to revive, in any measure, the genuine idealism that inspired the better portions of the Treaty and the Covenant. Mr. Harding's platitudes will prove a poor substitute for Mr. Wilson's principles, battered though they are; and as for the others who will take their seats around the central table on November 11th, contemporary history would seem almost to justify the conclusion that the more they change the more they are the same thing.

But though this enterprise of President Harding's may inspire little confidence, it is impossible to regard it with indifference. Its failure would be too serious a matter for that. The conference may not present a great opportunity, but it is an opportunity that, in the present state of international relations, cannot be ignored; for no one can say when it will arise again. Failure would be nothing short of a calamity; it would leave the statesmen bankrupt, and would mean the withdrawal once more of the United States from any friendly participation in world affairs. Yet the last way to promote the success of the conference would be to demand an extension of its functions. That would only magnify all its inherent difficulties. The safest course seems to lie in recognising it frankly as an expedient, and in accepting, even emphasising, its limitations and restrictions.

When, a few months ago, Mr. Harding first issued his invitation, he refrained from defining, except in the broadest and vaguest terms, the objects he had in mind. The conference was to deal generally with policy in the Far East and with disarmament, but the wording of the note seemed almost designed to suggest that it would not stop there. A proposal by Mr. Lloyd George that a preliminary conference on the Far East should assemble at once in London, where the Dominion premiers were then in session, was declined; and thereupon the British and French governments issued an unqualified acceptance. It remained for Japan, naturally reluctant to commit herself where her interests were so intimately affected, to demand, as a condition of acceptance, the preparation of a definite agenda. Upon this task the State Department at Washington is said now to be engaged. Preliminary discussions of an informal but definite nature are to take place in the hope that they will result in the discovery of common ground sufficient to ensure a successful solution of each item that finds a place on the agenda.

What form the agenda will finally take must, of course, remain in doubt, probably until the very eve of the conference. Whether it will include disarmament on land as well as disarmament on sea, general questions of foreign policy as well as questions purely of Eastern policy, no one can yet tell. It seems impossible that it should not touch some portions, at any rate, of the Treaty of Versailles; for such clauses as those dealing with Shantung are bound to come up for discussion, notwithstanding the proposal of the Japanese government that they should be regarded as *choses jugées*. Even the League of Nations itself would, probably, if the wishes of the old-guard Republicans were decisive, be thrown into the melting pot. This, of course, may be safely dismissed as an impossibility; for, although there is a natural desire on the part of Mr. Harding's government to magnify the occasion of its entry into world politics, there are the views of the other governments to be considered, and in England, at any rate, the trend of opinion seems to be all in the direction of restricting, as far as possible, the questions for discussion.

To the impatient optimist, who can bring himself to believe in the limitless possibilities of President Harding's scheme, this reluctance to enlarge the scope of the conference must look almost like the wilful renunciation of a great opportunity. Why should we be content to reduce navies, leaving armies, the essential instruments of war, to flourish? Why should we seek to confine the discussions to Eastern policy when we know that the principal effect of such a restriction will be to maintain the integrity of a treaty that is coming everywhere to be recognized as not only unjust, but impracticable?

Let us suppose, then, in the first place, that disarmament on land is declared to be one of the subjects for discussion. Who will be affected? Not our late enemies; they have already been disarmed. Not Bolshevik Russia; three years of vicarious warfare must have convinced the allied governments of how costly an experiment that would be. Not the neutrals; for, with the possible exception of Holland, they will not be represented at the conference. Only the allies are left, and, of the allies, France alone, with her satellite Poland, continues to maintain a military force of really great dimensions, and France, though she might make a pretence of doing so, is hardly likely to disarm so long as she feels herself almost solely responsible for the enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles. The truth is that there is no use discussing general disarmament by land, which, for all practical purposes, means disarmament in Europe, until the Treaty of Versailles has been profoundly modified. So long as force remains the basis of the Treaty, any agreement for the reduction of armaments in Europe cannot possibly be anything but the sort of cynically ineffective agreement that must at all costs be avoided.

It does not follow, though, because the Treaty presents itself as an obstacle to an all-round limitation of armaments, that the Washington conference should undertake its wholesale revision. The only way in which the Treaty can be revised with any benefit to Europe is the very way in which, from time to time, it is being revised—in consultation with the representatives of the German people. That is the meaning of the negotiations between the allied and German governments that, beginning at Spa a little over a year ago, have been going on ever since. It is a dangerously cumbersome method, it is true; but so long as the present government holds office at Westminster and the *bloc national* controls the Chamber of Deputies, it is the only method available. The Washington conference, like the peace conference at Paris, will be a meeting of the allied governments. The men who compose it will have much the same outlook as the men who drafted the Treaty of Versailles. It is not by such a gathering that the Treaty will be eventually revised.

If some such limitations as these are recognized, only two subjects of real magnitude will come up for discussion at Washington—the reduction of armaments by sea and the problems of the Far East. In the first of these all civilized peoples have a common interest; in the second Canadians, among others, have a particular interest; and it is in connection with this latter question that the policy of our Government may be expected to carry most weight; for it was largely due to Mr. Meighen's stand upon the Anglo-Japanese Treaty that the Washington conference became possible at all. Probably no person in Canada who has not some private source of information knows the precise grounds upon which Mr. Meighen took his stand; the meetings in Downing Street were, for the most part, secret, and neither the meagre

preliminary announcements nor the subsequent formal surveys gave more than a general idea of our Government's policy. It is known, however, that Mr. Meighen felt so firmly convinced that his attitude on this subject was the attitude of the great majority of Canadians that he declared his intention, should the Treaty be renewed, of reserving for Canada the right of contracting out of it. As the press comments alone showed, his estimate of public feeling was perfectly sound; indeed, in spite of the growing weakness of his party, he returned from the Imperial conference with his personal reputation higher, probably, than it ever had been before. Why, under these circumstances, he continues to keep the country in ignorance of more than the barest outlines of his policy is nothing less than a mystery. It is said that during the Imperial conference he joined General Smuts in a protest against the secrecy that enshrouded many of the more important meetings; yet his silence to-day, if he persists in it, will leave the country as ignorant of his preparations for Washington—where all the proceedings, it is promised, are to be public—as it was of his intentions when he left for London.

It might be urged, under normal circumstances, that the general lines of Mr. Meighen's foreign policy are now not only familiar to the Canadian people, but approved by them, and, consequently, that he is under no obligation to discuss his plans for Washington. Even if that were true, there has arisen lately a fresh consideration that makes publicity all the more essential. In all probability the conference will hardly have opened before this country finds itself in the midst of a general election; it is even possible that before the conference has ended a new government will be in power at Ottawa. It would, of course, be too much to expect Mr. Meighen, amid all the distractions of an important political campaign, to devote more than a comparatively small portion of his time to external affairs. It is not too much to ask, though, that he should furnish some satisfactory assurance that the vital interests that this country has at stake in the Washington conference will not suffer through the exigencies of party politics. For, viewed in their proper perspective, these questions of foreign policy are of far greater moment—are much more fateful in their bearing upon our intimate lives—than are many of the domestic problems with which we have been in the habit of allowing ourselves to become engrossed. The maintenance of good feeling with the United States, the advancement of peace in the Pacific, the gradual elimination of the more costly instruments of warfare—it is upon questions such as these, more than upon the minor bickerings of local politics, that our own happiness as well as that of the next generation will depend.

The prospect for Washington, at best, is not a radiant one. The inspiration of a great constructive idea is lacking. Success can mean little more than that a few isolated problems of real magnitude have been settled, that the first move, hesitating and partial probably, has been made towards disarmament. Europe will hardly be touched; the necessity for a true resettlement will remain almost as acute as ever; and the League of Nations will be little nearer becoming the great international force without which any agreement for the limitation of armaments must lack a real assurance of permanence. But if the prospect of success kindles only a modest hope, the possibility of failure may well inspire grave forebodings; for, with all its limitations, the Washington conference presents what may be the last chance of putting some check on the rivalries and misunderstandings that are steadily driving the nations towards another catastrophe. If that chance fails, the prospect of any real relief will be remote indeed.

The Farmers' Case

ON the morning of the twenty-first of October, 1919, the Canadian public awoke to find that a new force had arisen in Canadian politics. On the previous day the provincial elections had been held in Ontario. Without the support of the daily press, without candidates in many ridings, the United Farmers elected more members than either of the old parties and almost as many as both the old parties combined and were able by an alliance with the labour members to form a government. That was almost two years ago. Yet it is doubtful if any considerable number of urban electors know why the farmers are in politics or what they want. Mr. Meighen in his London speech admitted that they were his most formidable opponents because they were in earnest, and he professed to know their aims and purposes, but surrounded as he is by law-books and privilege he too fails to appreciate their position.

The greatest weakness of the farmers' movement lies just in this. It lacks the means of expressing itself to the urban electorate. Through its picnics it has revived the useful practice of public discussion. But these picnics are for farmers. Through the *Grain Grower's Guide* and the *Farmer's Sun* it disseminates the opinions which have united the farmers in class endeavour. An occasional town weekly takes up the tale. Quite recently, whether from conviction or scenting the future, certain city dailies have become not unfriendly. On the whole, however, the movement has failed to secure, in press or on platform, an approach to city people.

When Cobden was engaged in a work similar to that which the leaders in the farmers' movement have now undertaken, he was not satisfied with making himself solid with Manchester and the

factory towns. In the face of strong opposition, even threats of personal violence, he carried his message into rural England. By force of argument, by sincerity and earnestness, he convinced the agricultural interests, bitterly hostile to the repeal of the Corn Laws and the withdrawal of protection from their industry, that the policy which was wisest for the manufacturers was also wisest for the farmers, that the economic interests of England were one and indivisible. The cities of Canada to-day await the zeal and faith and clear thinking of a Cobden.

The present alliance of the farmers with organized labour is one rather of common hostility than of community of interests. Both feel that the business of the country has been predatory and that they are its victims. Some of the labour leaders, it is true, are convinced that a protective tariff naturally encourages the manufacturer and business man to develop predatory instincts. Within the past two years a convention of the Independent Labour Party carried a Free Trade resolution, with one dissenting voice. But in this the leaders have yet to show that they carry the rank and file with them, and superficially at least the farmer has little in common with the type-setter who strikes in these times because he is refused a dollar an hour in wages, or with the railway employee whose annual salary equals the price of a farm and makes transportation charges so high as seriously to impair farm profits. Recurring periods of unemployment and profiteering behind the tariff wall, however, are combining to prepare the mind of the labour man for the seed. Ready also is the mind of the professional man and the clerk.

What, then, is the attitude of the agrarian party to trade and industry, as set forth in the New National Policy? It insists on the "development of our natural resources". Farming, mining, fishing, lumbering, the industries concerned directly with nature, which has been so lavish to the people of Canada, these it would stimulate. Take the lumbering industry, for instance. To-day there is stagnation. The mills are shut down. Lumber camps are closed. Yet people are suffering for want of houses. Marriages are deferred. Children are being herded in apartments. Barns and stables lack repairs. Carpenters are idle. The lumbermen control the natural resources, and the immediate means of exploiting these resources. The lumbermen's association controls the prices, and has been slow to make reductions, thus inviting the conclusion that production is being curtailed in order to maintain high prices. The agrarian policy would encourage the use and conservation of our great forest wealth. If gentle means failed, then foreign competition, the cancelling of licenses or severe taxation would be invoked.

While it would stimulate natural industries, the farmers' platform nowhere shows hostility to manufacturing. Its quarrel is simply with the principle of protection, which, it claims, "fosters combines, trusts and gentlemen's agreements, unduly handicaps the basic industries, is a chief corrupting influence in our national life" and is "the most wasteful and costly method ever designed for raising national revenue". The farmer remembers the village and town industries of a generation ago. In many ways they served his needs better than the highly organized industries of to-day. He obtained better wagons from the local wheelwright, better ploughs from the local foundry. He believes that the protective tariff is a misfortune to the manufacturer: it has suggested the watering of stock and the production of inferior goods. He knows that two industries for a quarter of a century have had an opportunity of showing what Canadian manufacturers and workmen could do without state aid, and that both these industries have succeeded. He knows through his farm papers that last spring, when unemployment was general in Brantford, the Brantford Cordage company was running full strength and shipping binder-twine to Ireland, the home of the industry, and to various foreign countries. He has faith in Canadians. He has been compelled to sell his own products in world markets at competitive prices. He thinks that the manufacturer should do the same. He believes that it would be good for the manufacturer's moral and mental health if he were compelled to do the same.

If at times farm leaders have been factious and class-conscious it is because they know that too often it has been the practice of business, big and little, to sell the farmer what he must buy, virtually the raw material used in the production of farm produce—the land, the sun and the air being the gift of God—at the United States price plus duty and freight. In this way farmers have been compelled to pay twenty or thirty or forty or even fifty per cent. more for their essential commodities than their competitors in world markets have had to pay. If farmers grow restless and protest that this is not a fair game they need hardly be decorated with the horns and tail of Lenin.

The city man is now in a position where he can appreciate the farmer's point of view. He too has felt in his own person the effect of this practice of selling at the United States price plus the duty and freight. When he wishes to buy a new car he looks longingly across the border. He reflects, however, that he can recover the few hundred dollars added to the price of the car by marking up the price of the real estate or bacon or neckties he has to sell. His market is a sheltered market. Once, indeed, since the war even the dullest of city folk had the effect of the tariff brought home with striking emphasis. Sugar had been hoarded in Canada. The world price fell, and sugar could be imported from the United States, duty and freight and exchange

considered, to undersell Canadian sugar. The Federal authorities intervened. Through the Board of Commerce importation was stopped. Then the voice of unsweetened public opinion was heard in the land. The Board of Commerce—that *deus ex machina*—was smashed as an unlovely idol. It was the most telling lesson in economics city people had ever received. Then for the first time many of them became familiar with a law under which farmers, west and east, had long worked and suffered, and which for some years they had thoroughly understood.

No responsible agrarian leader has ever insisted on immediate free trade in all articles. The New National Policy declares for "an immediate and substantial all-round reduction of the customs tariff". It advocates also an attempt to secure reciprocal trade in natural products with the United States. Now in reciprocity there are always two parties to the bargain. Under any reciprocal arrangement it would certainly be provided that the agreement could not be terminated suddenly, but only after notice of two or more years had been given. The dislocation of business caused by the Fordney tariff could thus be prevented by the giving of time in which to secure other markets, unless indeed the exchange of products proved so satisfactory that it became permanent and a part of the general pacific policy of the North American continent. The free entry of farm machinery and certain similar products is also advocated, though it is not stated that this should be made immediate. Free trade with Great Britain within five years is included. This clause suggests that the idea of a gradual approach to free trade was in the minds of the Council of Agriculture, as well as possibly a shrewd attempt to impale the imperialistic manufacturer on the horns of a dilemma.

The fourth plank of the farmers platform deals with the means to be employed for raising revenue. In view of the contention of Mr. Meighen and others that the farmers are out-and-out and immediate free traders the first sentence of this section is interesting. It begins: "As these tariff reductions may very considerably reduce the national revenue from that source, the Canadian Council of Agriculture would recommend. . . " Then follow the proposals for direct taxation on unimproved land values, incomes, inheritances, and profits of corporations. It thus appears that an agrarian government would still collect revenue from customs duties, eliminating, however, the protective idea from the tariff and giving free trade in certain essential commodities. When confronted with the task of raising revenue the new Finance Minister would not find his task light. Nor does the present minister; hence possibly the General Elections. The matter of finding the value of Ontario farm land, without improvements, is by no means easy. It is perhaps safe to say that more than half the farms of Ontario can be bought for less than the replacement values of their buildings and fences. On the other hand land without buildings has considerable value, as is shown when a farmer wishes to add to the size of his farm by purchasing fields from his neighbour. The assessor would be required to accommodate these two factors in arriving at an estimate of unimproved land values". Again the application of the income tax so as to bear equally on the salaried man who buys everything he requires to keep him warm and fed, and on the farmer, who produces much of his living and inevitably adds to capital much of what might be regarded as profit, is a very delicate task. The present Finance Minister comes nowhere near success in it.

But these are questions of the future. The farmers would appear to be right in concluding that hot-house methods of encouraging industry will never give Canada permanent prosperity. Natural wealth we have in abundance. Natural industry, whether on the farm or in the factories, industry developed by Canadians who trust themselves, without fearing or despising others, is to be the industry of Canada in the new era, if the farmers win their case.

C. B. Sissons.

C. N. R.—II.

In the August number of this journal an attempt was made to give the genesis of Canada's railway problem, bringing the story down to the report of the Railway Inquiry Commission. The fundamental difficulty was the over-expansion of our railways, largely the result of unwise government aid, and the fact that an increase in population was necessary before normal conditions could be restored. The Canadian Northern was the most promising of the lines in need of assistance. The Grand Trunk Pacific was utterly hopeless. In the period 1916-20 its business, instead of increasing, actually decreased.[1] These lines were in urgent need of Government assistance if they were to continue to operate without going into the receiver's hands. The Grand Trunk Company was involved only in so far as it had guaranteed the securities of the Grand Trunk Pacific Company. This guarantee was absolute up to $2,594,000 annually and conditional upon there being dividends for the guaranteed stock up to $1,395,170 annually.[2] In this number the story will be carried on from 1917 to the present, dealing chiefly with the acquisition of the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk.

One comment may, however, be permissible before proceeding. In the pre-war years when public aid to private railway enterprise should have been

[1] Mr. Taft's Official (unrevised) Reasons for the Award, page 87.

[2] Ibid, page 85.

most sparing, because capital was then most easily obtained, it was actually most lavish; and because it was used in competitive construction much of the good that might have resulted from it was lost. When war-time conditions precipitated the inevitable crisis, moderate aid would probably have been the most economical way to meet the situation, because the shareholders would have tried to borrow as little as possible, so as not to impair their equity in the property. But the revulsion of feeling against the contribution of public funds to private corporations was so great that the government of the day did not see fit to follow that policy. Nationalization found a ready public acceptance. To the carrying out of that policy we shall now turn.

The Drayton-Acworth Report found "that the shareholders of the Company (the Canadian Northern) have no equity either on the ground of cash paid in, or on the ground of physical reproduction cost, or on the ground of the saleable value of their property as a going concern".[1] However, when the Canadian Northern Acquisition Bill came up for discussion in Parliament the chief reasons put forward for its defence were: first, that a receivership must be avoided in the public interest;[2] second, that the shareholders should be allowed to prove the value, if any, of their property; third, that Professor Swain's valuation of the Company's assets overlooked lands owned by the Company, deferrred payments on lands sold, working capital, and cash on hand.[3] The bill passed and the Company was taken over on October 1st, 1917. The award of the arbitrators appointed by the Act was made public the following May.[4] They found that the surplus of assets over liabilities on October 1st, 1917 was, on a conservative basis, not less than $25,000,000. The chief consideration was, however, not reproduction cost now, but prospective earning power. Upon that basis they found the value of the 600,000 shares still in the hands of the public to be $10,800,000. The best comment on the whole transaction is that of Lord Shaughnessy:—"While it is probable that in the circumstances the country's interests were best served by the acquisition of the property, it strikes one that the legislation relating to the transaction would have been the subject of less criticism, had provision been made for the payment of a very substantial honorarium to the men who had devoted nearly 20 years of their lives to the establishment and development of the enterprise, instead of the creation of a tribunal to determine the value of something that in the minds of a large section of the public was valueless".[5]

[1] Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page xliv.
[2] Hansard 1917. Sir Thos. White, page 4011, Sir Robert Borden, pages 40.8, 4485, 4867, 5115-18.
[3] Ibid. Sir Thos. White, page 4468.
[4] Toronto *Globe*, May 27, 1918, contains full text.
[5] Memorandum to Premier Meighen April 25, 1921.

The government of the day could rightly claim that, in respect to the Canadian Northern, the facts of the situation forced its hand, and that nationalization was the easiest way out of a very bad situation. But if relieved of its obligations to the Grand Trunk Pacific the Grand Trunk would, quite possibly, have been able to work out its own salvation. It must therefore be concluded either that the Government was honestly convinced that the national interest would be best served by the adoption of public ownership of railways as a fixed policy, or that it acted in response to the public opinion of the moment, without attempting to determine whether such action would really be best. The evidence at hand would seem to show that the latter course was the one followed. "Public opinion greatly exercised by proposed increase of railway rates. We are hearing appeal to-day from Railway Board's decision. Having regard to all conditions which confront the Government it seems highly probable *that circumstances will compel* us to take active steps toward nationalization of Canadian railways in immediate future".[1] So reads a cablegram from Sir Robert Borden to President Smithers of the Grand Trunk dated January 24th, 1918. It may properly be asked whether the circumstances mentioned were sufficient reason for so serious an act. So late as February, 1919, the Grand Trunk offered to operate the Canadian Northern Lines east of North Bay, and to enter into an agreement for the interchange of traffic at that point.[2] There were stipulations in the offer which made it impossible to accept it without alteration, but it did present a sound basis for negotiation, had the Government so desired. If this point is clear, namely that nationalization of the Grand Trunk was not inevitable, and that an agreement for the interchange of traffic might have been made, which would have given the National Lines all the advantages of a large traffic-gathering net-work of lines in Ontario and Quebec, without increasing the liabilities of the Government, then the various moves and countermoves leading up to the agreement for the acquisition of the stock of the Company may be neglected here. The agreement provided that the Government should guarantee the returns on the debenture and guaranteed stocks from the date of the appointment of a board of management[3] by the Government, and that a Board of Arbitrators should be constituted to determine the value of the preference and common stocks. The award of the Arbitrators, Sir Walter Cassels, Sir Thos. White, and Mr. W. H. Taft, was made public on September 7th, 1921, and their findings will now be considered.

Sir Walter Cassels and Sir Thomas White decided that the Company was practically bankrupt

[1] Sessional paper No. 80, 1919, page 3.
[2] Ibid, pages 15 and 16.
[3] The Board was appointed in May 1920.

when the Government took it over, which was also the time at which value was to be determined, and that the stocks under arbitration were, therefore, worthless. Theirs was the majority decision, and unless a successful appeal is made the Government will come into possession of those stocks, having paid nothing for them except its share of the costs of arbitration. Mr. Taft gave a more detailed decision, which is well worthy of analysis.

The case before the Board really rested upon two points; first, was the property suffering seriously from under-maintenance so that large capital expenditures were immediately necessary to restore it to proper operating condition? Second, were the immediate necessary betterments, most of them non-revenue bearing, so extensive that the resulting fixed charges would wipe out the possibility of any return to the shareholders for many years to come?

Upon the first question, that of maintenance, the evidence is very conflicting, and facts hitherto unknown were brought to light. As the text of the award is still in the hands of the King's Printer at the time of writing, reliance will be placed on the following account given in the daily press. "Mr. Taft refers to the difference in reports issued by the Grand Trunk to suit various purposes. "In 1917" he said, "the president and London management of the Company" were anxious to have the Government take over the Grand Trunk Pacific and restore to them monies which the Grand Trunk had put into the enterprise. They were then anxious to make a showing of poverty and understated their actual revenues in their published reports by some millions. The report of Mr. Howard G. Kelley, then chief engineer, Mr. Taft refers to as a "de luxe estimate" of needed expenditures and needed maintenance. (This report was submitted to the Railway Inquiry Commission in 1917 and showed deferred maintenance at that date of $21,000,000.)[1] . . . Manipulation of the company's accounts by the London office is referred to at several points in Mr. Taft's report".[2]

But the result of these actions was that they brought up-to-date the old fable of the shepherd who called "wolf" when there was no danger. They were designed to create the impression of poverty. They succeeded only too well. President Kelley testified under oath that the heavy expenditures of 1919 and 1920 out of the concealed earnings overtook all deferred maintenance, and that the road was now up to trunk line standard, capable of handling a 50% increase in traffic with a very small additional expenditure. Sir Walter Cassels disregards this evidence, relying upon the earlier estimate. Mr. Taft says of him "I may add with reference to the views of the Chairman of the Board, as to the bankruptcy of the Grand Trunk, that they seem to be based largely on the Drayton-Acworth report and its contents made now more than four years ago in 1917". Perhaps the explanation is that the item of deferred maintenance was not of great importance after the expenditure of that reserve fund.

Upon the question of betterments Sir Walter Cassels and Sir Thomas White, and particularly the former, accept the estimates of the experts employed by the Government, one of whom went so far as to suggest that the wooden grain elevators of the System should be torn down, and concrete ones substituted, notwithstanding the fact that the existing elevators were capable of giving many more years of good service. Yet that is not an extreme case. Their evidence seemed to be based on the idea that branch lines should be brought up to main line standard, regardless of whether increased income would justify the expenditure. Such evidence should surely not be accepted without reservation, by a Board whose duty it was to determine the value "to the holders thereof" of the stocks to be acquired. Yet it seems to have been accepted in that spirit by Sir Walter Cassels.

Mr. Taft did not attempt a general justification of all the acts of the Company as the following quotation will show. "The association of the Grand Trunk Railway Company with the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Trans-continental is the tragic part of the story of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada whose history, *in spite of certain indefensible acts of the London management*, is one which should arouse the gratitude of the people of Canada".[1]

[1] Official (unrevised) Reasons for the Award, page 89.

But he points out that even though the Board of Directors acted improperly, that does not warrant any reduction in the award to the stockholders. The Board was formed to determine the value of the property, not to hold a criminal prosecution.

Mr. Taft concludes with an estimate that the Grand Trunk would be able to meet all its liabilities, including its Grand Trunk Pacific guarantees, in 1926, and still be able to pay the dividends upon the stocks under arbitration. This estimate is based upon the assumption that freight traffic will increase at the rate of 6% per annum (this was true of the period 1911-20) and that operating expenses will by that time have been reduced to 75% of gross earnings. Such an estimate appears rather optimistic, but many people would be disposed to agree with him if the date set were 1930.

At the time of writing an appeal from the majority decision of the Board of Arbitration seems certain, for the investing public of Britain has been antagonized. Canada, meanwhile, has guaranteed the interest on the Company's debenture and guaranteed stocks, amounting, along with the other fixed charges, to $12,800,000 annually. The gain from

[1] See the report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page XXXIII.

[2] *Mail and Empire*, Toronto, September 8, 1921.

this move is problematical. The Grand Trunk is not merely a local line which can be fitted into the Canadian National System. It is really an international line. "Serving considerable portions of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec the Grand Trunk System enjoys a substantial business of Canadian traffic but its international business yields the greater part of its gross revenue".[1] If sentimental reasons impede the flow of this traffic, then the Grand Trunk will be a source of tremendous loss.

While it remained in private hands the Grand Trunk was greatly hampered by its absentee ownership. That was in reality what kept it from attaining the front rank. Mr. Taft says that "through a school of apprentices and other methods, an *esprit de corps* has been acquired that has been very valuable to the Company, and it can be stated with confidence that, had the policy of the Company as dictated from London been as prudent, as wise, and as effective as the local management through the offices of the Grand Trunk here, the fate of the property would have been different".[2] The people of Canada, and students of railway problems generally will watch with interest to see whether the new management will be permitted by the new owners to show the wisdom, the prudence, and above all the flexibility which the old one lacked.

JOHN L. MCDOUGALL.

Count Leo N. Tolstoy, 1890-1910

PART IV.—1910

It was not my fortune to visit Russia again until eleven years had elapsed. On this occasion I went from Canada via the Pacific and the Siberian Railway. Sometime before starting upon the long railway journey I wrote to the Tolstoys from Port Arthur or Mukden intimating the date of my probable arrival at Moscow. When I reached Moscow I found letters awaiting me urging me warmly to go to Yasnaya Polyana immediately on my arrival and to stay there as long as possible. Had I known at the time what lay behind these friendly messages nothing would have prevented my setting off for Yasnaya Polyana without delay, but I did not know until later. The scorching heat to which I had been subjected in China during July appeared to have no injurious influences, but when I arrived in Moscow in the beginning of August there was an unusually cold spell. People were wearing great coats in the streets whereas when I had been in Moscow before in August the lightest of silk clothing was none too light. I had not been in Moscow many hours before I contracted a severe cold. While I was considering the expediency of setting off at once for Yasnaya Polyana I received a telegram from Professor V. V. Svyatlovsky of St. Petersburg advising me that on the next evening he was passing through Moscow on his way to Yalta in the Crimea and inviting me to stay with him there for a week or two. This was most welcome for the climate of Yalta is delightful and it seemed to offer precisely what I needed. I accepted at once, with the consequence that I spent a much longer time in southern Russia than I had intended and my visit to Yasnaya Polyana had to be postponed from the beginning of August until the end of that month.

On my way north from Kiev and Cheringov I stopped at Tula. I had been travelling rather rapidly, had lost touch with the Tolstoys and had, therefore, to make inquiries at Tula as to the whereabouts of the various members of the family. It occurred to me that it was not improbable the Governor of Tula might know whether Count Tolstoy was at Yasnaya Polyana at that moment. I therefore called upon him. Unfortunately he was presiding at a meeting of his Council and could not see me personally, but with great politeness he sent his secretary to inform me that Count Tolstoy was staying with his daughter Tatiana, now Madame Soukhatin, on the estate of her husband near Mzensk, in the government of Orel. The Governor was even good enough to instruct his secretary to find out the most suitable trains for me and to direct me by the most convenient route. Under these circumstances I decided to telegraph to Vladimir Tchertkoff, Tolstoy's literary adviser and later his executor, who lived on a small estate near Yasnaya Polyana and with whom I had had relations for many years. Shortly I received from him a telegram confirming the information of the Governor and inviting me to go on at once to his place.

I arrived there in the evening and found not only Tchertkoff but the Countess Olga, whom I had met in 1899. She was, as I had known, the sister of Madame Tchertkoff, as well as the sister of Captain Dieterichs, who had some years before spent several weeks with me in Toronto. From them I received a very melancholy account of the Tolstoy family. Count André Tolstoy, the husband of the Countess Olga, had eloped with the wife of the Governor of Tula, the very man who had been so courteous to me. This elopement was followed by divorce. The Countess and her little daughter were living with her sister. Some of the other members of the Tolstoy family had in other ways given Tolstoy much sorrow and the relations between himself and his wife had been in consequence seriously affected. I realized that without any ill intent Tchertkoff was prone to emotional views, but when all due allowance was made on this score I gathered that the conduct of some of her sons and her attitude towards her husband

[1] Memorandum of Lord Shaughnessy to Premier Meighen, April 25, 1921.

[2] Reasons for the Award, page 77.

showed that the Countess Tolstoy, in spite of many good qualities, was an over-fond mother and a rather less than devoted wife. The marriage of Tatiana had, I realized, made a great difference in the family relations. Her practical sagacity had enabled her to act as a unifying influence and through her shrewd management of the affairs of the estate had kept the family in comfortable circumstances. The withdrawal of her competent management had diminished the family income, which had been further impaired by the advance of wages due to the revolutionary movement of 1905-7. The relations between the Tolstoys and their peasants were by no means so cordial as they had been. In order to protect the château against attack by their own or neighbouring peasants the Countess had employed an armed Ingushi (a mountaineer from the Caucasus) who was indeed at that moment still at Yasnaya Polyana. Moreover the extravagance of some of the sons of the house had brought the Countess into the worry of financial difficulties from which she saw no relief but in the copywriting of her husband's works in foreign countries and in the exploitation of them there as well as in Russia in order to supplement her income. These proceedings could not, of course, meet with the approval of Tolstoy. He had always refused to accept personal benefit from his writings. He had given away the money forced upon him by publishers and he had often given away his manuscripts without return of any kind. When acute financial crises resulted in hysteria on the part of the Countess the prophet-like calm of Tolstoy was seriously disturbed and the whole structure of the family life was shaken. The Tchertkoffs told me that the visit of Tolstoy to Mzensk was of the nature of a flight. He could not stand the strain of the situation and simply ran away from it.

Under these circumstances I was in doubt whether I should pursue Tolstoy to Orel, much as I desired to see him once more. Tchertkoff telegraphed to Madame Soukhatin and I received an urgent invitation to go there so soon as the stream of visitors who had gone to congratulate Tolstoy upon his eighty-second birthday on the twenty-eighth of August had ceased. I spent some days with the Tchertkoffs, and one day drove to Yasnaya Polyana. The Countess Olga, who had a pretty wit, advised me that I should meet there her successor, the former wife of the Governor and now the wife of her former husband. She remarked that I should find her a very stupid woman. Had she not been so she never would have eloped with André. I did meet her and I was inclined to agree. At Yasnaya Polyana also I met Count Leo, the younger, one of the sons of Tolstoy whom I had not previously met. He is known only from his having written *The Chopin Interlude*, a kind of reply to his father's *Kreuzer Sonata*. I have not read the book and therefore have no opinion about it. The author did not impress me. He spoke as a pronounced Slavophil—even to the point of extreme chauvinism. He thought that the Russian spirit was bound to dominate the world. I had no leisure to do otherwise than make casual observations, but the indications of inferior management of the estate thrust themselves into the eyes. The roads were almost impassable in the day time, at night absolutely impassable; the village was clearly deteriorated. The brick houses—a new experiment on my former visit—were tumbling to pieces, the *izbas* were dilapidated and the whole village bore a forlorn aspect. I left it with a feeling of profound depression.

A few days later I arrived at Mzensk to meet with a cheery reception from Madame Soukhatin and her elderly husband and an affectionate greeting from Tolstoy. He at once began to tell me of his family affairs, but rightly or wrongly I checked him. I told him I had heard all about them from Tchertkoff, that the details were too painful for repetition and I begged to talk of other matters. Tolstoy was in fairly good health; he had been cheered by his birthday visitors and, for the moment, he had felt release from his worries. The Countess had followed him to Mzensk but had left the previous day. We had a long walk and he spoke of the future of the world. He found no comfort in governmental changes, and little in any social changes taken by themselves. He thought that the great need of the world was a religious movement. I thought of the similar idea of Stepunxk, a very different type of mind, and I wondered whether the new religious movement was destined to develop into a formal ecclesiasticism as most of the historical religious movements have done. Tolstoy did not seem to think so. He thought that a pervasive religious emotion without doctrine and without ritual was what was needed. With this pious hope, which I fully shared, the great question had to be left.

The only other visitor at Madame Soukhatin's was Dr. Makovitski, the faithful physician of Tolstoy, who constantly attended him. I had much to attend to in Moscow and St. Petersburg and the day when I must leave Russia was approaching. To my lasting regret I had to go after too short a visit. Madame Soukhatin was anxious for me to stay and I wish I had been able to do so. What Tolstoy needed was a little healthy and commonsense companionship, a little support against the atmosphere of idolatry on the one hand and, on the other, of petty worries over domestic, pecuniary and like complications which incurably compromised the simplicity he had strained after for himself and advocated for others.

As, after the Russian fashion, I kissed Tolstoy good-bye, and when I saw his tall figure at the door waving his hand to me on setting off on my long drive to the railway I felt that I was bidding him farewell

for ever. About two months after I saw him he left home, finally shaking from his feet the life of compromise with unworthy things. No doubt his flight was due to mingled motives. He had always felt impatience with his anomalous position. He had desired to give up his property and to divest himself of the responsibilities entailed by its possession. But his family would not allow him to do so. At a certain moment they even threatened to put him under restraint if he attempted to abandon his property. Yet he continued to feel the contradiction between his doctrine and his practice. Relatively to the country life of many landed proprietors in Russia and elsewhere, Tolstoy's life, as may be gathered from the sketch I have given of it, was simple; relatively to the life of the peasants in his own village it was complex. Nor could it be otherwise. Its complexity was inherent. But, in addition to this motive, undoubtedly strong and undoubtedly present in his mind for a long time, there was another motive of more recent origin. He became weary of ceaseless strife and bitterness, of clamour for money to support things he did not approve of, to be raised by means that were repugnant to him. Some people would have, and could have, resisted these clamours and paid no attention to them, leaving home for a time if necessary by way of protest. Tolstoy was differently built; he had always preached the gospel of non-resistance. Flight from evil was the only logical resort when the pressure became too heavy. Moreover he was getting old and wearied and even had he held other doctrines than those of non-resistance he had little strength left to carry them into practice. Yet I think he might have been able, with assistance, to hold his position and avoid flight. As it was, he went, collapsed on the way, and on the tenth of November, 1910, he died in a cottage.

The Russian public went wild with enthusiasm. Never was the influence of Tolstoy so high as at the moment of his death. His last act was interpreted as a symbol of the abandonment by Russia of pursuit of material progress and of single-minded devotion to spiritual advancement. The event did justify Tolstoy's action. His flight from home and comfort struck the luxurious and extravagant society of the capitals like a blow in the face. For a moment, at least, they thought of other sides of life than those with which they were familiar. Tolstoy was one of themselves. He knew their life perfectly; he had fully shared it in earlier days. His renunciation of it was real and, followed as it was by death, was sacrificial. From an artistic point of view a tragic end of Tolstoy's career was inevitable. His misfortunes were due to causes too deeply seated to be atoned for in any way save by sacrifice—and the only sacrifice possible was the sacrifice of life.

JAMES MAVOR.

(*Conclusion*)

Homestead

I

THRESHING AT NIGHT

A red moon rising.
Across the stubble
Rings the tractor's note,
Steel-hard, steel-sharp, through the frosty air.

Closer, come closer,
Come, drugged like a fire-led moth, to the engine.

The smoky umber light of a single lantern
Glows on the polished belt.
The blown chaff rustles;
Hungrily
The open mouth gulps down the sheaves.
Gray racks dropping their loads into shadow;
Shadows within shadows,
Moving.
The high moon
Turns the down-pouring grain
To a stream of whispering gold.

II

THE SHACK

The tall black pines cry shrilly in the storm,
And clouds drive down, shrouding the hill's dim form
In a roaring night.
Shadows move slinking away from light,
And upturned roots seem living. Things of fear
Pass in the darkness.
Far across the drear
And wind-torn solitude, a small light shines,
Gleaming faintly through the lashing pines
To guide me back.
Jim Anderson and I fashioned the shack
With sure, slow labor, notching log on log. . . .
Jim died last Spring—
My small white foolish dog
Will bark his welcome as I stumble in. . . .
When work is done and the long hours begin,
I shall lie smoking in my bunk, and stare
At shadows. . . .

III

A GRAVE BY THE ATHABASCA

A sodded mound—a can of withered flowers—
Railed in with slender poplar. Far below
The river boils, and through the eternal hours
The dead may watch the cold brown waters flow.

He craved companionship. Instead, came Death,
Knocking upon his door with fingers rude,
And for his strength of limb, his sight, his breath,
Illiberal, gave him only solitude.

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

The P.B.I.

or

Mademoiselle of Bully Grenay

II.

DUGOUT OCCUPIED BY DON COMPANY HEAD-QUARTERS.

The entrance to the dugout is in the right rear corner and is covered by a gas-blanket. Nailed to the right wall and near the front of the dugout is a rickety table, on which there is a Don Three telephone. Above this table are two tomato cans, which have been slit down the side and then spread open to form a protecting shade for the candles which are burning in them.

Along the back-wall of the dugout is a double-decker chicken-wire bunk. At the back and in the left corner stands a collapsible tripod supporting an officer's canvas wash-basin, which is part of Green's kit. On the floor around this are some petrol-tins full of water. Hanging from the bunk is a medium-sized bath-towel.

Nailed to the left wall is a small shelf on which are a couple of whisky-bottles, some Very-light flares and other odds and ends.

In the centre of the dugout is a raggedy table of rough and weather beaten pine planks, which have been slapped together by some amateur pioneer, who apparently had a hammer and nails, but no hand-saw. On this table are maps, orderly-room chits, a copy of the Daily Mail, a couple of issues of La Vie Parisienne and two candles, one of which is burning in a whisky-bottle, and the other on a condensed milk tin, but both of which are shaded by the regulation tin-cans.

It is still the first afternoon of the tour but it is now about four pip emma. Signaller Buck Graham is seated at the wall-table, scribbling down the latter part of the following message as it is buzzed off by the phone.

S M 15:40
P X Q 8 words
OXO
B M 4 21/5/18 AAA.
Old Red Pepper inspecting line to-day. AAA.
Look out. AAA. CUB.
VE RD FO FU

Harris is sitting at mess table, diligently polishing the buttons on Green's tunic, and at the same time talking to Graham.

Harris. Wot bally rot. The Boss wants his buttons cleaned up here in the trenches. I see where it's going to take me some time to get him properly trained.

The signal message ends. Graham turns round to Harris.

Graham. Say Harris, where's Mr. Green?

Harris. Oh, I told him he could go up on top and watch our flying-pigs go over.

Graham. Chase up and give him this message.

Harris. Where do you get that noise? I ain't no runner.

Harris grumblingly takes the message and starts over to the stairway.

Graham. Ac Company has just tipped us off that the Brigadier-General is coming up our way with a whole flock of redtabs and brass-hats.

Harris pulls aside the gas curtain and starts upstairs, but finds Nobby Clark, a runner, sleeping on the steps.

Harris. Here Nobby, wake up.

Harris grabs Nobby by the shoulder and shakes him.

Harris. Nobby, wake up.

Nobby. Go way.

Harris. Take this message to Mr. Green, Nobby.

Nobby. Where is he?

Harris. I told him not to go far, so you'll probably find him at the top of the stairs.

Nobby. All right.

Harris comes back into the dugout.

Harris. Lucky there is somebody around here to check up those runners or they would get so fat and lazy they wouldn't be able to squeeze out of the dugout at the end of the tour.

Graham. Yes . . . All the same batmen.

Graham crosses to the bunk and awakens Roberts, the other signaller.

Graham. Roll out, Roberts.

There is no reply.

Harris. So the old Jigadier-Brindle is prowling around the front-line. Looks like dirty work at the crossroads.

Graham. Show a leg, Roberts. It's four o'clock.

Roberts grunts inarticulately.

Graham. Out you come. It's your shift.

Roberts sleepily crawls out and goes over to the phone and O.K.'s the line to Ac Company. Then, with much yawning, stretching and rubbing of eyes, he settles down into an attitude of the most abject misery. Graham sits down at the officers' table and starts to munch hard-tack and bully. Corporal Binks, the Battalion Gas N.C.O., is heard on the stairs.

Binks. Is this Don Company Head-Quarters?

Harris. Who wants to know?

Binks. Gas corporal.

Harris. Ay, this is Don Company.

Binks enters with a petrol-tin of vermoral anti-gas solution.

Harris. Wot's up now?

Binks. Here's some vermoral anti-gas solution . . . Anything to put it in?

Harris glances around the dugout and then takes a whisky bottle down from the shelf. On shaking it, he discovers that there is still a little whisky in it. He promptly swigs it off.

Binks. Any more where that came from, Harris?

Harris hands over the empty bottle to Binks, who fills it with vermoral solution.

MAN WITH SCYTHE

BY

FRANK CARMICHAEL

Harris. Binks, my boy, you're much too young to be fed on this here snake-poison.

Binks hands back the bottle of vermoral solution to Harris.

Binks. Better label that bottle, Harris . . . If somebody mistakes it for whisky, you'll be for it.

Binks goes up the stairway. As soon as he is out of earshot Harris pompously throws out his chest and speaks to no one in particular.

Harris. I guess there ain't no need for Gas to tell us fighting-men how to carry on the War.

Harris replaces the bottle on the shelf without labelling it. He then picks up Green's tunic and resumes his interrupted polishing.

Graham. Nobby's taking a long time to find Green.

Harris. O I told the Boss that it was a good time to get souvenirs, so he probably has drifted off on a Cook's tour of the line. He'll have all the work of collecting a bunch of mementos and then I'll have the sport of sending them home . . . to *my* girl.

A heavy crump explodes up above, between the front line and the supports. Its dull reverberation shakes the dugout.

Harris. Suffering boiler-factories. I hope the Boss wasn't up on top picking himself a bouquet of daisies when that one exploded.

Harris extracts a silver cigarette case from the pocket of Green's tunic.

Harris. You know, Graham, my Boss is an awful fool in many ways but I'll say this much for him—he smokes jolly good fags.

Harris opens the cigarette case.

Harris. Wonderful luck, Graham, old man. Just in time for the last two.

Graham, expecting to get fifty-fifty on the loot, tosses over a box of matches.

Graham. Here are some matches, Harris.

Harris. Thanks, Graham. I'll take a couple and then I'll not have to trouble you again when I want to smoke the other gasper.

Harris calmly sticks one cigarette behind his ear, lights the other and then replaces the empty cigarette case in Green's tunic.

Graham. Harris, I hope it gasses you.

Graham crawls disgustedly into the bunk. Green enters, all agog with excitement and still carrying the message form in his hand.

Green. Say, Harris, I just saw a big one explode.

Harris. You want to be careful, sir, and don't run any unnecessary risks. I've lost too many of my young officers that way.

Green. Tut-tut, Harris. I've been in the Army long enough to be able to look after myself.

Harris. Yes sir, but if anything should happen to you, I'd be held responsible by the Major . . . O by the way, sir, a runner was telling me that we're going to lose Major Mackenzie.

Green. What? . . . How?

Harris. O the Major's earned a cushy billet, sir, and so we're sending him off to take a job on Brigade Staff.

Green. Brigade Staff? Good . . . That reminds me, Harris, the Brigadier-General is coming around the trenches and I must smarten up a bit before he gets here . . . Lay out my good tunic and give me some washing-water.

Harris picks up a petrol-tin and pours some water into the tripod washbasin. Green takes off his tunic and prepares to wash.

Green. Is that water fit for drinking?

Harris. O yes sir. I got it out of a good clean shell-hole.

Lieutenant Pearson, the Battalion Works Officer, enters dugout.

Pearson. Afternoon, Green.

Green. Really, I'm afraid you have the advantage of me.

Pearson. We've met around Headquarters' Mess in Bully-Grenay. I'm Pearson, the Battalion Works Officer.

Green. O right, Pearson. Just sit down.

Pearson. Where's Major Mackenzie?

Green. He's out inspecting the front-line.

Pearson. I wanted to see him about some wiring that is to be done to-night out by the Sunken Road. But if he's up in the front-line, heaven knows how long it will be before he gets back, so I'll just scribble off a chit and leave it here for him.

Pearson sits down and starts writing on a message pad.

Green. I hear a rumor that Major Mackenzie is being sent to the Staff.

Pearson. Yes, I guess he's for it all right. He doesn't want to leave his company and the Colonel doesn't want to lose him but the Brigadier feels that Major Mackenzie is too experienced an officer to be wasted in the front-line.

Green. Talking of the Brigadier, I just received a signal message saying that he is making a tour of the trenches this afternoon.

Pearson. What? Old Red Pepper out on the war-path again? Hope he doesn't get up on our frontage. He'd go raving mad if he ever saw how Fritz has blown up the barbed-wire out by the Sunken Road.

Green. Does the Brigadier-General often come up into the front-line trenches?

Pearson. Well . . . I'd hardly say "often." He frequently intends to pay us a visit but he doesn't always arrive. The Jigadier-Brindle is a good old sport but he's not very keen on getting plastered with the mud, filth and corruption of the front-line.

Just give him a decent excuse and he'll hustle straight back to his château at Maroc.

Brigadier-General Wellington Montagu-Smythe is heard on the dugout stairs speaking to his orderly.

General. Here, confound it, my man, hold that billy-be-hanged candle so I can see the steps.

Pearson. Hello, here's the General now.

General. Now, my man, here's the last step. Run up to the trench and wait for me there.

The General hits his head on the lintel of the dugout entrance.

General. Wowwwwwww!

The General enters holding his forehead with both hands. Everybody in the dugout springs to attention.

Gneral. Why can't those blinkety-blank billy-be-hanged Engineers make dugout doors large enough to let me get through them without cracking my blesséd skull open.

Pearson. Are you badly hurt, sir?

General. Yes . . . My head's nearly split . . . Get this beastly thing fixed at once.

Pearson. Yes sir.

General. Now where's the Company Commander?

Pearson. Major Mackenzie's up in the front-line, sir.

General. Ah yes. Just so. Let me see now, who are you?

Pearson. Pearson, sir, Battalion Works Officer.

General. Ah yes, Pearson, certainly; your name was just on the tip of my tongue, Johnson.

Pearson. And this is Mr. Green, sir, one of our new officers.

General. Ah yes . . . Quite so . . . Ah-er . . . you have joined a very fine unit, my boy . . . One of the finest regiments in my Brigade.

The General proudly throws out his chest.

General. O Thompson, did you say the Company Commander was here?

Pearson. No sir. He's up in Chicory Trench.

General. Ah then, I'll see him there . . . I'm going up now to inspect the front-line. . . . I have received reports that the barbed-wire on this sector is in a most shocking condition. . . . You'll come along with me, Pearson, and show me over the frontage.

Pearson. Very good, sir.

General. Then we're all ready?

Pearson. Yes sir.

General. All right. Come along.

General and Pearson start to go out the dugout door.

General. O bless my soul, I nearly forgot that I had to phone my Head-Quarters at Maroc.

Pearson. Signals are over in this corner, sir.

General. Ah yes . . . Just so.

General struts over to Roberts, who is on duty at Signal instrument.

General. Get me my Head-Quarters, my good man. I wish to speak to Major Blake.

Roberts. Orders against speaking over the phone, sir.

General. But confound it, I'm the General of this Brigade.

Roberts. Orders are orders, sir.

General. I'm the General that makes the orders. . . . Get me my château.

Roberts. Very good, sir.

Roberts starts to buzz the call on instrument. General peers short-sightedly around the dugout to see whom he may devour. He spots Buck Graham.

General. What are you, my good man?

Buck. Signaller, sir.

General. Ah yes . . . Signaller . . . Brains of the Army, what-what? . . . Then tell me, my man, what is the Tactical Defence Scheme . . . ah-er . . . for this Brigade Sector . . . ah-er . . . in case the beastly Boche should launch an attack . . . ah-er . . . against our battle-positions?

Buck. We'd fight like hell and then souvenir any Huns what survived.

General. Ah yes . . . That covers the correct procedure . . . Now run along and tell my orderly that I intend to go up to the front-line in a few minutes.

Buck goes upstairs. Roberts is still buzzing the instrument without getting the connection. General impatiently turns to Roberts.

General. Come, come . . . Such delay . . . This won't do at all . . . Hurry up, hurry up.

Roberts. Kiwi is on the line now, sir.

General. I'll speak to them myself.

The General takes up the receiver and inadvertently places his elbow on the key of the instrument. There is an insistent and continuous buzzing.

General. Who's making that abominable noise?

Roberts. You've got your elbow on the key, sir.

General. Bless me, so I have.

The General lifts his elbow and the buzzing ceases.

General. Are you theah? Is that Kiwi? I want to speak to Major Blake . . . To Major . . .

The General jerks violently back and lets the instrument fall on his toe.

General. OUCH!

The General dances around on one foot, nursing the other in his hands.

General. Johnson, I'm wounded.

Signaller Roberts picks up the instrument and lays it on the table again. The General finally calms down enough to renew his attack against the Signal Service.

General. Are you theah? Who are you? The R.T.O.? I don't want the R.T.O. Get off the line.

The General piteously complains to Pearson.

General. The confounded thing does nothing but sizzle, Pearson. What's it sizzling at me for?

Pearson. May I get your connection for you, sir?

General. Confound it, no. I have enough brains to be able to handle a telephone.

The General picks up the instrument again.

General. Are you theah? . . . Confound you, I have pressed the button . . . I have shaken the receiver.

The General again seeks consolation from Pearson.

General. Thompson, the beastly thing does nothing but whistle and burble and jabber.

The General makes yet another attempt to get through.

General. Hello, Hello . . . Yes . . . It's the General speaking . . . I want my Head-Quarters . . . I say I want my Head-Quarters.

A heavy, but dull and muffled thud shakes the dugout as a rumjar explodes up above in the trench.

General. Good heavens . . . The beastly Boche must be registering on this dugout.

Pearson. The Huns have been plastering our front-line with big minnies all afternoon, sir.

General. Ah yes . . . So I noticed coming up.

Pearson. And his heavies have been pounding our forward communication-trenches unmercifully.

General. Just so . . . The enemy appears very hostile to-day.

Pearson. He's been shelling the back-areas wickedly, sir, but intermittently. There appears to be a lull in his strafe just now. Do you think, sir, it would be wisest for you to return to Maroc while things keep quiet?

Roberts has been trying to get through on the line but it is dead.

Roberts. Pardon, sir, but our line is out, sir. That last crump must have come right down on it.

General. How annoying. . . . How beastly annoying. . . . I must keep in constant touch with my Head-Quarters and if I can't do it by Signals then I must go back in person.

Pearson. Yes sir.

General. I fully intended to go around the front-line but now I think it better to hasten back to my château at Maroc and from there I will turn the heavies on the enemy . . . Brrrrrrrrrrrr-er!

Pearson. On your way back, sir, would you drop in at Battalion Head-Quarters and have afternoon tea with us?

General. Splendid suggestion, Simpson. . . . Splendid . . . Come along.

Green. Before you leave, sir, would you care to have a little something to drink?

Green goes over to the shelf and takes down the whisky bottle, containing the vermoral solution.

General. Thanks, Mr. . . . ah-er . . .

Pearson. Green, sir.

General. Ah yes, Mr. Green . . . Really would rather enjoy a little nip . . . Very tiring walk up here.

Green hands the General the bottle and a collapsible nickel pocket-cup. General looks approvingly at the label on the bottle and then pours himself out a generous jolt.

General. Hmmmmmm . . . and a very fine old blend too.

Harris has been standing stupidly watching, hypnotized and paralyzed by the prospect of the catastrophe which he perceives to be imminent. Vacillating between his desire to see the inevitable eruption and his fear of suffering the consequences of his temerity, he stands rooted to the ground The General raises the cup.

Harris. Holy Mike!

Harris loses his nerve, dashes across the dugout and bolts out the door. He can be heard pounding up the stairs, almost falling over himself in his hurry.

General. What's the meaning of this? Pearson, see that disciplinary action is taken against that man.

Pearson. Yes sir.

The General again raises the cup.

General. Here is your very good health, gentlemen.

The General gulps down a large mouthful of the vermoral solution and immediately starts to splutter violently.

General. Confound it! I'm poisoned!

The General coughs and hawks and fumes around in a blind rage. His brass cap falls off as he is stamping about.

General. Where's that young cub of an officer? . . . What do you mean, sir?

Green. Sir, I . . . er . . .

General interrupts in a howling passion, raging up and down the dugout.

General. What do you mean, sir, talking back to me? I didn't say you might speak to me . . . . Never suffered such an indignity in all my life . . . Pearson, I expect action to be taken against this rascal.

Pearson. Yes sir.

The General rushes up the stairs in a mad fury.

Pearson. Vesuvius in eruption. Zowie!

Pearson picks up the bottle, takes a sniff at the contents and then cautiously tastes it by moistening the tip of his finger with the liquid and touching it to his tongue.

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Pearson. Well, this is priceless!

Green. Wh-wh-what happened?

Pearson. The General's taken a bracer of anti-gas solution.

Pearson sets the bottle down on the table and turns to Green.

Pearson. You are a bright one.

Pearson flops on the bench and bursts into loud guffaws of laughter, while Green holds his head in his hands in hopeless dejection.

Green. I can't see where the laugh comes in.

Pearson speaks with difficulty between his roars of mirth.

Pearson. No, I don't suppose you do . . . But if I were you, I'd have that batman who just beat it out transferred to the Trench Mortars.

Pearson is now somewhat more composed.

Pearson. Well, I'll toddle along. The dear old Jen will be putting his nicely varnished boot into a sump-hole and I want to be there to see the fire-works.

Pearson crosses to the door.

Pearson. Chin-chin, old bean. You'll learn.

Pearson goes up the stairs. Green is a picture of gloomy despondency. He gets up and starts walking back and forth, with his hands thrust deep down in the pockets of his breeches and staring at the ground in dismal dejection. Roberts gets up from the phone.

Roberts. Sir, the line's out and the phone will be no use until it's fixed. May I go out on it with the other signaller and hunt for the break?

Green. Yes. Yes. Go anywhere but get out quick.

Roberts. Yes sir.

Roberts puts on his tin-hat and respirator.

Green. And take this infernal bottle and bury it in a shell-hole.

Green thrusts the bottle at Roberts.

Green. And if you see my batman, tell him to come down here at once. I have something important to say to him.

Roberts goes up the stairs. Green subsides into his former mood of disconsolate despair.

Green. I'm done for now.

Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars to the reader who can identify the largest number of the following quotations. The name of the author and of the work from which the quotation is cited must be given in each case.

(1) Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism.

(2) An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.

(3) Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

(4) Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive.

(5) The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

(6) The Irish are a fair people: they never speak well of one another.

(7) There was never fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

(8) Men may have rounded Seraglio Point: they have not yet doubled Cape Turk.

(9) Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

(10) Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

(11) Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee.

(12) The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in;—and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than November 20, 1921.

We offer a prize of five dollars for a METRICAL TRANSLATION *of the following sonnet by Verlaine.*

Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant
D'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
Et qui n'est, chaque fois, ni tout à fait la même
Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend.

Car elle me comprend, et mon coeur, transparent
Pour elle seule, hélas! cesse d'être un problème
Pour elle seule, et les moiteurs de mon front blême
Elle seule les sait refraîchir, en pleurant.

Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse?—Je l'ignore.
Son nom? Je me souviens qu'il est doux et sonore
Comme ceux des aimés que la Vie exila.

Son regard est pareil au regard des statues,
Et pour sa voix, lointaine, et calme, et grave, elle a
L'inflexion des voix chères qui se sont tues.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than October 20, 1921.

The prize of five dollars for the best poem on a CANADIAN LAKE *is awarded to Miss Millicent Payne, of Havergal College, Toronto, for the following poem.*

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July Storm on Georgian Bay

If these were town-days, I should be
Watching the dull rain dismally
Sliding between brown chimney-pots,
Flailing the sooty garden-plots,
Making the roads all slippery gray,
So that with grief I'd lay away
My well-beloved, airy gown
Meant to defy the stifling town.
Armoured in rain-coat, rubber-shod,
Umbrella-burdened, I should plod
Through the wet streets where horses slip
And curses stream from driver's lip:
How I should hate the wind and rain
If these were town-days!
But I'm fain
Now, while I hear the pines' thin cry
Follow the great wind tearing by—
Fain to be speeding down the track
Where clutching burrs would hold me back.
O, I must hasten! Feel the sands
Under my bare feet: spread my hands
Trying to catch the silver threads
Sky-dropped, that snare the bowing heads
Of birch and maple, poplar and pine
In a shimmering web all gossamer-fine.
I must splash out to the farthest rock,
Feel the buffet and meet the shock
Of the lake-born tempest shattering me,
Blowing up billows that threateningly
Race by me clear and green and swift
Under a violet sky, where drift
Banners and pennons of torn gray mist
That whirl and eddy and writhe and twist,
Playthings of all the winds that blow.
Now, let me race with the wind!
I go
Flying through rain-drops, down the shore,
Part of the waves that leap and roar,
Part of the tempest, thunder-driven
Down the dark, sounding vaults of heaven
That roof the land where the Ancients trod,
And out of this Awfulness shaped their God.
. . . . . .
Was it I, who once went rubber-shod?

MILLICENT PAYNE.

Our Book-Shelf

Politics

The New Japanese Peril, by Sidney Osborne (Macmillan Co. of Canada).

Just when we thought that there might be an end of the making of books on the wiles of diplomats of to-day, we are confronted with a series of books on Japanese policy and by the latest of the series, *The New Japanese Peril*. We shall not look up *Who's Who* to learn about the author, Mr. Sidney Osborne, but shall present certain sentences from his work.

"Britain never forgets nor forgives a slight or trespass against her Imperial prestige." "No Anglo-Saxon alliance can ever be consummated so long as the Irish problem persists in its long lease of life and remains an unsolved political puzzle for the British statesmen". "North America, the one Great Power that might have checkmated her, eliminated from the race for world dominion, England pursued a course that led straight to her goal". "To prevent this" (a continental block with France at its head) "England will see to it that Germany is not too greatly weakened in comparison with France and that the feeling of antagonism between the two nations is kept alive". "If carried out in the same spirit and with the same high selfishness with which the United States applies the Monroe Doctrine to the Americas—". "China had no quarrel with Germany. On the contrary, Germany . . . was better liked as a nation than any of the great powers with the possible exception of the United States". "China, that had been, one might easily say, from time immemorial so staunch a friend of America . . .". "And in the consideration of this final factor it will not be without advantage to examine the startling parallel that exists between the foreign policy of the island empire of Japan and the foreign policy of the island empire of the United Kingdom". "In order that there should be no menace to the peace of the world arising out of Japan's policy in the far East, it would be necessary for her to reverse her policy and go in the opposite direction".

A most illuminating statement appears in the fifteenth chapter, where the author refers to Mr. J. Ellis Barker's views. "Indeed, we may find the key to the recent war, as also to the next coming war, in what that distinguished British economist, Ellis Barker, says about coal and iron. Mr. Barker points out that he who dominates the coal and iron industries dominates the world. . . The conclusion he reaches is that Britain went to war to prevent Germany from controlling the bulk of the world's coal and iron, and just so she may have to go to war to prevent America from indulging herself in a monopoly of these products".

As stated above we know nothing of Mr. Sidney Osborne, but we happen to know something of Mr. J. Ellis Barker. He is not a distinguished British economist. He is a journalist who essays to discuss political and economic subjects. His name, before he saw fit to change it, was J. Otto Eltzbacher. Without in the least desiring to defend all that has passed for British diplomacy or to condone the ambitions of Japan, we venture to assert that the world would be a happier place if gentlemen like Mr. Barker and Mr. Osborne, when they wish to write, would turn from the intricacies of international politics, to the shirt sleeve diplomacy of "Babe Ruth".

C. B. S.

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Philosophy

Essays in Critical Realism, A Co-operative Study of the Problem of Knowledge (Macmillan Co. of Canada).

We have here another of the reactions against the dominant idealism. The authors—seven American professors—call their theory critical realism in order to distinguish it from the recent neo-realism. While their terminology is not always the same there is a central unity in their theory. The authors are concerned not with metaphysics but with theory of knowledge. They are concerned with maintaining the reality of an external physical world in space and time but leave to science its further determination. "It is perfectly possible", says Professor Pratt, "for the critical realist to be a pan-psychist, a metaphysical dualist, a Platonist or an ontological idealist of some other type". Professor Drake defines the realistic position as follows: "All who thus believe that existence is far wider than experience, that objects exist in and for themselves—apart from our experiencing them are properly to be called realists". Such a definition does not state their relationship to objective idealism for no exponent of the latter theory would hold that objects depended upon our experiencing them. Throughout the volume the contrasts are with Berkeley and the other forms of realism.

While criticizing neo-realism for its multiplication of worlds and its failure to account for error, critical realism distinguishes itself from all other realistic doctrines by its assertion that knowledge transcends experience. Professor Lovejoy, in summing up what he regards as a consistent pragmatism, says "that pragmatically considered knowledge is thus necessarily and constantly conversant with entities which are existentially transcendent of the knowing experience and frequently with entities which transcend the total experience of the knower". This is a new doctrine for realism which in the past has held to the empirical doctrine that knowledge consisted solely of the given. Of that which was beycnd experience we could say nothing. But Professor Pratt finds no difficulty. "To a really empirically minded thinker there is nothing terrifying or particularly surprising in transcendence; he has long been convinced that this world is full of a number of things and transcendence is merely one of them".

The positive theory expounded in this book centres around a distinction credited to Professor Santayana. The knowing state may be analyzed into three factors (1) the sensations, (2) the character complex, the meaning, the whatness or, to use the term of Professor Santayana, the essence of the object, (3) the postulate of existence. Regarding the sense data the authors would seemingly admit that they are mental. They are relatively unimportant in the cognitive state. They may be the secondary qualities of Locke but knowledge is not thereby invalidated. Their significance rests in their being vehicles of meaning. The important elements in cognitive experience are these meanings. So far a Kantian might agree. But these meanings are not the work of the mind, they are given elements. Nor are they mental. They are not ideas. In all cases they are the essences of objects. The knowledge state involves besides these the affirmation of existence. Existence is an entirely different category from these meanings or essences. Existence involves concreteness, definiteness in space and time, but meanings are universals. They are logical entities. Knowledge consists in the assigning of these meanings to an object which transcends experience. If we ask what right we have to assert the existence of these objects beyond experience, Professor Drake replies that "our instinctive and (practically inevitable) belief in the existence of the physical world about us is pragmatically justifiable".

Essence and existence may be distinguished but it is questionable whether they can be separated in the thorough-going way of this theory.

W. T. B.

Shorter Notices

The Master of Man, by Hall Caine (The Ryerson Press).

'Tis pity that Hall Caine cannot be admitted into literary "sassiety". If only one could do a little crystal gazing and discover that future critics would call him up much higher, perhaps even above the salt! But alas, like Midas' servant, one must go off and whisper in secret; "Hall Caine has told a good story". Its scene is laid in the Isle of Man, and tells of a young man's sin, and the terrible situation which confronts him when later, as Deemster, he must judge the woman he had wronged. The moral struggle, the resurrection of his soul, and the solution of the practical difficulty make engrossing reading,—for the reader, who, like Mr. Salteena, is just mere.

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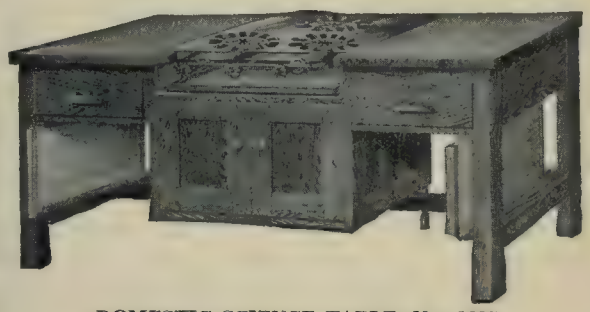

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Trade and Industry

	June 1921	July 1921	Aug. 1921	Sept. 1921	Sept. 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	169.8	167.0	165.4	164.4	254.5
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$21.74	$21.55	$21.98	.....	$26.38
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	88.1	89.0	89.0	89.6	108.1
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	103.9	103.6	103.0	.....	116.6

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE close of the summer has been noteworthy in a surprising particular. The decline, not in wholesale prices only, but in retail prices also, has been arrested, at least for a time. The table relating to the Family Budget, reprinted above from *The Labour Gazette*, shows an increase in the weekly cost of living, for a representative family of five, amounting to 43 cents. It is true that this increase is due almost entirely to a rise in the prices of potatoes and butter, but coming as it does at the end of a long period of declines from month to month, it is none the less remarkable. It drives home the fact that (up to date) the drop in retail prices has altogether failed to keep pace with the drop in wholesale prices.

Changes in retail prices are of course neither simultaneous nor equal in the nine provinces. In this instance, the rise in retail prices is common to all the provinces. But while it was trifling in Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and British Columbia, it was very marked in Quebec, where the cost of staple foods rose by 74 cents, and in Ontario, where the rise was 66 cents. With the prospect of a good deal of unemployment and short-time this winter, we may hope that the change will go no further.

The changes of a twelve-month stand out clearly in our table. Wholesale prices have fallen, in all, by about one-third; retail prices about half as fast, or roughly by one-sixth. The number of workers in regular employment has fallen in almost exactly the same measure as the level of retail prices, also by about one-sixth. Thus (if there had been no reduction whatever in wage-rates) the purchasing power of the wage-earners in this country would have been reduced approximately to the same extent as retail prices. Actually, of course, there have been widespread (though by no means universal) reductions in money rates of wages.

Much less than the fall in any of these things has been the decline in Canadian security prices. The drop in Professor Michell's index of security prices (from 116.6 points a year ago to their present level of 104.4) is a comparatively small thing. The stock market, whose prescience of coming events has attracted the attention of people without number, began to make ready for a spell of hard times, months before it actually came. The long downward movement in the average value of Canadian securities (from a level of 134.5 in November 1919, to 116.6 in September 1920, when the present industrial depression may really be said to have begun) left little need for subsequent adjustment. The results of the depression were discounted in advance with so near an approach to accuracy, that the stock market for the past twelve months has been stable by comparison.

Readers of this monthly survey will notice that, despite the wide fluctuations that have occurred from time to time in individual securities, the average of the twelve common stocks has moved only slightly during the last four months. As regards the better class of securities, the stock market has been resolutely marking time.

Those who look for the shadows of coming events in the stock market will find little comfort here. We may take the stagnation in average prices as showing that investors who know more than most of us are inclined to believe that the bottom of the depression, if it has not been met already, will be reached in the near future. But the absence, so far, of a sustained and noticeable upward movement is the best evidence that they have not yet scented the big revival of industrial activity, for which we are all of us eagerly waiting.

How foolish has been the great bulk of the newspaper optimism, with which we were regaled till a few months ago! It has been our habit in this country to encourage the thought that the "booster"—whether of his business, his town, or his industry—proves himself the man worth while. If the present troubles teach us nothing else, they should at least convince us that there is nothing anywhere so helpful as willingness to face hard facts. But that is a subject for a sermon.

G. E. JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. II. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1921 No. 14

THE tongue, as a great apostle once observed, is an unruly member. The practice which St. Paul commended of keeping it with bit and bridle, is at no time more salutary than during a general election—for of all its victims, the practical politician is at once the most defenceless and the saddest. At present he is somewhat out of favour. The public will no longer dance to his playing, nor mourn with him when he weeps. And he must sometimes soberly reflect that he has been his own worst enemy. Some of the satellites of Mr. Meighen are attempting at present to make up for a certain lack of eloquence by denouncing the war record of Mr. King. They suppose, evidently, that veterans are such poor sportsmen as to enjoy the baiting of a man who stayed at home, by comfortable gentlemen who saw no more of war's alarms than he did. Their ignorance of soldier psychology provides a foil to their belated martial ardour. Their speeches are an insult to the returned men, repeated on a hundred platforms, and will surely bring their own reward. But as if he were too chivalrous to take advantage of such folly, Mr. King must needs dig deeper the grave of his reputation for statesmanship. The same returned soldiers who will be the first to side with him against these cowardly attacks, know enough of the pooling and allotment of surplus ammunition, and of the needs of the militia, to see through his hysterical exposure of the so-called "shell-scandal." A leader who fails to deal with the main issues, cannot blame the country if it doubts his common-sense.

FROM the general attitude of the Liberal party it appears probable that, in the event of their return to power, history will repeat itself. In 1893 the great National Liberal Convention at Ottawa, consisting of some two thousand representatives from across Canada, declared by resolution that "the principle of protection is radically unsound and unjust to the masses of the people." In 1896 Sir Richard Cartright, the outstanding opponent of the principle of protection and for many years the opposition authority on Finance, was passed over in the selection of a Finance Minister. Mr. Fielding with his more conservative outlook was made Minister of Finance, and Mr. Patterson, a biscuit manufacturer and a protectionist, Minister of Customs. Some slight alterations in the tariff were made. A preference of 33⅓ per cent. was given to British imports, and two articles, binder twine and cream separators, were placed on the free list,—a blessed opportunity for the people of Canada to see what unprotected industries could do. But on the whole the Liberal Government forgot the pre-election pledges of the party, and by 1911 were so much in captivity to the protected interests that the least effort to disturb the fetters resulted in disaster. The Reciprocity pact hardly touched manufactured goods; it was concerned almost entirely with natural products. None the less it stirred up the most bitter opposition. One excited beneficiary was said to have declared it "the thin edge of what would prove a white elephant on our hands." Thus the Liberal party went down to defeat in a late attempt to redeem its pledges. The principles enunciated by the Convention of 1893 resemble closely those enunciated by the Ottawa Convention of 1920. The campaign speeches of Mr. King and his followers appear to indicate a similar tendency to regard the anti-protection platform as a "chart," or a pious wish, to be forgotten when the battle is to be fought with privilege. Mr. King must be more direct if he is to remove the impression that he is leaving the way open to the support of the protected interests.

LEADERS of *The Pilgrim's Progress* will find in the leader of the Liberals a type by no means unfamiliar. Not of all the craft (and crimes) that we call modern can it be truly said that "John Bunyan had 'em typed and filed in Sixteen-Eight-Two." But he fairly took the measure of Mr. *Facing-Both-Ways*, and of his friends Mr. *Smoothness*, Mr. *Anything*, and Mr. *By-Ends*.

> *Christian* said, Sir, you talk as if you knew something more, than all the world doth. Is not your name Mr. *By-Ends?*
>
> *By-Ends.* That is not my name, but indeed it is a nickname given me by some that cannot abide me, and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.
>
> *Chr.* But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

By-Ends. Never! Never! The worst that ever I did was, that I always had the Luck to jump in my judgment with the Present Way of the Times. You shall find me a fair company keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

Chr. If you will go with us, you must go against Wind and Tide; the which, I perceive, is against your opinion.

By-Ends. You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my Liberty, and let me go with you.

Chr. Not a step further, unless you will do in what I propound, as we.

By-Ends. I shall never desert my old Principles, as they are harmless and profitable.

Now I saw in my Dream, that *Christian* and *Hopeful* forsook him.

HOW misleading is the phrase "a tariff for revenue," when used by the Liberal Leader! England has for many years maintained as a part of her fiscal system a tariff for revenue. It was exactly what its name implied. It contained no protective element whatever, except a slight discrimination in favour of domestic manufactured cocoa. The men who devised it wanted exactly what they said—to wit, a dependable revenue. They knew that duties on non-necessaries (as the Canadian Minister of Finance is finding to his cost to-day) were an uncertain source of revenue. They therefore discarded them entirely. They knew that an effective tariff for revenue rests on the necessaries of life, for these and these only may be depended on in good years and in bad. Their duties were levied on tea, sugar, cocoa, tobacco—things which are needed alike by rich and poor. It has always been a grievance of the Labour Party, that such a tariff, no less than a protective tariff, discriminates against the poor. The grievance is well founded precisely because the tariff serves its purpose well. This is not the sort of tariff that Mr. King wants, or even the sort of thing that Mr. King wants to be regarded as wanting. He has simply resorted to specious language because he hesitates to be precise. The sooner he discards his "tariff for revenue" proposals, the better it will be for his reputation.

THE Canadian Reconstruction Association, the new Minister of Railways and certain other conservative speakers have used the deflection of England from her free trade policy of nearly a century as an argument for their case. It is true that protection to the amount of 33⅓ per cent. may be secured by certain industries which are threatened by foreign competition. The London *Economist*, however, points out how difficult it is in practice for these industries to secure protection. First of all, industries applying for protection must appear before a committee of the Board of Trade and prove that dumping exists. Next they must prove that imposing the duty will not raise the cost of production in industries which use their products, with the result that unemployment is increased. Thirdly, they must prove that their need for protection is not the result of inefficiency or bad management. Open hearings are to be held to weigh the case for and against protection. The Committee dealing with the case must then report to the Board of Trade, where the case may be reviewed. Finally any motion for protection must be passed by the Commons, where in the process of high debate its merits receive final testing. *The Economist* predicts that as a result of these obstacles the bill will have little or no practical effect.

MR. J. S. WOODSWORTH is a candidate in Centre Winnipeg in the interests of the Independent Labour Party. In a recent speech in Ontario, at a safe distance from where all the facts are known, Mr. Meighen took occasion to refer to Mr. Woodsworth. The Prime Minister was commending his government, and himself in particular, as the champion of law and order, in bright distinction to those sinister forces making for disintegration and disorder, and referred to the activities of Mr. Ivens and Mr. Woodsworth in Western Canada, one of whom he said, had just been released from the penitentiary. He was not explicit as to which of the two had just been released. Mr. Ivens, it is true, was in the penitentiary, but in justice to him it should be said that while there he received a second trial by his peers; he was elected as a member of the Legislature for Winnipeg. The facts in reference to Mr. Woodsworth are these: He was coming East on a lecturing tour and arrived in Winnipeg about the time the editor of the Labour paper was silenced by arrest. Not fearing the face of man, Mr. Woodsworth took up the pen. He too was arrested, but released on bail. For eight months his trial was deferred. Finally it was set for the week after that of Mr. F. J. Dixon. Mr. Dixon was confronted with a long list of witnesses and a formidable array of legal talent. He pleaded his own cause, and called no witnesses. The jury acquitted him. Shortly afterwards he was elected member for Winnipeg with almost three times the vote of his nearest competitor. Failing to convict Mr. Dixon, those responsible for the prosecution withdrew the case against Mr. Woodsworth. No one knows the story of these trials better than Mr. Meighen. He knows that the charges against Mr. Woodsworth failed utterly. He ought to know that for twenty-five years Mr. Woodsworth as a social worker and an authority on immigration and labour questions has served unselfishly the people of Winnipeg and Canada, often facing vilification from the Roblin-Rogers machine, which Mr. Meighen supported to the end. He has at his back none of the resources which a prime minister can command. Mr. Meighen's attack exhibited little courage and less generosity.

QUEBEC may surprise us on December the sixth. A farmers' movement independent of that in the other provinces has arisen and is making rapid progress. *Le Bulletin des Agriculteurs*, an influential weekly, hitherto published by the central co-operative society and non-political in character, has been purchased by a company representing the United Farmers. In the first issue it is definitely critical not only of Mr. Meighen, but of Mr. Lemieux and the protectionist Liberals. It may set the heather on fire. Even a dozen seats in Quebec, controlled by the Farmers, may determine the issue. A solid *bloc* is neither in the interest of Canada as a whole, nor of Quebec itself. We wish the new venture success.

IF, like most questions of foreign policy, the League of Nations is a subject that Mr. Meighen has always seemed loath to discuss, his infrequent references to it have at least been couched in terms of conventional praise and encouragement. It was with surprise, therefore, that one read in the *New Statesman* of September 24th, Professor Zimmern's protest against "the narrow and parsimonious attitude taken up by the Canadian and Australian delegates in their speeches to the Assembly on September 13." "They seem both of them," he wrote, "to have been sent to Geneva on an anti-waste ticket of the most uncomprehending kind, and their speeches protesting against the 'dispersion' of the League's activities, show that they, or those who sent them, have not only no conception of the nature and importance of the international activities centred in the Secretariat, but that they have not even read the opening words of the Covenant." Two things are obvious to every sincere well-wisher of the League. First, if the League fails, it will fail, not because of a dispersion, but because of a restriction of its activities. Second, the cost of extending, let alone maintaining, those activities is both relatively and absolutely trifling. How, one would like to know, does Mr. Meighen reconcile his attitude with his assumption, a few weeks ago, of the honorary presidency of the League of Nations Society for Canada?

IN a recent letter to the London *Times* Lord Hugh Cecil declares that the spirit of nationalism is the main source of all the suffering now endured in Europe. His letter is a striking challenge to the Reds, as well as to the Imperialists, to bring this passion of nationalism under due control. "If the German militarists were patriots, so also are the Sinn Fein murderers." His letter is also a challenge to the press, which is, at least equally with the church and the school, responsible for raising the spiritual level of the world. In Canada church and school too often persist in teaching a patriotism which has learned little or nothing from the events of the last ten years. Those who agree with Lord Hugh Cecil must, as he says, be up and doing. Something can be done in all direct contact with the young. Probably the fact that each nation thinks itself superior to all the others is a source of perplexity in the minds of all thoughtful young people and the suggestion of a more sensible view of the world often meets with quick response. It is not necessary to wait until an outstanding Canadian expresses such views. Smaller fry need not be ashamed to take Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil as their spokesmen. "If one can imagine some beneficent magician who could weave a spell by which all the peoples of Europe should cease to hate alien nationalities, even if it cost them the love of their own, how enormous would be the benefit to human happiness." Passionate patriotism is "beneficent only so long as it is strictly disciplined and controlled by the moral law, mischievous and debasing so soon as it passes beyond that control."

JOURNALISM is sometimes an interesting field for the student of coincidence. The statements which are here appended side by side are taken, the first from the leading provincial daily newspaper in England, the second from a Toronto morning paper:—

Manchester Guardian, October 14th. From our Berlin Correspondent:

"The Sarotti Chocolate Company is typical of the German trade boom. The firm has foreign capital, it has been paying 40 per cent. dividends, and has twice quadrupled its capitalisation. In their last returns the Mitweida Spinneries showed a net profit of 5,836,046 marks for the year 1920-21 as against 1,955,564 marks in the previous year. . .

The Westphalian Electric Works at Bochum have just decided to increase their share capital from 44 to 50 millions of marks. The directors of the Geisheim Brewery at Furth are proposing to raise its share capital from 1,800,000 to 2,200,000 marks. The Lichtenberg Wool Factory proposes to raise its share capital from 3,000,000 to 10,000,000 marks. The Waggon and Machine Construction Company at Görlitz recommends an increase from 14,000,000 to 44,000,000 . . . . . .

Toronto *Globe*, October 31st. Editorial on "*The Boom in Germany.*"

". . . . An English correspondent gives some examples. The Sarotti Chocolate Company has been paying 40 per cent. dividends, and has twice quadrupled its capitalisation. The Mitweida Spinneries had a net profit of 5,836,046 marks for 1920-21, against 1,955,564 marks in the previous year. The Westphalian Electric Works at Bochum has just decided to raise its share capital from 44 to 50 million marks. The Lichtenberg Wool Factory proposes to increase its share capital from 3,000,000 to 10,000,000 marks, and the Waggon and Machine Construction Company from 14,000,000 to 44,000,000 marks These cases are typical of a wide range of industry. . . . .

We congratulate *The Globe* on its English correspondent. He has appeared in its columns before, and will doubtless continue to do so. But why, when he goes into such a wealth of detail, does he make no mention of the beer?

NOVEMBER 21-26 is the date of the forthcoming Book Week for the propagation of Canadian literature. When violent methods of publicity are employed in almost every other sphere of life it is difficult to object to them in a really worthy cause. Now that the tactics have been chosen it is doubtless better for Canadian literature that they should succeed than that they should not. Most of us will therefore waive our minor scruples and wish the Book Week every success. But there remains a word to be said. Shock tactics do not in the long run serve the best interests of literature. There may be immediate and tangible results during the week in question but, the week after, the old condition will be back again and Canadian literature will stand just where it did two weeks before. People seldom become devoted to books which they have been rushed into buying. The Book Week is, we understand, the joint enterprise of the publishers and the recently formed Canadian Authors Association. It really belongs to the former and we hope that the latter will soon settle down to some slower and more refined procedure. Mr. Arthur Stringer voiced similar sentiments the other day from the author's point of view. The fact is that sales of books, whatever temporary satisfaction they bring, are ultimately fruitless unless enlightened interest is behind them, and enlightened interest cannot be created in a week. It must have time.

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Mr. Meighen's Message

IN the currently accepted contrast between the English and American attitudes towards tradition the contemporary political theorist has discovered just the sort of paradox that delights him with its suggestion of practical political insight and psychological acumen. It is the American, he assures us, who is the real slave of tradition—the American, with his constant appeals to a brief past, his veneration for its not distant figures, and his touching belief in the enduring validity of their opinions. One cannot help wondering whether the next step in this engaging theory will not reveal us, with our still shorter history, as victims of an even more exaggerated devotion? Reading Mr. Meighen's manifesto, one is almost inclined to believe it will. Not that the manifesto contains many specific appeals to the statesmen of bygone days or even many direct historical allusions (Mr. Meighen is too matter of fact for that); its atmosphere is what would lend support to the theory. For the atmosphere is that of Canadian politics forty years and more ago, when Sir John MacDonald first swept through the land preaching, in all its primitive simplicity, the new faith that was to make the tall chimneys smoke. That faith is Mr. Meighen's yet. The old dogma of the National Policy is his political creed. The crude protectionist formula remains the one infallible test not only of political orthodoxy but also of political sanity. Mr. Meighen's gaze is fixed upon the past—upon a single aspect of the past.

That is the substance of Mr. Meighen's manifesto—the restatement in general terms of the protectionist theory of 1878, with a summary of the benefits it has conferred, and will yet confer, upon the Canadian people. There is, of course, a pretence at a more comprehensive survey. The opening paragraphs deal with the war record of the Unionist government, at once claiming and disclaiming credit for its achievements. A few unexceptionable platitudes on Canada's place in the Empire follow—the sole reference to foreign affairs. But the rest of the paper, except for the concluding appeal to the women of Canada (for whose enfranchisement he takes all the credit) is devoted exclusively to the absorbing question of the tariff.

Two conclusions, driven home by bitter experience, were responsible, Mr. Meighen declares, for the adoption of a protective tariff in 1878. First, our nearness to the United States tended to drain into their larger and more established centres both our national resources and our population. Second, the high American tariff had thrown Canada into such a state of reaction and depression that there existed a strong temptation to assume, as a means of escaping this penalty, "a submissive or dependent relationship towards the United States." Neglecting

for the moment the first of these propositions, which Mr. Meighen seems to regard as an irrefragable argument for protection, let us see how far the second constitutes a fair summary of the factors that led to the adoption of the National Policy. When, in 1877, a high protective tariff first became an issue in Canadian politics, Confederation was barely ten years old. Those years, it is not too much to say, had been years of stress and disappointment. The machinery of government had proved to be much more costly than any person had expected. Not only had the financial arrangements connected with Confederation thrown a heavy fixed burden upon the federal administration, but the sectional interests that had sprung into being had encouragd a lavish expenditure on public works of often dubious utility. The Intercolonial Railway and part of the canal system were still uncompleted; and the burden that the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was to throw upon the country was already beginning to be felt. The disorders that attended the annexation of the Western Territories had involved the government in considerable expense; the Territories themselves remained empty. Three bad harvests in successive years had added in Canada a special hardship to the depression that prevailed over the whole continent; and the flow of population to the United States, where conditions were not so acute, gave real cause for alarm. These were the raw political factors out of which the National Policy emerged. The American tariff had little to do with it, and fear of a revival of the movement towards annexation nothing at all.

But there were other factors of a less tangible kind. The Liberal government that had come into office in the midst of this period of depression had never been a popular government. For one thing it lacked effective leadership, and how serious a drawback this was may be realized when it is remembered with what consummate skill the opposition was led. It is true that Sir John was still labouring under the cloud of the Pacific scandal, but this only fired him with a still keener desire to devise some platform that, while providing a good election issue, would serve, at the same time, to blot out the memory of his dealings over the Pacific Railway charter. By this time Sir John's strongest allies were the financial group that had grown up in Montreal. Protection was, of course, in their interest; and Sir John, reading the times aright, decided that it was in his interest too. If a population, still predominantly agrarian, was ever to be converted to the idea that their well-being also was involved, now was the time. As an election expedient the panacea was all that had been expected: Sir John soared above the already dissolving mists of condemnation on the wings of a new message of prosperity and happiness.

How did the panacea really work? Mr. Meighen admits no question. "A study of the last forty years," he assures us, "will clearly show that the conclusions drawn by our fathers in 1878 were sound and right conclusions. These years have been years of continuous development through good times and ill." Is one to believe, then, that, with the adoption of the National Policy, emigration began to diminish and prosperity to return? The fact is that for more than twenty years emigration to the United States continued at practically the same level; as for prosperity, if the old rural communities of the East are to furnish the test, the history of agricultural Ontario during the last quarter of the nineteenth century is evidence enough. The cities grew, it is true; manufactures increased; and great fortunes began to accumulate. The public revenue mounted, and public expenditure mounted with it. But unless a shifting of population and a shifting of wealth can be properly described as a return to prosperity, the National Policy, during the first half of this period of "continuous development," was, from the point of view of the great majority of Canadians, nothing short of a dismal failure.

Not until the late nineties, in fact, did the tide begin definitely to turn. A steady influx of settlers to the West, a world-wide scarcity of raw materials that stimulated the development of our natural resources, and a period of almost unprecedented prosperity everywhere, brought prosperity to Canada too. Within a few years, as Mr. Meighen points out, our trade and our exports increased many times over. But even in this long delayed change those "sound and right conclusions," reached more than twenty years before, played a small and ambiguous part. It is hardly any truer to say of these years of peaceful development that they were the direct and almost exclusive result of protection than it would be to say the same thing of the swollen years of war-time production. In both cases, though in the first not so obviously so, the causes were largely extraneous and beyond our control.

"Through good times and ill," Mr. Meighen says, and he drives the point home. "We have taken the strong self-reliant course (one wonders if he has the manufacturers in mind) and have been able to pursue that course and maintain our prosperity regardless of the policy of any other nation." What then is the explanation of the period of depression through which the country is now passing? At first glance it looks as if he is going to be tempted illogically into an attack on the American tariff. He reluctantly abandons that explanation, however, for a more specious one. The true cause is the enemy within our gates. "For some time past there has been growing up, first on the prairies of the West and later through selected parts of Eastern Canada, a party backed by a costly and persistent propaganda,

the purpose of which is to reverse the tariff policy of this country." That is the cause he assigns for the present depression. "Already there is unsettlement of business conditions resulting in unemployment and loss to all classes. A persistent anti-protection campaign resulting in uncertainty and lack of confidence has so disturbed and curtailed production as to account for many thousands being out of work to-day. A decisive verdict by the Canadian people will be the signal for returning confidence, for renewed productive activities and for better times." Surely such an explanation is not worthy of Mr. Meighen's ability. Every man of intelligence knows that the depression through which we are now passing is not only world-wide, but is the result of complex causes, for the most part international both in their origin and their effect. To suggest that, in Canada, the cause is to be found in a political movement is a poor piece of sophistry. If that is the only message Mr. Meighen has for the workmen of our cities, some of his urban seats are likely to be more uncertain than he expects.

Two grave weaknesses are, in fact, evident in Mr. Meighen's manifesto; and this tendency to special pleading—this readiness to make your point at the expense of truth as well as your adversary— is one of them. Every thoughtful free trader must be willing to admit that it is possible to make out a modified protectionist case of considerable weight and difficulty. It is a complicated case that requires the weighing of many factors, the balancing of many conflicting interests. Mr. Meighen has made no attempt to present that case. His attitude towards the tariff is both disingenuous and unscientific. He has complacently gone back to the arguments and catch-words of forty years ago; he has chosen to rest his case on outworn economics and false history. That is not all. The manifesto's worst fault is its lack of vision. Mr. Meighen simply ignores the momentous questions that press upon his government, like all other governments, to-day. Industrial unrest, foreign policy, public finance, seem all to have been forgotten in the desperate effort to maintain the tariff. So great is his anxiety over private business and industry that he seems to have lost all sense of the manifold nature of the forces that determine human happiness and human misery. Something more than the bare assertion that "the well-being of one and all depends upon the tariff" will be needed to convince the ordinary man and woman that Mr. Meighen's real concern lies not so much in increasing the general standard of life as in making Canada once more a land fit for Empire Builders to dwell in.

The Railway Question

THE public has had enough of politicians. That is the verdict of a dozen elections, in as many countries, since the war. Guided by their politicians to the verge of ruin, the peoples have refused to be led further. Misled they may still be; but their former leaders—The Old Gang—they will follow no more. They have done with them.

Both the justice and the wisdom of this refusal to trust the politician may be challenged. But the fact of it will not be denied. Wherever he has been dethroned, the professional in politics must begin again at the beginning. His record is against him. He must restore the confidence in his wisdom, which time has so rudely destroyed. Even his friends will admit that. The task is not a light one.

Here in Canada it has been common knowledge since the last elections in Ontario, that the ferment was at work. Not one historic party was then eclipsed but two. Leaders disappeared in a night, who looked upon themselves as established; and a new set of men took their place. Under the circumstances, it was natural to suppose that the leaders of the national parties would take warning: that they would abandon the catch-words and controversies of which the public was evidently tired. Their obvious course was the wise one of confining their attention to political realities.

More than anything else, it is clear from their treatment of the railway question that they have failed to do so. For they have treated it as subordinate to the partisan controversies that link them to their past. Lip service to public ownership has been met by demands that the country "cut its losses" by restoring private enterprise. Changes in the National Railway system have been used to strengthen sectional appeals to voters. The mistakes of Sir Wilfrid Laurier have been bandied on the public platform against those of his successors. But no leader, no party, has made the railways a corner-stone of policy.

This they must inevitably be, because at present they circumscribe all other policies. We could not, in any case, have ended a war on the great scale without a pressing need for revenue. The deficit on the National Railways has made it the more urgent. The financial problem will be the first to face the new parliament. Within the conditions of this problem it must operate. The country seems to have made up its mind (and with considerable equanimity) that the present government is doomed. If it is doomed indeed, the government which succeeds it—whatever its actual composition—will be pledged to social reforms which inevitably call for money, and pledged at the same time to lighten the burden of taxation.

It will depend in large part on the cost of the railways to the national exchequer, whether we can

afford any great measure of social reform. There is a growing demand in this country for a scheme of unemployment insurance; but much as it is needed, it may be too costly. The most modest labour policy may be shelved on the score of expense. More important, still, reform of the tariff is limited by present financial necessities. The new Minister of Finance may succeed in the necessary task of striking off those unproductive duties which raise the cost of living, while producing little revenue. That in itself will make for better times. But a wholesale revision of the tariff, such as would materially reduce the burden of taxation, might easily leave him with a gap between expenditure and revenue. He will have to cut his coat according to his cloth.

It is a commonplace that we have railways enough for twice our population. In 1920, the meeting of the railway deficit cost the average Canadian householder no less than $40.00. Whatever its amount, the deficit will continue. "You cannot run away from it" said Sir Joseph Flavelle, not long ago. "You cannot make the mistakes which we have made in Canada on these transportation problems, and think you will get off with a scolding." We have got to pay.

The problem, it is agreed, is to reduce to the minimum an inevitable deficit. What are the conditions under which this can be done?

There is no question of return to private ownership. The public will not have it. Even the cautious Mr. King has openly rebuked those of his lieutenants who pleaded for return. The problem to-day is not economic, primarily, but political. The voter does not ask himself, Whether the motive of private profit is the one best calculated to produce operating economies? That for him, is a debating issue. He asks rather, "Shall the private transportation interest return to the scene of its labours in Ottawa?," and to this, although he may never, except with the eye of faith, have seen the parliamentary lobby, he returns an emphatic answer in the negative.

Mr. Crerar, we believe, has expressed the general feeling very clearly. "The roads must be freed completely from any political interference with the management, and a way must be found to provide this, and still leave to Parliament the necessary control of money advances. Most emphatically the solution must not be found along the line that would fasten a railway monopoly upon the Canadian people." But it is a necessary part of our political education that we work out for ourselves the plain implications of this policy. No sectional interest whatever must be permitted in future to override the nation's need for economical administration. It is notorious that, in the past, sectional interests have sometimes been successful. What are these sectional interests?

We believe that they are three in number. 1. The interest of the railway workers, in swelling the payroll of the National Railways. 2. The interest of certain shippers, in obtaining lower freight rates that the National Railways can afford to charge. 3. The interest of the population of certain districts, in maintaining a longer haul for traffic, than the National Railways can economically make.

It is too much to hope that such demands will not be made. Too many voters have been trained to think of politics in terms of their own bread-and-butter. No one who is familiar with the press in the railway centres of the Maritime Provinces can plead ignorance of the large part which "railway politics" still play there. Nor are the Maritime Provinces alone in this regard. It will not be difficult to bring pressure to bear on the Directorate of the National Railways, to please these sectional interests. It will be difficult, more often, to refrain.

Each of these demands can and will be backed by recourse to the ballot. The political complexion, not of single constituencies, but of whole groups of constituencies, may sometimes depend upon their acceptance or refusal. It will at times be difficult and even dangerous for a Premier to treat them as they should be treated. But if he does not refuse them, he fails in his duty to the country.

We can safely dispense with most of the political methods which Mr. Lloyd George has made his own. He discards a colleague, or a pledge, with equal facility. But in one respect he has acted consistently and well. Against every sectional demand which has plainly jeopardized the public interest, he has appealed without hesitation to the public. Rather than give way to particularist economic claims, he has mobilised the public to resist them. Time has proved that his instinct was a sure one. To such an appeal the public has never failed to respond. Nor need we suppose that in Canada there would be less readiness to back a government against a selfish claim, if the broad issues were understood as clearly. The new Premier must be prepared to use this safeguard.

Only thus can "the road be freed completely from political interference." But it involves an honorable understanding, in which government and opposition must participate alike. Mr. Meighen has lately permitted himself an excursion into railway politics which, trivial enough in itself, is no less wrong in principle. In a campaign speech at Moncton, on the eleventh of last month, he announced the formation in Eastern Canada of a grand division of the National Railways, and heralded the establishment of its headquarters in that city.[1] No party leader in office must permit himself in future to claim credit

[1] Since these lines were written Herod had been out-Heroded by the Liberals at Stratford. Their frank appeal to the railway men's self-interest will not be forgotteen by the public.

for the "good deeds" of the National Railways. His greatest merit will consist in having left the Directorate entirely free. No party leader in opposition must permit himself to make capital out of railway embarrassments. There must be the same honorable avoidance of a political No-Man's Land, which in our provincial politics has made the Universities, not a partisan, but a public interest.

Mr. King has made play with the statement that essential information bearing on the railways was withheld from him in Parliament. He is not content with the reply, that a detailed explanation of the weakness of the Canadian National system would expose it unfairly to the competition of its great rival. The point is one that must be met, if ever railways are to be taken out of politics.

It is perhaps premature to say now that Mr. King's difficulty can be met quite simply by statute; but the possibilities are worth exploring. It is well known that the Railway Commission is somewhat hampered in exercising its functions, by the very limited power it possesses of requiring the railways to produce essential information. The Interstate Commerce Commission suffered for many years from the same handicap, but its disability has been removed. A wide increase in the power of the Railway Commission, to require and publish the statistics of all our railways, might furnish Parliament and the public with the neces ary knowledge, without discrimination in favor of the private enterprise.

Fortified by publication in the fullest detail, not only of the facts relating to the National Railways, but of transportation conditions as a whole, Parliament can—if it will—give real freedom to the Directorate which it appoints. Its function is essentially, by shielding the Directorate from external pressure, to keep the railways out of politics. So stated, the railway problem becomes a question, not of party, but of personality. For this is the test of Canadian democracy. Leaders are needed on both sides, whose free co-operation will make it possible. The public, which has lost a good deal of its confidence in the professional politicians, will watch their successors no less carefully. The credit of successful operation will belong, not to one, but to all parties; and the reduction to the minimum of our railroad burden will set us free for the task of filling up our vacant spaces—the greatest, perhaps, of all the tasks ahead.

Our Next Parliament

THE present political situation is unique in the history of Canada. We have had third parties before, but they have originated in religious or racial impulses. To-day we have a third party, possibly stronger than either of the old parties. Its origin is neither religious not racial. It includes within its ranks Canadians of all creeds and origins. Its leaders with one or two exceptions are native Canadians of the Protestant faith, but they are not men who seek political capital by emphasizing this fact. Their appeal has been made to economic interest and not to racial and religious prejudice. For the first time in many years we are to have an election fought mainly on economic issues.

The government of the day faces the electorate under the title of the National Liberal and Conservative Party. The encyclopaedic name, however, has not been accepted by the press or the people. It is called what it is—the Conservative party. It is the avowed champion of protection and the avowed opponent of radical or even liberal tendencies. The government consists, with two or three exceptions, of lawyers and wealthy business men. Mr. Meighen makes his appeal to the cautious and conservative elector who hesitates to interfere with existing business and social conditions.

Mr. King, on the other hand, calls himself, and is a Liberal of some sort. He denounces privilege, and in softer tones, protection. But he seldom refers to the platform of the Liberal party as adopted at the Ottawa Convention where he was chosen leader. This platform in its trade policy very nearly paraphrases that of the Agrarian party. In Quebec and in the Maritime Provinces he has been even less bold in his attack on protection than he was in Toronto. His lieutenants both in Ontario and Quebec have been appealing to the city voters by using the old Conservative argument that removal of protection would shatter our industrial fabric. Mr. Pardee in Brantford went as far in his defence of the principle of protection as Mr. Meighen himself could have desired. Mr. Lemieux has done the same thing in Quebec. It is a significant fact that the latter has been rebuked by his leader for his advocacy of the Shaughnessy railway policy, while no reference was made by Mr. King to tariff delinquencies. The campaign speeches of Mr. King and his followers indicate a tendency to regard the straight-forward pronouncement of the party platform as something which can readily be forgotten when the battle is to be fought with privilege. Mr. King distinctly creates the impression that he is leaving the door open to those who profit by protection, and placing a light in the window.

Mr. Crerar as head of the Progressive party stands definitely pledged to the gradual reduction of the tariff and the renunciation of the principle of protection. He has not been very explicit in his statements as to just how his policy would work out. He appears to believe that legitimate Canadian manufacturing would actually be encouraged by a lowering of the tariff. A considerable number of commodities are now so highly protected that the

volume of imports of such articles is inconsiderable. Naturally production will be increased and industry will be revived, if the duties on what may be called foundation goods are reduced or entirely removed. Agricultural implements, fertilizers, cement, oil, for example, the raw materials of industry, would be lowered in price by being made subject to foreign competition. It is more than doubtful if these industries would be driven out even if protection disappeared. Certainly other industries which are dependent on them would benefit by reduced costs.

In this way manufacturing would be made more efficient as well as cheaper. Too frequently the quality of goods declines as competition is shut off. Even the opening up of a branch factory of some American firm does not necessarily mean that the Canadian consumer has reaped an advantage. Generally speaking he must pay the price of the United States plus the duty, freight and exchange, while the quality of the goods sometimes noticeably declines. The term "made in Canada" under the new policy would become a term of pride, a mark of workmanship that can face the world, not workmanship that shrinks behind a tariff wall and seeks a market in an appeal to patriotism.

The Progressives would turn industry once more into natural channels. Our farms, "the top six inches of the soil," our forests, so often neglected and pillaged, our mines, hardly scratched as yet, our lakes and extensive sea-board, teeming with opportunities, these solid industries will attract capital now devoted to hot-house production. On them will be built a more stable economic structure than is possible when industries are stimulated by artificial means.

One other anticipated effect of the proposals of Mr. Crerar is that the volume of our exports will be increased. High protection tends to increase costs of production to a point where competition in world markets is impossible. Only by exports can we pay our very large obligations abroad. Farmers have so developed their business that they can compete in foreign markets with all-comers. Certain manufacturing industries not far removed from the primary industries, such as lumbering, paper-making, and packing are also on a more or less competitive basis. Of those manufacturing industries further removed from the primary industries the only two which have no protection, those of binder twine and cream separators, sell a considerable part of their products abroad, while the manufacturers of agricultural implements (which have enjoyed less protection than most of our manufacturing industries) are also large exporters. Our manufacturers during the war found they could succeed in shell-making. Canadian munitions in time gained an excellent reputation. What was done in war can be done in peace, under the permanent stimulus of competition. At any rate the farmers are unwilling that agriculture should continue as the only considerable exporting industry. They insist that the manufacturer should do his share to pay the interest and principle on our large debts abroad.

The Railway policy and the Tariff policy form the issues which divide the people of Canada into opposing camps. To-day there appear to be three camps; after the election there will probably be only two. Under our present parliamentary system which requires cabinet solidarity almost certainly a coalition will be necessary if the business of the country is to be carried on without a second election. It is not at all probable that any one party will have a sufficient number of members to form a cabinet without assistance. A Farmer-Labour alliance such as obtains in Ontario is hardly likely to control a majority in parliament, although this is possible. Neither of the old parties has the remotest chance of so doing, unless something remarkable happens within the next month. A year ago the most natural coalition would have appeared to be that of Mr. King and Mr. Crerar, but the indecision and even reactionary position of the Liberals on the Tariff has made this impossible. In Quebec and the Maritime Provinces Mr. King has burned his bridges. There are, however, some stalwarts among the Liberals, such as Mr. McMaster of Brome, who are not likely to bend the knee to Baal, and who may be willing to join the Progressives if a few votes will mean a majority in the House.

On the other hand all indications point to a union of Protectionists, Conservative and Liberal. During the present campaign, indeed, for some little time now, Mr. Meighen has said nothing to provoke hostility in Quebec. The high priest of conscription one would expect to be a difficult idol for the people of Quebec, but less unlikely things have happened than that a temporary alliance should be formed between the Conservative party and the friends of Sir Lomer Gouin who believe protection essential to Canadian prosperity. The imperialist followers of Sir Robert Borden and the Nationalist followers of Bourassa, remembering 1911, will testify to this.

Should it prove impossible to form a government under any of the three leaders, and should it appear that progressive ideas prevail in the new house, it is quite possible that Mr. Drury may be asked to go to Ottawa. As the first Secretary of the Canadian Council of Agriculture and the first President of the United Farmers of Ontario he stands solid with the Farmers. His resolute position on Hydro-radials has given him the confidence of many of the business men of Canada, and created the impression that he has administrative ability to match his unusual powers in public debate. In Quebec too he has some strength owing to his repeated castigation of racial intolerance and national ill-will. His type of mind is essentially antithetic of that

of Mr. Meighen, and the Parliament of Canada would regain some of its prestige lost during recent years were two such able exponents of opposing schools of thought to shape Canadian policy as first minister and chief critic.

This much is clear. There never was a time when the individual character and views of a candidate should be more carefully scrutinized. In a contest in which three comparatively equal parties are involved the pressure will be very great to induce members to shift their allegiance to the right or to the left. Especially in the case of Liberal candidates, electors would do well to assure themselves of the real complexion of their candidate. If the two wings of the Liberal party should fall apart in the new House, the individual preferences of ten private members may determine the fate of Canada for years to come.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Political Science Association

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM

October 10, 1921

Sir:—

Seven years ago there was inaugurated The Canadian Political Science Association. The membership was large, the executive committee was distinguished and representative, and the first meeting, held in Ottawa, was large and successful. In the immortal words of the poet I ask, where is that party now?

The war came, and amid the distractions and anxieties of that time the Canadian Political Science Association was a victim of infant mortality. Perhaps that was unavoidable, but on the other hand, perhaps a little more resolution on the part of the promoters might have reared it to vigorous manhood. However, that is past now, and we must not repine. The question now remains, why have no steps been taken to revive or reconstitute the Association? If there was a real work to be done along those lines in 1913, surely the need is ten-fold greater to-day? It is a thousand pities that it ever died, it would be ten thousand pities if it never revives. Let us reconstitute it again, and see whether it won't work better this time.

Yours etc.,

H. MICHELL.

Dante

HEAVEN and earth are one macrocosm, enveloped and pervaded by the infinite goodness of God. The *Comedy* of Dante represents the reaction of humanity to and from that goodness. It is no more a divine than a human comedy and, although the story ends happily, it is no more a comedy in the modern sense than Homer's *Iliad* is a tragedy.

The gods of the *Iliad* are not gods "out of the machine": they are the cause of the whole war; they rejoice and suffer with the warriors they favour; they take their stand beside them, and are wounded by mortal arms. So in the work of Dante, the chief purpose of God, since the fall of his first creature, *Lucifer mane oriens*, and the consequent sin of Adam six hours later, is to extinguish evil on earth and lead man to that perfection which he was meant to attain when he was first placed in the terrestrial paradise. To this end the atonement was devised; for this purpose the goodness of God, in the form of light, streams downward from the empyrean, until, dimmed by the obscurity inherent in material creatures, it still enlightens the minds of men, more or less according to their capability of perceiving it. The attention of all the court of heaven, angels and saints, is concentrated upon the little "threshing-floor" of earth, the arena in which good and evil struggle; and about this small, motionless ball revolve the nine heavenly spheres, which have no other purpose than to bestow their varied qualities on earthly creatures.

And so it happens that the *Paradiso* is as full of human interest as are the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio*, for its subject is not only the interest that mankind should have in heavenly matters, but also that which the inhabitants of heaven have in human affairs.

The little earth is sick; it has hell in its entrails; at its core is "the great worm." It is infected with the disease of that first leper the *antiquus hostis*. This disease is called by St. Augustine *amor privatus*, love of self. In Lucifer its usual name is "pride"; in mortals Dante calls it sometimes avarice and sometimes covetousness, by which terms he means the love of worldly things for one's own benefit. This is the sin that is the source of all other sins, the wolf which wastes the world: "many are the animals with which it mates."

In due time will come the hound to chase the wolf away: the ruler to restore the Roman Empire, and to restrict that other divine institution, the Papacy, within its proper sphere. Then there will be peace and righteousness on earth. Until that time every man may seek and find his own salvation as Dante did. Prompted by that intelligence which God instils into every human soul at birth, he may

resolve to abandon the wood of worldly pleasure; then the light of reason, kindled afresh from heaven, will shew him the awful end to which his sin would lead, and the need even of the penitent to be purged of vice and so made virtuous. And if, thus tasting of the light, he craves for more, the revelation will shine ever increasingly until he may understand the whole purpose of God for mankind, and the joys of paradise, so that at last, losing himself in the contemplation of the love, the wisdom, and the power of the Creator, his will may be merged in that of God. No higher perfection, no greater happiness is imaginable than is in this union of the loving creature with the Perfect Good which he by nature loves, from which he came forth, and to which he thus returns.

The three regions through which the poet journeys are peopled with individuals: whole individuals in three dimensions, who live and move and speak. They writhe and curse and wail; they suffer and entreat and sing; they glow with love and flash with joy and thunder in righteous indignation. Here is the difference between this work and the other mediaeval visions: in the art that creates clear-cut reality Dante is an author of the Renaissance. A marvellous imagination feeding on unusual experience and sensibility, and on all the knowledge of the author's time, has created this strange world, its people and its incidents; has found for him the stately flexible *terza rima*, and composed the form and the content so that the ever-varying solution defies analysis.

Dante is best known in this his greatest work. The last years at Ravenna are far from the days of his early lyrics, which first sang the love of ladies in fashionable exotic style, but with a ring of sincerity that was rare, and then his love for Beatrice, with a new and almost incredibly unselfish emotion. It is long too, since the birth of the *Vita Nuova*, that unique booklet which, in songs strung like pearls on a thread of prose (Pio Rajna's simile), tells the story of his education in love; but he had already learned, when he wrote that little book, that good love for a good woman is a manifestation of the love of man for God, evoked by the love of God for man.

This was the beginning of Dante's theory of love. The doctrine that man naturally loves the good because that appetite has been planted in his soul by God himself, the Perfect Good; that it is therefore natural and right to love all good things, and the love for good things is only a manifestation of the love for God; that virtue consists in loving good things in the degree proportionate to their goodness, and vice in loving them in a disproportionate degree; that sin consists in the error of loving evil because it appears to be good, or in loving inferior good things to excess; that the measure of the goodness of a soul is the degree of its love for the perfect good: this doctrine, which is not original with Dante, but which he first presented in aesthetic form, is the backbone of the *Divine Comedy*. Has Dante no moral teaching worth considering nowadays? Browning seems to have thought differently, for his theory of love appears to have been largely derived from that of our poet.

Between the beginning of passionate enthusiasm for an ideal love and the years which see him now grow lean over his great work, have passed the times of wild dissipation, of strenuous political struggle, of whole-hearted devotion to study. He soon turned from the lusts of the flesh with the revulsion natural to a deeply religious mind. He was banished, and has eaten the bread of charity among jugglers and jesters, "trembling in every vein" like Provenzano in the market place of Siena; he has broken with his stupid malevolent fellow exiles, and has "made a party for himself": he has small hope of seeing his earthly home again.

He began the *Convivio* to show the world how much he knew, full of pride in his superiority over the mass of his contemporaries who "beast-like feed on grass and acorns"; quick to resent the conceit of ignorant critics to whom "it is more fitting to reply with a knife than with words." He abandoned it, conscious of the short-comings of human science; humbled by his own need of more direct knowledge of higher things than reason can attain. He left unfinished too his treatise on the vulgar tongue and neo-Latin poetry, the first scientific essay of the kind. He is now concerned with greater matters, with the whole welfare of the world, and so he completes his *De Monarchia*, a rational Utopia both in the mediaeval and the modern sense, for it is based not only on scholastic syllogisms with doubtful premisses, but also on the lessons of history. The struggle between Papacy and Empire had already proved itself the most fruitful cause of discord, and the reign of Augustus "*existente monarchia perfecta*" offered the only example of a time of world-wide peace. Peace among free peoples preserving their institutions but consenting to a common government: it was an ideal which seemed possible, especially under a ruler like him by whose death the hopes of the poet were shaken but not crushed. It is an ideal which lives to-day and will not die.

The author of the *Comedy* is an experienced but not embittered spirit. The guffaw of the verses to Forese Donati is no longer possible, but there is grim amusement at the antics of the demons in the *bolgia* of the *barators*, and over the dispute between Master Adam and the Greek Sinon; there is a smile in the episode of Belacqua, and where Beatrice reminds the poet of the lady who coughed when Guinevere and Lancelot spoke together. Tamed also is the intellectual pride of the *Convivio*, and scholasticism and mysticism are reconciled by making the former the foundation of the latter. This was no artificial

conciliation, for there was no antagonism between the two: St. Thomas prized the Pseudo-Dionysius above other teachers, and in the *Paradiso* it is he that praises Francis: Bonaventura lauds St. Dominic.

Genius is the faculty of imagining great things clearly. Dante imagined the *Comedy* in his youth, and all the knowledge that is unfolded in his minor works, all the skill acquired by many experiments, served but to feed and order and clarify that imagination. The journey through hell, purgatory and paradise is his real experience; it is the journey of the exile to his lasting home: he ended the *Paradiso* and his life together. Throughout this travail he is inspired and upheld by love, the motive power of the universe When first he fe't ts force, the trembling spirit of life within him "which dwel s in the most secret chamber of the heart" had cried: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.* It was then only the love for a little girl of eight, but as he writes the last words of his book it is "the love that moves the sun and the other stars."

J. E. SHAW.

The Anatomy of Melancholy

I read once in an ancient and proud book
How beauty fadeth,
How stale will Helen or Leucippe grow
When custom jadeth,
"When the black ox has trodden on her toe"
Beauty will alter,
And love that lives on beauty, so it said,
Will fade and falter.

Then while your mistress wrinkles and grows sour,
O sage sardonic,
What charm preserves your virile strength and show,
What potent tonic?
An elephant has trodden on your toe,
Your look grows bleary,
Leucippe has quick eyes, her love of you
Is dull and weary.

I laid his book beside a Chinese rose-jar,
(Old Robert Burton),
Lifted the dragon-guarded lid and—lo!
Faint and uncertain
Frail rose-ghosts of rose-gardens all in blow
Haunted the room,
The spangled dew, the shell-tints and the moonlight
Lived in the fume,

And still shall linger in the leaves until
The jar shall perish.
So the true lovers in their memories stow
The things they cherish,
And loose them in the tender after-glow
Of life's long day
Till memory dies, and the world with all its passion
Passes away.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

The P.B.I.

or

Mademoiselle of Bully Grenay

III.

CHICORY TRENCH—A section of the front-line opposite Lens.

A fire-bay and part of the two adjacent traverses is seen. The trench is in good repair, the bottom being provided with bath-mats and the sides revetted with "A"-frames and corrugated-iron while the batter of the fire-step is supported by expanded-metal and two-by-four uprights. On top of the traverse at the right flank of bay is a small roughly-whittled windvane. To the military left of this, there projects over the parapet a small box-periscope which has been camouflaged with a twist of muddy sand-bag. Farther to the left and wired against the wall of trench is a small sign-board on which is painted in black:

BAY 13.

On left end of the fire-step is a blue Mills Grenade box. Wired to the traverse on left flank is a larger sign indicating that this is:

CHICORY F.L.

A big minenwerfer has at some time exploded immediately behind the trench, blowing away most of the parados.

On the parapet there are growing tufts of rank grass and red poppies. About thirty feet out in No Man's Land is a tangled mess of rusty barbed-wire in which numerous holes have been blown by enemy shell-fire. This wire, with the corkscrew stakes and wooden posts on which it is strung, is all that is visible above the parapet except for the blue sky.

Chicory Trench is being held by the 'Steenth Canadian Infantry Battalion whose dispositions are as under:

Front Line Platoons:	14-15-16	10-11-12	6-7-8
Close Support Platoons:	13	9	5
Company Head Quarters:	D	C	B
Support Company:		A	
Battalion Head Quarters:		B.H.Q.	

Thus Fire-Bay Number Thirteen is occupied by a Lewis Gun crew which is the left flank post of Number Sixteen Platoon.

* * * * * * *

It is sundown and just starting to grow dusk. Oley is squatted in the corner of the bay peering through the periscope while Jock, Duke and Hawkins are sitting on the fire-step facing the parados.

Jock is writing a letter, Duke is running an oily rag over his Lewis Gun and Hawkins is polishing his bayonet with loving care.

A salvo of four shells comes shrieking over and they explode near at hand.

The sergeant comes down the trench from the left flank.

Sergeant. Stand-to, men . . . Pass-word for to-night is "Haig."

Duke. Righto, sarge . . . What's the latest rumor around Head-Quarters?

IN NOVEMBER

WITH LOITERING STEP AND QUIET EYE
BENEATH THE LOW NOVEMBER SKY
I WANDERED IN THE WOODS, AND FOUND
A CLEARING WHERE THE BROKEN GROUND
WAS SCATTERED WITH BLACK STUMPS AND BRIERS
AND THE OLD WRECK OF FOREST FIRES.
IT WAS A BLEAK AND SANDY SPOT,
AND, ALL ABOUT, THE VACANT PLOT
WAS PEOPLED AND INHABITED
BY SCORES OF MULLEINS LONG SINCE DEAD,
A SILENT AND FORSAKEN BROOD
IN THAT MUTE OPENING OF THE WOOD,
SO SHRIVELLED AND SO THIN THEY WERE,
SO GREY, SO HAGGARD AND AUSTERE,
NOT PLANTS AT ALL THEY SEEMED TO ME,
BUT RATHER SOME SPARE COMPANY
OF HERMIT FOLK WHO LONG AGO,
WANDERING IN BODIES TO AND FRO,
HAD CHANCED UPON THIS LONELY WAY,
AND RESTED THUS, TILL DEATH ONE DAY
SURPRISED THEM AT THEIR COMPLINE PRAYER
AND LEFT THEM STANDING LIFELESS THERE.

From Poem by
ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

DESIGN BY C. W. JEFFERYS.

Sergeant. Just saw a Brigade Intelligence Summary that said a mob of Germans had been observed detraining east of Lens. They think the Hun is going to make his Big Attack along our sector before we get out this tour.

Duke. That's cheerful. But let 'em come.

The sergeant goes along the trench to the right flank.
Oley continues to peer through the periscope.
Duke props his Lewis Gun in the corner near Oley and then stands leaning against the traverse.
Hawkins gets up from the fire-step and clicks-on his bayonet.
Jocks picks up his rifle and stands gazing at the ground in gloomy abstraction.
All four men are absorbed in their own thoughts but Duke soon notices how dejected Jock is looking.

Duke. Why so melancholy, Jock?

Jock. I have a presentiment, laddie.

Duke. How's that?

Jock. Leave brings bad luck.

Hawkins, in a voice of unwonted seriousness, amplifies on Jock's remarks.

Hawkins. There's something in that. Old Jimmie Hayes was blown to bits three days after he got back from Blighty and Dintie Moore was napoo-ed the very same night as what he rejoined the Battalion.

Duke. You're a Job's comforter, Hawkins. One would think you were trying to get Jock's wind up.

Jock. Ay but Herbert's right. I have a premonition.

Duke. You're a superstitious old Scot.

Jock. No, no. Predestination controls everything. If your number is on a shell, it will get you.

A single whizzbang screeches over and explodes.
Bill comes down the trench from the left flank.

Bill. Wiring party to-night, boys . . . Hawkins, you're for it.

Bill glances around the bay.

Bill. And you too, Jock.

Jock. Verra guid, corporal.

Duke gets up on fire-step and peers circumspectly over the parapet while Oley relaxes his vigil at the periscope.

Bill. What's wrong, Jock?

Jock. O naething, corporal.

Bill. Sure you're all right, Jock?

Jock. O ay, corporal, I've never been in better health in all my life.

Bill turns to Hawkins.

Bill. Party will assemble in this bay right after stand-down. Every man to take four bombs.

Hawkins. Do we wear bandoliers?

Bill. No. Everybody is to go out in Battle Order.

Duke. Sherman said that war is hell but I maintain that it's just one dashed wiring party after another.

Hawkins. Yes, and it's the Poor Bloody Infantry who do the work for the whole ruddy army. First time we're out at rest, I'm going to work a ticket to the Base.

Duke. Hawkins, you're a fighting man and you'd mutiny if anybody tried to transfer you from the P.B.I.

Hawkins. Maybe you're right, Duke, for a fellow ain't never ashamed to say that he's in the Poor Bloody Infantry for they're the blighters what are winning this blasted war.

Duke. Winning the war! Those are strong words, Hawkins. Do you realize that the Boche has Big Bertha shelling Paris, that he's within a stone's throw of Amiens and just a hop-step-and-jump from Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne?

Hawkins. Looks pretty bad, Duke. When do you think the Huns will come over against us?

Duke. Search me . . . They might try it most any of these misty mornings.

Hawkins. Duke, I don't mind dirty work with the good old bomb and bayonet and I'd blinkin' well enjoy killin' Huns in the open but so help me, I can't stand this ruddy waiting. The blighters can't come over too soon for me. We'll give 'em wot for.

Duke. My sentiments exactly. Let 'em try to come over. The sooner, the quicker. We'll stop the swine.

It is now nearly dark.
Duke gets up on the fire-step, lays his Lewis Gun on the parapet and looks intently over the top.
A salvo of four shells sails leisurely over to the reserves.
Bill comes along the trench from the right flank.

Bill. Where's Oley?

Duke. He went out in the old sap to do some sniping.

Bill. Confound these Head Quarters men and their nonsense. His place is right here at stand-to.

A distant machine-gun makes a few traverses.
Oley comes slinking down the trench from the left flank.
Mike, Willie, Jarge and others drift in one by one from the right flank, carrying their rifles slung over the shoulder with bayonet unfixed.

Bill. Where you been, Oley?

Oley. Sniping.

Bill. In future you stay right here in your bay for stand-to.

Oley. Aw right.

Bill. You're for sentry-duty to-night . . . Duke, you and Oley will be alone in this bay while the party's out. Corporal Wilkins is doing trench-patrol.

Duke. Righto, corp.

Bill turns to the troops.

Bill. All right, boys. Get ready.

Hawkins and Jock unfix their bayonets, get four bombs each, examine the safety-pins and then put them in their tunic-pockets.
The darkness of night has now settled down over the trench.
A distant German machine-gun away off on the right flank starts a continuous rat-tat-tat hammering and it is angrily answered by the scolding, staccato splutter of an equally distant Lewis Gun firing in short jerky bursts.

Bill. Everybody make sure their bombs are all right.

The troops examine their Mills grenades.

Bill. Where's Jarge?
Jarge. Here, corporal.
Bill. When Heinie sends up his flares, see that you stand steady or else you'll be getting the whole party shot-up again.
Jarge. Yes, corporal.
Bill. Where's Mike?
Mike. Here corporal.
Bill. And Hawkins?
Hawkins. Here corporal.
Bill. You two will be on the covering party.

Bill glances around the troops.

Bill. And is Jock here?
Jock. Ay corporal.
Bill. You'll be on it too, Jock.
Jock. Ay corporal.
Bill. You fellows on the covering party want to keep a sharp look-out. The Prussian Guards are in opposite us and they've been pretty active of late.

A German machine-gun slightly to the left flank opens up a heavy and sustained burst of fire.
Green comes down the trench from the left flank, followed by Harris, now carrying a rifle.

Green. Party all assembled, Corporal?
Bill. Yes sir.
Green. Has each man got his four grenades?
Bill. Yes sir.
Green. All right, men . . . keep closed up and no talking.

Green turns to Bill.

Green. We'll lead off, corporal.

The German machine-gun on the left flank opens up again, ripping off some wicked bursts in the direction of Bay 13.
Green ignores its fire and goes over the parapet followed by Bill, Mike, Hawkins, Jarge, Willie, Harris, other troops, and finally Jock. In clambering out of the trench, Willie, Jarge and some of the others duck every time Heinie opens up with his machine-gun.

As the party goes overland, cautions are passed back from man to man, the warnings growing fainter and fainter as the troops get farther out in No Man's Land.

Bill. Hole on right.
Hawkins. Hole on right.
Mike. Hole on right.

While Jock is waiting his turn to leave the trench, he speaks to Duke in a tense and solemn voice.

Jock. Duke, here's a letter to my wifie in Scotland. Send it to her to-morrow.
Duke. O you'll be all right, Jock.
Jock. No laddie, I ken richt weel that ere the break o' day I'm gae-in' west.
Duke. Jock, old man, let me go out in your place.
Jock. Thank you, laddie, but it was I that was detailed and it is I that will go.

Jock climbs over the parapet.

Jock. Good-by, Duke.
Duke. Not good-by, Jock, but just so-long.

Jock follows the party which has disappeared into No Man's Land, but which can still be faintly heard passing back cautions.

Bill. Wire underfoot.
Hawkins. Wire underfoot.
Mike. Wire underfoot.

Duke stands gazing into the darkness in the direction in which his comrades have gone.

Oley. Give me first turn as sentry, Duke.
Duke. Why all the ambish, Oley?
Oley. At eleven o'clock I make cocoa.
Duke. Righto then, Oley, ça m'est égal. Up you jump.

Oley steps up and relieves Duke, who sits down on the fire-step.
Three gas-shells go wobbling over and explode far behind with a gentle phut. Then along the whole front there ensues a deathly lull, oppressive in its ominous quiet.
Percy comes down the trench from the right flank, walking very cautiously and holding his bayonet-scabbard with his left hand so that it won't clash against anything and make a noise.

Duke. Night, Percy.
Percy. H'lo, Duke.
Duke. Heinie's started squirting gas-shells into the back-areas again.
Percy. Winds from the east. We should worry.

For a few seconds both Percy and Duke listen to the uncanny silence and then Percy speaks, unconsciously talking in a strained and fearful tone that is scarcely more than a whisper.

Percy. Pretty lonely in this empty old trench, Duke.
Duke. Yes, there's not the life here that you find in the Rue de la Paix or the Boulevard des Italiens.

Percy. Why are you always raving about Paris, Duke? There's no sense in wasting a perfectly good leave in a city where everybody parley-voos in a foreign language and where all the girls . . .

Duke. Girls again. Percy, Percy.

Percy. Say, Duke, why are you always so down on women?

Duke. O I don't know.

Percy. Must be a reason.

Duke. O you're right. Before the war, I was engaged to a girl. But because I enlisted as a tommy —O well, she threw me over and married a cold-looted blighter who has never come across.

Percy. Good riddance, Duke, old man.

Duke. Perhaps, but it does smash up a fellow's ideals.

For a few seconds, Duke and Percy both follow their own trains of thought and then Percy tactfully changes the line of conversation.

Percy. By gad, but it's a fine night, Duke.

Duke. But far too quiet for my liking. The Heinies aren't sending up a single flare.

Percy. Guess Fritzie has a party out too.

Duke. Yes . . . He'll probably be patching up the holes our heavies blew in his wire.

Percy. And the Huns will be glad to leave our fellows alone provided we don't annoy the German working-party.

Duke. Maybe.

With startling suddenness, there comes the dull crash of a volley of bombs. Although muffled by distance, the noise has the unmistakable crump-crump-crump sound of exploding potato-mashers. Duke leaps up on the fire-step and grabs his Lewis Gun, holding it ready for action.

Percy. What's up?

Duke. Bombing.

Percy jumps up beside Duke and Oley and all three peer intently over the parapet.
Several Mills grenades explode with a rending, wicked whang.

Duke. The Sunken Road!

Percy. Our fellows!

The Boche throws a second volley of potato-mashers but it is more ragged than the previous one. A couple of revolvers start banging away and the shindy degenerates into a ding-dong dog-fight, with everybody going to it in their own time.
On the horizon there is reflected a lurid glow, quivering and pulsating, throbbing fiercely up when the bombing is heavy and then dying away in the lulls. For some time the noise continues with fierce intensity.
Oley steps down into the trench and speaks with fiendish satisfaction.

Oley. They're catching it.

Duke. Oley, report this to the Major.

Oley. Aw right.

Oley saunters slowly down the trench to the left flank.
The bombing becomes less heavy and then starts to slacken off.

Percy. Our fellows must have walked right into a mob of Heinies.

The bombing becomes yet more desultory and intermittent. The revolvers are still pinging away, although more deliberately and occasionally.

Duke. Yes . . . The Huns must be assembling for the Big Attack.

Everything becomes quiet once again.
Percy and Duke stand taut and tense, staring fixedly out into No Man's Land.

Percy. Duke, I see somebody.

Duke. Steady, son.

Percy leans his rifle in the corner of the bay near Duke.

Percy. Where your bombs?

Duke. Far corner.

Percy finds the box and, taking out two grenades, holds one ready in each hand. Duke gives the pan on his Lewis Gun a slight twirl to make sure that the cartridge is engaged under the feed-arm and then he clicks back the cocking-handle.
Percy makes a move as though he were going to pull the pin out of his bomb.

Percy. I'm going to let 'em have one, Duke.

Duke. Steady, Percy.

Both, quivering with excitement, strain their eyes trying to fathom the secrets of the dark.
A flare, the first since the party went out, slowly floats up from the Hun lines. It gradually kindles, becomes a brilliant and dazzling white and then slowly dies out.

Duke. It's our fellows.

Percy. Yes . . . Now I can see their tin hats.

Duke and Percy continue to watch the progress of the party and then Duke hoarsely calls in a low voice.

Duke. This way, fellows. This way.

A couple of flares swim up, one after another, from the enemy lines. Duke and Percy crouch down below the parapet but as the flares start to dim and then gradually go out, the two watchers resume their scrutiny of No Man's Land. Duke sees a figure nearing the trench.

Duke. Who're you?

Willie replies in a terrified voice.

Willie. It's Willie.

A whizzbang, the first since the gas-shells, screeches over with a blood-thirsty shriek. Willie tumbles into the trench with frantic haste.

Duke. What happened, Willie?

Willie. O Duke. Is it you, Duke?

Duke. Yes. What happened, Willie?

Willie. The Huns were waiting for us in the Sunken Road. O my God, it was ghastly, Duke.

A machine gun, with a great clatter and rattling, starts squirting a swishing stream of vicious bullets.
Jarge comes floundering into the trench.

Jarge. The dirty pigs.

Harris is right on his heels and cursing Jarge for the awkward slowness with which he is stumbling into the trench.

Harris. Hurry up, damn you.

Other troops roll over the parapet.
Hawkins leaps into the trench, and Mike jumps down after him.

Mike. The bloody beasts.

Mike no sooner gets to his feet again than he springs up on the fire-step and excitedly shouts to Jock who has been following him in.

Mike. Hurry up, Jock.

Jock is wallowing through the shell-holes, plowing slowly and deliberately towards safety.

Mike. JOCK!

Jock appears silhouetted on the parapet and stops for just the fraction of a second to glare back and shake his fist at the enemy lines.

Jock. Och! The swine!

With a blood-curdling swooshing shriek, a whizz-bang screeches straight at Bay 13. There is a blinding flash, a terrific crash. Jock staggers and then limply tumbles and flops into the trench as a shower of earth and débris comes raining down. The troops all duck for cover, cowering on the duckboards and flattening themselves against the traverses while they wait with bated breath for the next shell to come screaming down and blow them all to bits. Duke is the first to recover himself and he shouts out.

Duke. Stand-to!

The troops jump up on the fire-step and man the parapet. Hawkins and Mike each jam a cartridge into the chamber of their rifle, working the bolt with a convincingly businesslike click. Percy bends over Jock's prostrate body.

The Boche lays down a hurricane barrage. The shells go hurtling over, the big ones rushing at the supports with an express-train howl, the whizzbangs zipping wickedly down on the front line. No Man's Land is leaping with heaving geysers of ugly black earth, shot through with swift tongues of flame. The Hun machine-guns start sweeping around, roaring like a cataract and rattling like a flock of steam-riveters as they pour out a torrent of hissing lead that cuts through the air like a tremendous scythe. The Vickers and Lewis Guns soon take up the chorus and start their mad and frantic chattering while a fusillade of rifle-fire ripples and crackles along the front. Fritz is now shooting up flares of innumerable varieties—white Very-lights; ruby, green, orange and golden rockets, some of which are single balls of fire while others are clusters and showers of fiery stars. After a noisy rafale of some duration, the barrage begins to grow less violent.

Percy. Here. Stretcher. Quick!
Duke. Who got it?
Percy. Old Jock.

Percy is feverishly working over Jock.

Percy. Gi'me another field-dressing.
Duke. Is he badly smashed up?
Percy. Afraid he's a goner, Duke.

A Fritz machine-gun nearly opposite rattles out. The sergeant comes down the trench from the left flank.

Sergeant. What's up?
Percy. Wiring party surprised, sergeant.
Sergeant. Who's hit?
Percy. It's Jock, sergeant.

Willie comes down the trench carrying a stretcher.

Sergeant. Duke, Mike and Hawkins, stay in this bay. Others go to your own fire-posts.

The sergeant points to Willie and Jarge.

Sergeant. You two stop here . . . Now let's get him on the stretcher.

The sergeant, Percy, Willie and Jarge lift Jock on the stretcher.

Sergeant. Gently, lads.

Four shells sigh over to the back-areas.

Willie. Will we take him to the Regimental Aid Post?

Sergeant. No . . . Straight out to the Advanced Dressing Station. It's nearer. And make good time, fellows, there's still a chance of saving his life.

Willie and Jarge carry the stretcher down the trench to the right flank.

Duke. Will he pull around, sergeant?

Sergeant. Afraid not . . . It looks like an R.I.P. for poor old Jock.

The sergeant turns to Percy.

Sergeant. Are all the men in?

Percy. Haven't called the roll yet.

Duke. Bill Walton and Mr. Green are still out, sarge.

Sergeant. Corporal, you warn the platoon on the left and I'll warn our own fellows.

Percy. Right, sergeant.

Percy goes along the trench to the left flank while the sergeant goes off to the right flank.
A distant machine gun starts faintly clack-clack-clack-ing.

Mike. Sure and it was an elegant shindy.

Hawkins. It was all right while our blinkin' bombs lasted.

Duke. How'd it all start, boys?

Mike. The Huns was waitin' for us in the Sunken Road.

Hawkins. We was walkin' along peaceable-like when suddenly "swish-swish-crumpity-crump," potato-mashers were exploding all around us.

Mike. Must've been nigh to forty or fifty square-heads in that Sunken Road.

Hawkins. And all lobbin' over potato-mashers fast as they could throw 'em.

Mike. So we flops into shell-holes . . .

Hawkins. And starts chuckin' back Mills grenades.

Mike. The allemands didn't seem to like that . .

Hawkins. Some of 'em starts runnin' away. But it weren't no use, for our bombs ran short.

Mike. Then Mr. Green shouts, "Get back to your trench. The corporal and me will cover you."

Hawkins. Say Duke, that ossifer sure delivered the goods. He's a rare hot one.

Mike. And Bill Walton was as cool as a chunk of ice. He kept pickin' off the Huns like as if he was on the rifle range.

Hawkins. Old Jock and Mike and me was going to stick with them but . . .

Mike. Mr. Green sings out again, "Get a move on, men."

Hawkins. So we up and 'ops it.

A shell rushes over to the supports.
The sergeant comes down the trench from the right flank.

Sergeant. Any sign of Green and Walton?

Duke. Not yet, sergeant.

The sergeant gets up on fire-step and peers over the parapet.
The Jerries shoot up a flare which slowly climbs towards the zenith with gradually increasing brilliancy.
The troops in the bay immediately freeze, but continue to watch No Man's Land.

Duke. Something moving out in front, sarge.

Mike. It's men.

Sergeant. Looks like three of them.

Duke. There are three.

A machine gun noisily rakes No Man's Land.

Sergeant. Who are you?

Bill. Is that number sixteen platoon?

Sergeant. Is that you, Bill?

Bill. Yes . . . and Mr. Green.

Duke. And a cute little Prussian Guard!

A terrified Fritz appears on the parapet, bleating pitifully. The unnatural dugout pallor of his face is heightened by a panic of ghastly fear.

Hun. Kamerad! Kamerad!

The Heinie, in a paroxysm of terror, leaps madly into the trench.

Hawkins. You bloody Hun!

Hawkins makes a flying-tackle from the fire-step and, catching Fritz around the neck, brings him down to his knees.

Hawkins. It's all mine. You blokes keep off.

Hawkins frisks the cowering Boche and he finds an Iron Cross which is hanging on a riband around the square-head's neck.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme, an Iron Cross! Just the souvenir for my old Mary Anne.

Green and Bill have appeared on the parapet but during the diversion caused by Hawkins and the cringing prisoner, nobody in the bay has bothered to pay much attention to them. They help one another into the trench where they sit down on the fire-step.

Sergeant. Mike, take this thing out to B.H.Q.

Mike nonchalantly slings his rifle over his left shoulder and then roars at the feldgrau hero with contemptuous disgust.

Mike. Allez, you damned square-head! Allez . . . tout'suite.

The allemand seems loath to leave his new-found friends. Accordingly Mike finds it necessary to interpret his suggestion by giving the Heinie a tenderly-gentle but well-placed kick with the toe of his left ammunition boot.

Hun. Aw-OOOOOOOOOOO!

With a squeal of surprise that ends up in a bellow of pain, Fritz scuttles down the trench to the right, rent asunder between the necessity of keeping his hands aloft in the regulation safety-first position and his desire to use them to protect the vulnerable portions of his anatomy from further assaults. Mike follows at a dignified saunter.
There is a wicked crackle of Boche machine-gun fire.
It is now the pitchy black of dead night.

Green. Sergeant, are all the men in?

Sergeant. Yes sir . . . Are you badly hurt, Mr. Green?

Green. Only slightly, sergeant.

Sergeant. Ah, that's good, sir.

Duke. Did you stop one too, Bill?

Bill. Ah oui . . . But I'm O.K., Duke.

Sergeant. Stretcher-bearers.

The call is passed on down the trench to the right flank, growing fainter and fainter.

Troop. Stretcher-bearer.

Troop. Stretcher-bearer.

Troop. Stretcher-bearer.

Two shells swish over.
Major Mackenzie comes down the trench from the left flank.

Major. N.C.O. here?

Sergeant. Yes sir.

Major. Have all the men been accounted for, sergeant?

Sergeant. Yes sir . . . But old Jock MacTaggart was badly smashed up and we sent him out to the Dressing Station.

Major. Anyone else hit?

Sergeant. Yes sir. Mr. Green and Corporal Walton. They're right here, sir.

Two stretcher-bearers come down the trench from the right flank and, without any fuss or comment, start the work of bandaging.

Major. O hello, Green. Not badly hurt, I hope?

Green. Just a flesh-wound in the arm, sir. . . . I'll be able to carry-on.

Major. No, no, my boy. You must go out and have it attended to.

Major. And you're hit too, Walton?

Bill. Yes sir, but it's nothing worth mentioning this time. I'm able to walk out.

Major. Good. Both of you go down to the Dressing Station as soon as the stretcher-bearers get you fixed up.

Sergeant. Sir, Mr. Green and Walton brought in a Hun officer whom we sent out to B.H.Q.

Major. Splendid! Splendid! He'll probably give us valuable information.

The Major turns to Green and shakes hands with him.

Major. Good trip, Green.

Green. I'll be back again as soon as possible, sir.

Major. Hope you'll pull around quickly too, Walton.

Bill. Thank you, sir.

Major. Now sergeant, we'll go along the trench and check up.

The Major and sergeant go down the trench to the right flank.

Green. Shall we start out now, corporal?

Bill. Yes sir.

They painfully get up from the fire-step.

Bill. And say, fellows, if any parcels arrive in the mail for me, open 'em up.

Duke. Trust us, Bill.

Green and Bill start down the trench to right flank, supporting one another.

Duke. A good trip and the best of luck, sir.

Green. Thanks, Meredith.

Hawkins. 'Opes you makes Blighty, Bill, for then I'm next for leave.

Bill. Sorry to disappoint you, Hawkins, but I'm afraid there's not much chance of getting far with this one.

Green and Bill disappear around the traverse.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme, but them two is plucky blighters.

Duke. Yes, they're a pair . . . But watch your front, Hawkins, the night's not over yet.

There is the dull and muffled booming of distant shell-fire.

(*To be concluded*)

Literary Competitions

A. We offer a prize of five dollars to the reader who can identify the largest number of the following quotations. The name of the author and of the work from which the quotation is cited must be given in each case.

(1) Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism.

(2) An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.

(3) Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

(4) Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive.

(5) The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

(6) The Irish are a fair people: they never speak well of one another.

(7) There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

(8) Men may have rounded Seraglio Point: they have not yet doubled Cape Turk.

(9) Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

(10) Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

(11) Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee.

(12) The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in;—and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than November 20, 1921.

B. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best ODE TO TOBACCO. *Poems should not exceed fifty lines, and must reach the Competitions Editor not later than December 20, 1921.*

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition, whethe; it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

The prize for the best rendering of the French sonnet by Verlaine is awarded to J. Addison Reid, 44 St. Andrews Gardens, Toronto. The versions by H. D. Clapperton and Autolycus are also deserving of special mention. The following is the prize rendering:

PRIZE TRANSLATION

Often I dream this strange, impressive dream:
I love an unknown woman; she loves me;
Never at all times quite the same is she,
Nor yet another scarcely does she seem.

She understands me and her soul's clear beam
Pierces my heart where only she may see.
My pallid brow, with moisture oozing free,
She laves with tears that from her eyelids stream.

I care not be she ruddy, dark or fair;
Her name? I know but that 'tis sweet, its sound
Like names of loved ones in the heavenly air;
Her gaze is like the gaze in statues found;

Her voice, so distant, calm and full of care,
Like voice of dear ones resting 'neath the ground.

J. ADDISON REID.

ANNUAL LITERARY PRIZE

TORONTO WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and County of York a prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best short story not exceeding 4000 words, to be sent to the President, Mrs. John Bruce, 37 Bleecker Street, Toronto, on or before February 1, 1922. Manuscript must be typed and accompanied by a stamped envelope bearing the writer's name and address; also a written statement that he or she has not received payment for literary work. Competitors must be of Canadian birth and a story with a Canadian background or atmosphere is desirable.

Our Book-Shelf

Political

The Challenge of Agriculture—The Story of the United Farmers of Ontario, edited by Melville H. Staples (George M. Morang).

In the very nick of time this important little volume has been given to the public. City people are asking what is the origin and what the purpose of a movement which in October, 1919, shocked Ontario by installing farmers in the seats of the mighty. And country people on the eve of an election, when still greater worlds await conquest, will need some more definite knowledge of the cradling of the movement and some more positive reasons for the faith that is in them. We predict a very hearty reception for Mr. Staples' work.

The book is composite in character. The editor acknowledges the assistance received from the following leaders in the U.F.O., each of whom has contributed material for a chapter: Mr. W. L. Smith, Hon. E. C. Drury, Mr. W. C. Good, Col. J. Z. Frazer, Mrs. G. A. Brodie, and Mr. J. J. Morrison. In the circumstances a certain unevenness of style is inevitable. The reader will find it an interesting exercise to guess which of these authorities has collaborated with Mr. Staples in the several chapters.

One fancies, for example, that the sprightliness of Mr. Drury's wit is to be detected in the description of the manner in which the U.F.O. had its birth, replacing the Farmers' Clubs of which the Ontario government was the sponsor. On a cold bright Saturday in the late fall of 1913 four farmers seized of a certain idea came to Toronto, namely, Mr. Drury, Mr. Good, Mr. Morrison and Col. Frazer. Together they sought the *Sun* office in the afternoon hoping to find "not only a sheltering roof, but comfort and counsel from their friend, the editor". To their great disappointment they found the office closed and deserted. They then repaired to the Kirby House on Queen Street West, secured a room and turned their idea into the U.F.O. The account proceeds: "Not a few thought that these clubs were designed to stifle the discussion of public questions by the farmers, and to head off the Grange in the work it was attempting to do in the formation of rural public opinion. So strong indeed was this belief that one agricultural journal in Ontario (not the *Sun*) published a cartoon wherein the Minister of Agriculture was shown in the act of knocking the Grange on the head with a bludgeon labelled "Farmers' Club". These clubs, thus organised, had not thriven as was expected. They had no bond of union, no great purpose, and interest in them was inclined to flag. They had, however, a simple democratic form which appealed to the people, and while many of them (like David Harum's calf) had "just gin out" from sheer lack of interest, a fair number were alive and were centres of community interest. Morrison's idea was put in few words: "Let's steal the clubs", said he. (This was Brother Morrison's first venture in Bolshevism).

The Chapter on the U.F. Co-operative Company gives an interesting account of the early struggles of this great company, as well as an outline of the difference of opinion which has arisen as to whether the centralised or the federal idea should prevail in the management of the province-wide organisation.

The history of the Farmers' Publishing Company is given a chapter. It describes how at a time when the failure of the Patrons of Industry had brought discouragement to Ontario farmers "the ablest, one of the most completely unselfish, one of the best friends Ontario farmers ever had, came upon the scene in the person of Goldwin Smith"; and how the last words heard from his lips were, "Forward the Toronto *Sun*". The *Farmers' Sun* of to-day with a circulation of some fifty thousand is the lineal

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THESE ARE MACMILLAN BOOKS

descendant of the *Weekly Sun* which Goldwin Smith largely financed and to which he was a regular contributor under the pen name of "A Bystander".

The last two chapters deal with the farmers in politics and contain an able defence of class organization.

The type is large and clear. The city man can read it with comfort in the street car, and the farmer's family will have no difficulty in enjoying the book by lamp-light about the kitchen table.

C. B. S.

Poetry

The Little Wings, Poems and Essays, by Vivienne Dayrell, with an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. (Basil Blackwell, 1921).

The publication of such a volume as this makes one wonder about many things. Did the 15 year-old poet herself desire the publication of her verses? It is apparent from the prefatory note that her mother believes that public encouragement will help her daughter. Is this really possible? If Vivienne had the independence at the age of 10 to feel and write such a poem as "Cornwall" should not her parents and teachers have had the sense to keep "hands off?"

> Cornwall, Cornwall, land of pixies—
> Oh, that I were there!
> Where they laugh on purple moorlands;
> Cornwall—wild and fair.
>
> Could I stand on stretching beaches,
> P'r'aps a seventh wave might tell
> How it bore the baby Arthur
> To the Cornish land to dwell.

Beautiful as this and other of her poems are, one cannot help wishing that they had not been published. Then there might be more hope for those to be written between 15 and 25. For Vivienne Dayrell is already losing spontaneity and becoming "literary," and if she is taught to listen too credulously to her reviewers and introducers she will escape conventionality and banality only by a miracle. "The Moon," dedicated at the age of 14 to Mrs. Meynell, has not a breath of spontaneous child-feeling.

> Ride on, pale galleon, through the storm-tossed clouds
> Unpiloted, torn sail and swaying mast,
> Until thou anchorest in dawn's port at last
> With all they perils past.
>
> Ride on, pale ship, breasting the leaping waves,
> Ride on, thou ghostly galleon, on the tide,
> Until red morning break and thou shalt glide
> To Haven, and there bide.

Yet the volume, taken as a whole, shows unmistakably that the author has a vivid delight in the beauties of nature. Why could not other nature-lovers have had the pleasure of reading her poems without being teased by this appeal to their astonishment at an infant prodigy? We could have waited twenty years for this pleasure and we would, no doubt, have found much to enjoy in the section "Juvenilia" of a larger volume of poems. But "good for her age" is the very last word of approval that any serious poet, young or old, should desire.

Mr. Chesterton, in his introduction, praises the poems for their beauty and promise. Of their beauty there is no doubt. There is not even a hint of the awkwardness or crudity of the awkward age. The poet is happy; her joy is reflected in every stanza of her work.

Of their promise it is far less easy to speak with any certainty. The note of sophistication is there, and how is she to escape? If Vivienne were only a boy how much simpler it would be for him, even in these days, to win his own experience and independence. If he had the spark within him, he would be off in a few years at most to learn and grow as Davies, Masefield, Sassoon, Conrad learnt and grew. Even now how hard it is for women to be unconventional without being freaks, and what is the use of conventional poets? All this inevitable disability makes one very sorry for Vivienne Dayrell that she should be burdened with the additional shackle of a volume of published verse at the age of 15½. But after all these poems are beautiful.

> Where the young leaves sway in the wind,
> And the little shy ferns uncurl to the kiss of the sun,
> Where the wood is dark and cool,
> With the wild flowers by the pool
> There let me lie . . .
> The soft breeze passes by . . .
> I am one with the wild blue sky
> And the grass where the rabbits run.

M. A. F.

A Book of English Verse on Infancy and Childhood, chosen by L. S. Wood (Golden Treasury Series; Macmillans, $1.10).

Children came into their own late in English literature, but since the days of Wordsworth, "the Laureate of Childhood", writers, from poets to social reformers, have become increasingly alive to the innate beauty of childhood until the books on, and for, children would fill a large library. This last, and by no means least, of the Golden Treasury Series should therefore need little introduction. The present has been called "the Children's Century", and despite child labour and the ghastly privations thrust upon millions of children since 1914 the attention of humanity has been focused on child welfare and happiness as never before.

Mr. Wood's book has been compiled in no heavy or didactic spirit but in one of tenderness and reverence for human nature as yet unfettered and unspoiled by tradition, habit and environment,—an attitude that few can lay aside without feeling that "it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck,

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and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." It were indeed a hard matter to make an anthology of poems on childhood in any other spirit with a tradition set by Blake, Wordsworth and Lamb and established by Robert Louis Stevenson and Francis Thompson, for once the English began to write of their own childhood and of children they did so with exquisite tenderness and insight. Mr. Wood, setting himself a high standard of poetry, seems to have spared no pains to find the scarcely known, as well as the obvious poems on the subject and has succeeded in selecting some three hundred and thirty poems, dating from the fifteenth century to the present day, from those poets who "in a moment" could travel back into their own past

"And see the children sport upon the shore."

His book, therefore is not one to pick up lightly for a half-hour's "nice" reading, but one which will give a bitter-sweet pleasure in recalling a hundred vanished impulses and emotions of one's own past. Even those who profess a lack of interest in children and in poetry will here find it hard to escape its charm and poignacy, tenderness and gayety, and the enduring regret of the grown-up looking backward. It is a book which most of us should have—for our own sakes and for the sake of the children with whom we meet on most unequal terms.

H. K. G.

Fiction

Vera, by "Elizabeth" (Gundy).

The mysterious author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* and *Christopher and Columbus* has given us in her latest book, a much more serious and thoughtful study of character than she has yet attempted. There is still the quaint characteristic "Elizabethan" humour that has always delighted her readers, but there is also a deeper, sometimes exquisitely painful undertone. Bit by bit, the character of Everard is built up by this subtle story-teller, and, bit by bit, the dreary hopelessness of it all is borne in upon one. With consummate art, the story breaks off, almost abruptly it seems, while the girl-wife is still fairly happy, and the reader, for her sake, supremely miserable.

The woman who gives her name to the book is dead before the story opens, but her spirit seems to linger over the old home and we pick up the clues to her character, as the young wife, her successor, fingers over her books and pictures. Out of such slight materials, is evoked Vera as she was in life, a bright, strong spirit beaten at last in her long struggle.

The living wife is attractive too, in a more childish, helpless way,—not very clear-headed, but adorably sweet and affectionate. "My very own baby" Everard calls her in his lighter moods.

It is impossible to describe the impression that the man Everard leaves on one. To say that he is selfish, inconsiderate, unimaginative, unimpressionable, though true, yet fails to give the true flavour of his personality. Assuredly no one ever knew a human being just like him, and yet he has the inevitableness and completeness of life itself. As if he were a chilly rain or some other unpleasant natural phenomenon, we accept him as in the established order of things; but no pains would be too great to avoid him.

Helen of the Old House, by Harold Bell Wright (The Ryerson Press).

Mr. Wright is another of those who flourish like the wicked on the scorn of the litterateurs. Where the favoured of mighty critics sells his thousands, Harold Bell Wright sells his tens of thousands. So will it be in the case of this story of the modern industrial struggle, where the heroine is borne from the labourer's cottage at the bottom of the hill to the mansion at the top, and has character enough to enable her to mediate successfully and sympathetically in the local struggle. The clash of old and new viewpoints, the story of a pirated invention, and an instance of the familiar situation caused by social inversion in the army, all these are told with the same appeal which Mr. Wright makes to his own following always. Needless to say, the atmosphere is profoundly wholesome.

Her Father's Daughter, by Gene Stratton Porter (Gundy).

If this young lady had not been a demi-goddess and a bit of a prig, and if Peter had been a little less ideal, poor sinful mortals would enjoy their romance better. The story of the struggle between the two girls for domestic supremacy is really interesting, even if the denouement is somewhat far-fetched. The love element is rather insipid, perhaps, which means that it just misses being a glorious relief. An unpleasant Japanese incident seems somewhat roughly dragged in. There is a jilted girl, too, whom one really likes, and mixed up with her an important missing sheet of paper. But when Mrs. Porter leaves plotting and preaching, and becomes again her old naturalist self, digressing to beautiful and vivid descriptions of California, then she is convincing and enjoyable.

Married?, by Marjorie Beaton Cooke (Gundy).

This book is advertised as "a novel that jaded readers will be grateful for", and it has thrills enough to tempt even the modern palate, made blase by over-attendance at "movies". It is the story of a marriage by proxy to save a great inheritance later, the man and girl are brought together, fall in love, and the marriage is not annulled after all. In all this, the *deus ex machina* is an old friend of the girl's, a judge, whose fantastic matchmaking scheme would certainly not have succeeded anywhere but in a book.

L. D. R.

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Trade and Industry

	July 1921	Aug. 1921	Sept. 1921	Oct. 1921	Oct. 1920
Wholesale Prices (Michell)	167.0	165.4	164.4	161.5	242.1
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$21.55	$21.98	$22.34	.....	$26.46
Volume of Employment (Employment Service of Canada)	89.0	89.0	89.6	90.0	107.5
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities (Michell)	103.6	103.0	104.4	105.9	113.3

THE fall in wholesale prices still goes on. A further decline of nearly three points was noted by Professor Michell at the beginning of this month. But there is a tone of subdued optimism in business, different indeed from the loud expectations of recovery which proved so baseless last spring, but nevertheless unmistakeable. It is reflected in the table at the head of this page, both in the continued steadiness of employment, which is a pleasant surprise for the pessimists, and in slightly higher price quotations for the better Canadian Common Stocks.

Grounds are not lacking outside Canada for the belief that the disastrous fall in prices, uninterrupted since the spring of 1920, if it has not completed its course, has at least been definitely stayed. Wholesale prices have actually risen in one or two countries lately. The French index number shews a steady rise since June; and in the United States there is ground for believing that the decline has temporarily stopped.

But authoritative opinion still hesitates to find encouragement in these symptoms of recovery. Mr. McKenna's recent announcement, which is made with almost unique authority, was conspicuous chiefly for its caution. Our fluctuating records of prices and employment are like straws which shew the direction of the wind; but like straws, they may veer in one direction or another, deflected by some momentary gust. Behind them are great and obscure economic forces whose scope is world-wide. It is to them that we must look for ultimate adjustment and stability. Nothing is more certain than that these forces are still far from exhaustion.

Attention has more than once been called on this page to the fact that we have adjusted ourselves to the changed conditions in Canada, somewhat more slowly than our customers and rivals in Britain and the United States. Some day soon we must make up for the fact that during eighteen months we have lagged behind them. The situation may be summarized as follows:—

Relative Decline in Wholesale Prices.
Canada, United Kingdom, and United States
(Base = Maximum of prices in 1920 = 100).

	Maximum, 1920	September, 1921
Canada (Dept. of Labour)	100	65
United Kingdom (Statist)	100	56
United States (Mean of five indices)	100	54

These differing rates of adjustment must be considered in relation to what happened during the war and demobilisation periods. Then the level of prices was rising faster in England than in Canada. When the depression began, prices in England had therefore farther to fall, while equilibrium was being sought for. There is no cause for uneasiness in the fact that our adjustment to the new conditions has lagged behind that of the Mother Country. On the other hand, I believe that there are grounds for watching with concern our adjustment to the new conditions in the United States. It is more than probable that from 1914 to 1920, when prices were rising everywhere, they rose faster in Canada than in the United States. To regain equilibrium in our trade relations with our neighbours to the south, it therefore became necessary for us to make an adjustment to the new conditions even more considerable than that required of them. But instead of adjusting ourselves rather more rapidly, we have adjusted ourselves rather less rapidly than they have.

Herein, surely, lies the root of our exchange problem, the cause of our depreciated dollar. The tendency to purchase in the cheapest market cannot be permanently held in check by fervent appeals from the press or the pulpit to "Buy Goods Made in Canada." So long as the discrepancy persists between the level of prices in this country and in the United States, there will be the same obstacles confronting our exporters, the same large volume of imports to be paid for.

If this analysis is sound, it follows that no manipulation of the customs can bring about the restoration of our currency. The trouble lies far deeper. The root of it is to be found in a consideration of the forces which maintain a relatively high level of prices in this country. As the British pooled their knowledge and experience in the *Bullion Report* a hundred years ago—as under similar conditions to-day they are turning their minds more and more to the currency question—so we must put aside the catchwords of politics and treat this as an economic problem.

G. E. JACKSON

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. II. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1921 NO. 15

ELSEWHERE in this issue an estimate is attempted of the significance of the General Election. Those who look beyond immediate triumphs and reverses will unite, irrespective of party, in deploring certain tendencies which have been made manifest by the results. The task of statesmanship in the next generation is one that will demand the best from our political leaders, and if we are to secure the fundamental unity of spirit which should underlie all party struggles (and without which no federation can prosper) we shall secure it only by the loyal co-operation, during and after elections, of government and opposition. The campaign just ended witnessed on both sides appeals to the fears and cupidities of voters, which can be nothing but an embarrassment to the leaders who sought to profit by them. Retrospectively we feel little pride either in the campaign of 1911 or in that of 1917. While the recent campaign was conducted on a higher plane, particularly in its comparative freedom from racial animosities, and while there was much sober discussion of real issues, it is doubtful if the verdict obtained represents at all accurately the judgment of the people.

AT the time of writing, nothing more than the preliminary announcements of the Irish settlement are available, the details having been withheld pending ratification by Dail Eireann. In substance, the agreement, which provides for a much more complete measure of Dominion Home Rule than has been proposed at any time hitherto, seems to be a just and reasonable one. In form it is generous. The name of the new do ninion is, in fact, just the sort of happy inspiration that may quite easily, with men whose minds are as embittered as many of the Sinn Feiners' must be, have made all the difference between success and failure. If, to some people, it may seem premature to speak so confidently of a settlement, one can only say that the chances of Dail Eireann's refusing to confirm the agreement can hardly be anything but remote. As for Parliament, no surer indication of its temper could be desired than its recent discouragement of the Die-Hards. The history of Ireland's relations with England is, however, so much a history of failures and disappointments that one might still feel dubious were it not for the fact that the great mass of the people of both countries have clearly set their hearts upon a settlement. Now that a basis of settlement has been not only discovered, but announced, it is unlikely, to say the least, that either side will see it wrecked by any act of partizan folly.

MOREOVER even Ulster seems, as a result of the treaty, to have been shorn already of her power to impose a veto. That power, in the last analysis, rested upon English Toryism; and it was Mr. Lloyd George's peculiar contribution to this settlement that he, of all men, was able to rally the bulk of the Unionist party to the side of peace. Ulster still has power, however, to injure and delay. One of the Sinn Feiners' chief demands has always been for an Ireland undivided. The modification of this demand, their great concession, means that the decision as to the completeness and finality of the settlement now rests with Ulster alone. Ulster may elect to retain her present unsatisfactory status under the Partition Act, but if she does she will have to submit to a ratification of her frontiers that will mean, in all probability, the loss of the two predominantly Nationalist counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh. The choice of this alternative in preference to that of provincial status in the Irish Free State would be so plainly a sacrifice of her own interests to prejudice and bigotry that there seems to be some ground for hoping that the longer view will prevail.

NO political event of recent years has fixed the attention of the civilized world upon international affairs in the way the Washington conference has. Yet the attitude of the majority of those who watch it is not, thanks chiefly to Mr. Wells, one of blind confidence. Indeed, for many, the scene already begins to grow a little cheerless; a mood approaching to futility threatens to overshadow the first enthusiasm. M. Briand has said his say, and returned to an impoverished but still suspicious France, conscious of its increasing isolation. The conference, no less

than the public, seems, in fact, to be chilled by the realization of its limitations; and it is in this spirit that it has settled down to hammer out its naval programme amid the inevitable recriminations of the chauvinists. It is being suggested, too, that, by placing armaments before policy, the Americans have jeopardised a settlement in the East, putting reactionary governments in the position of being able to demand concessions there in return for naval reductions. Of this there is yet no definite evidence; and, on the whole, the prospects of success within the original limits, seem to be as bright today as they have ever been. For behind M. Briand's worn rhetoric lies, not only Mr. Hughes' unforgettable speech, but also the sobering knowledge that the payment of France's debt to the United States will not be made any easier by a breakdown at Washington.

ONE thing, however, becomes increasingly apparent as the conference proceeds, and that is that neither it nor any instrument like it will ever furnish an adequate basis for a permanent international organization. On several occasions recently President Harding has spoken of it as a probable starting point for his association of nations, which he suggests, apparently without any sense of irony, should be constituted along the lines of the old Hague conferences—that is without any definite or comprehensive constitution, and totally without the power of enforcing its decisions. Now if that is really President Harding's idea of a substitute for the League of Nations, the sooner he realizes that there are limits to what the rest of the world will do to save the face of the Republican party the better. The League is not a perfect instrument, as its best friends are ready to admit; but it marks, both in conception and in form, so tremendous an advance on any earlier organization that the nations which compose it, and particularly the smaller ones, are not likely to exchange it for any feeble ghost of the Hague conferences. President Harding may change the name; he may even change the form; the substance, if he cherishes any hope of success, he will not attempt to change.

WE have denied ourselves the pleasure of reproducing Mr. W. S. Allward's Battlefields Memorial for the simple reason that it has been adequately reproduced already in many places, and seen, as far as it can be seen, by all who wished. In a strict sense no one has yet seen it but the artist in his mind's eye. The monument will take several years to execute and then will be the time to appraise it more fully. But only a person of imperfect faculties could fail to recognise in the reproduction that the human spirit is speaking here on a great scale. Mr. Allward's power of setting figures and groups of figures against a vast monumental background is a unique thing. It is possible that a hundred years from now Mr. Allward's Memorial will be recognised all over the world as a landmark in our development. Obviously it is a landmark in Mr. Allward's development and probably a landmark in modern sculpture, but one would like it to stand also as a landmark for Canada, as a supreme example of what a Canadian artist can do, when he gets the chance. For we have only to consider the great war memorials of antiquity to learn that the immediate and retrospective function of a war memorial slowly fades before its own intrinsic worth.

THE chances are that the work of Canadian artists will be recognised abroad before it is fully appreciated at home. Europe, not Canada, will pass judgment on Mr. Allward's Memorial. The work of Canadians in the War Records is probably better remembered in London than in Canada. Modern Canadian paintings tour the United States and meet with finer appreciation than they find at home. Manitoba has the enterprise to decorate its provincial Buildings but it cautiously goes abroad for artists. It is an old story in an aggravated form. If artists have made great names for themselves in Europe, it is because someone had the pluck to employ them before they had a name. There is a rumour abroad which we trust is unfounded that the extensive decorations to be executed at the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa will be put directly in the hands of English artists. This would be an injustice. With the Allward Memorial before it, public opinion should insist either that the work be entrusted to a group of Canadians or that the matter be settled by open competition. We think that the Canadians would hold their own in open competition in spite of their enforced lack of experience. There can be no doubt that we have artists with spacious decorative gifts which are spoiling for want of a big opportunity, and we are convinced that, if the spirit of Canada is to be set on our public walls, Canadians must do it. We would wish to see Canada itself set down in broad lines; the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, the prairie, the Rockies; the fisherman, the trapper, the Indian, the prospector, the missionary, the lumberman, the rancher, the homesteader. What a field for those who have it in their bones! If Ottawa gave a lead our banks and big companies might follow suit and provide our large cities with the nobly and appropriately decorated interiors which they at present lack.

BOOK week has drawn public attention to the Canadian Authors Association. The Association came into existence quite legitimately as a union of authors whose legal rights it will henceforth protect. It took a vigorous and timely stand on the question of copyright and earned the approval of all

who cared for healthy conditions in the book trade. Its next appearance was in a new rôle which in practice amounted to publicity and nothing else. This did not seem wholly compatible with the former attitude of the Association and set many wondering what its exact limits were and to what end its main energies would be applied. We all recognise the several rights of publisher, author, and critic, but we are apprehensive when we see them indiscriminately mingled, as they appear to be in the Authors Association. Criticism under the wing of the publisher never reads the same as criticism that is morally independent. Methods of publicity which by the general standards of our age are acceptable in the publisher come with an ill grace from the author. We feel that the Authors Association has not fully considered all these issues and that it should lose no time in doing so. A Book Week belongs to the legitimate sphere of the publisher, hardly to that of the Authors Association. If the basis of membership of the Association permits it to exercise critical and academic functions, well and good. Circles of literary study might be organised in innumerable centres and the Universities might be relieved in this way of part of their burden of extension duties. Failing this there is nothing for the Authors Association to do but to return to its original function as a protective union.

THE Community Players of Montreal brought an interesting double bill to Hart House Theatre on November 19. Their visit was welcome for many reasons. It made a small breach in that Chinese wall of indifference that separates educated Montreal from educated Toronto to the lasting discredit of both cities. It also brought the very fine acting of Mr. Caplan and the first play of Miss Marjorie Pickthall, about which opinion seems to be more divided. The press said that the play had failed, but we cannot agree with that opinion. We had expected it to fail, for there is little in Miss Pickthall's secure achievement as a lyrical poet to suggest that she has dramatic power. The play did betray a certain lack of theatrical experience. But we were agreeably surprised to find ourselves drawn into an intensely conceived situation with real spiritual force at the back of it. The trouble was perhaps ,that the play in its reserved way asked more of the audience than to sit back and leave everything to the author. It did not appeal to inertia but to those who were themselves spiritually active. It aimed at a higher standard, therefore, than the triple bill of the Hart House Players themselves a couple of weeks previously. Dunsany and Barrie with all their finesse cater to a low ideal; they trade in thimblefuls of horror and sentiment and administer their never-failing catch in the throat to a tired world. This serves a certain purpose but has little place in such a theatre as Hart House. *Candida*, in December, was a wholesome corrective.

The General Election of 1921

FEW people anticipated a clear Liberal majority in Canada's next parliament. Indeed from the time when Mr. Meighen decided to appeal to the people it was generally supposed that no one of the three parties would have a working majority, and that a coalition of some sort would be necessary. At first, it appeared probable that either the Conservatives or the Progressives would have the largest group. Mr. Meighen, whose manifesto and speeches lacked nothing in definiteness or in disrespect for Mr. King, made it clear that he considered the Farmers his most formidable opponents; while, on the other hand, Mr. Crerar seldom referred to the Liberals. In his great Massey Hall speech in Toronto he did not once refer to Mr. King or his policies. Meanwhile the latter was conducting his campaign, and placing candidates in the field, even where prospects seemed to offer no hope. Then the turn came. The energy and devotion of Mr. Meighen could not stem the tide which bore Mr. King to victory and placed on his dutiful shoulders the mantle of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The things that failed and the things that succeeded in the elections provoke certain reflections as they pass in review. The Conservative appeal to high protection failed. The busy little beaver would not be frightened into staying in his protected home from fear of annexation by the eagle's talons; he had too much of the spirit of the Canadian pioneers for that. In ten years the bogey of 1911 had ceased to be terrible.

Equally significant and no less satisfactory has been the failure of the soldier appeal. It was as citizens that our men went to the war, and it seems they wish to vote as citizens. While it would be a cause for regret if returned men did not receive their full share of honour in public life, it would be nothing less than a calamity if Canada should suffer, as did the United States after the Civil war, from the mass action of ex-service men.

Organized Labour, too, has failed to impress its claim for representation at Ottawa. Only two candidates have been elected in all the Provinces, Mr. Woodsworth in Centre Winnipeg and Mr. Irvine in Calgary East. Both men, strangely enough, were once ministers; both are fearless and able speakers; both idealists. The failure of organised Labour in Ontario is largely due to the failure of the leaders in the movement and the candidates themselves to be plain-spoken on the tariff and to get down to fundamentals. At Hamilton, which sends two Labour members to the Ontario House, the low tariff plank of the Labour platform was definitely renounced; and certain Labour leaders actually adorned Conservative and Liberal platforms throughout the Province. This had wide reactions. A careful

analysis of the returns will show that in Ontario the failure of the Progressives to win seats held in the Provincial House was largely due to the failure of the Labour Party to influence workmen in urban centres in favour of progressive policies.

But the most outstanding feature in the results is the tendency shown in this election to develop regional *blocs*. We have heard a good deal in recent years in criticism of group government. Could any form of group government be more dangerous to the unity of Canada than that which gives whole cities, or even whole provinces, over to one political creed? We cannot censure the cities and provinces for this; we censure rather those who have been so devoid of statesmanship as to force policies sectional in character, thus inviting reprisals.

The solid Western *bloc* supporting Mr. Crerar is the direct and natural result of the short-sighted policy of the Conservatives in 1911. The West asked for wider markets; the East refused its request. The refusal was followed by the crisis of 1913, and the widespread unemployment and distress of two succeeding years. The heart of the West was hardened.

Similarly with the Quebec *bloc*. Quebec asked that a promise as to conscription made both by Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier should not be withdrawn without an appeal to the people. A course regarded as reasonable in Australia could hardly be condemned as altogether unreasonable in Canada. Yet derision and opprobrium were heaped on Quebec. For twenty months of war and three years of peace French-speaking Quebec was politically ostracized. The natural result of this ostracism is a solid sixty-five from Quebec.

The great task of statesmanship which lies before Mr. King is to heal these wounds that have been opened in the body politic. No federation can prosper, or even exist permanently, if they are allowed to fester. The great opportunity for the Liberal party, which boasts itself a party of moderation, is so to honour claims for consideration under the constitution and so to adjust the requests of different industrial groups, that we shall in Canada once more realise a common interest and a common purpose. If we are to weather the financial storms that have gathered about us we must work as one. The man who can restore and foster a spirit of unity between city and country, between Ontario and Quebec on the one hand and Ontario and the West on the other hand, is the man of destiny.

The Progress of the Guild Idea in Britain

DESPITE ruthless opposition on the part of Government and private interest, the Guild movement in Great Britain shows a vitality that has impressed the minds of British workers.

Of the Guilds in being, the best known are the Building Guilds. Have they done economical and efficient work? Do they keep up the quality of the product, and do they possess the seeds of industrial self-government? The answer to the first of these questions can best be given in the words of Mr. S. G. Hobson, Secretary to the Manchester Building Guild. "In addition to the large scale contracts for municipal housing schemes, which we are now completing, we have private contracts for anything from a house at $5,000 to a handsome house at $10,000, together with jobbing and repair work, at the following places; Manchester, Altrincham, Wilmslow, the Potteries, Nottingham, Carlton, Wigan, Halifax (where we have taken over a small joinery works), Burnley, Bolton, Gloucester, Bristol, Rhymney Valley, Merthyr, Guildford, Glasgow and elsewhere.

"The Guildford work is in addition to that carried on by the London Guild Committee, which is now carrying on a large business as builders and decorators. At Wilmslow and Altrincham also the Guild has work in hand as decorators, and at Glasgow, apart from tendering for the $1,000,000 housing scheme, the Guild has $200,000 worth of other work in hand. In short, new contracts are smaller but more numerous, and we are starting a systematic canvass for every possible job."

In view of the appalling housing shortage in Britain, where investigation has revealed for example, that in Lewisham four people are often living in one room, that 67,000 houses are required in Glasgow, 50,000 in Manchester and proportionate numbers in smaller centres, there seems plenty of scope for the Guild's future operations; and if it is remembered that the Guilds are willing to build other necessary buildings as well as houses, one may conclude that, despite opposition, the Building Guilds are in Great Britain to stay.

In answer to the second question, it may be said that the Guilds can build even more cheaply than private enterprise. At Walthamstow four hundred houses built by the London Guild cost $100,000 less than any private contractor's tender, an average of $250 per house. On June 18th of this year a stone was laid at the site of the Walthamstow Council's houses to commemorate the fine work done by the Guild.

At Wigan the Borough Treasurer's return shows that on its work at Wigan the Guild has saved from $165.00 to $375.00 per house on its own estimates, which had been far below those of the private con-

tractors. In addition, it is expected that even greater savings will be made on contracts to be completed later, through the drop in price of building material, which, under the Guild's scheme, directly benefits the community. In Newcastle, the Guild's tender for 292 houses, including all street works and drains, was the lowest put in.

The questions regarding quality in output and industrial self-government have been effectively answered. On behalf of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, Mr. Ernest Selley enquired whether the Guilds were making good their claims, (*a*) that houses are being built better, more cheaply and faster by the Guilds than by private contractors; and (*b*) that industrial control by Guild workers is working successfully.

Mr. Selley is not connected with the Guild movement, and the value of his investigation is greatly increased by the fact that it was conducted in an impartial, if not a critical, spirit. Five of the Guild housing contracts were inspected, including schemes at Walthamstow and Greenwich, Walkden, Clayton and Weaste; information was obtained from foremen, architects, surveyors, borough councillors and members of housing committees, as well as from Guildsmen and others not in official positions.

Expert opinion was unanimous in approving the output on Guild building, some clerks of works estimating it at 25 per cent. above the average. The quality of the work had in no way been sacrificed to speed of output; the surveyor of the Bentley Urban Council considered the work to be "extra good and far superior to that done by any other contractors in the district." The work on the Clayton estate was said by officials of the Ministry of Health to be "the best in England and Wales."

The Scottish Board of Health in its second Annual Report state that they are watching the Guild Movement with keen interest. "Its great recommendation in our eyes," they say, "is that it gives Labour a real and personal interest in carrying out the work expeditiously and economically. In other contracts the great hindrance is the shortage of labour, but we are assured that in the contracts with which the Building Guilds are identified, all the labour necessary for the expeditious building of houses will be forthcoming, in view of the fact that Guilds are in a position to offer regular employment and payment for a full-time week regardless of weather."

Mr. Selley is satisfied that complete democratic control is made possible by the structure of the local committee and the central managing body. A man may be a bricklayer and a director at the one and same time. "The workmen," he says, "have displayed much sagacity in the selection of their representatives on the Board of Directors, and ten months experience has proved that an efficient Directorate can be chosen from and selected by the rank and file." If any worker is found to be slacking, he may be dismissed, though he has the right to appeal to the Works Committee; but there have been very few cases of dismissal, and on every site visited, Mr. Selley was struck by the energy and enthusiasm with which the men were working.

The opposition to the work of the Guilds is becoming increasingly keen, first from the building trades employers and second from the Government. In the former case, the organized Master Builders are fighting tooth and nail to prevent the Guild securing contracts, and are exercising pressure upon the prospective customer, local authorities and the Government. For example, the Sunderland Master Builders' Federation refused to allow any of the local contractors to submit contracts for the erection of a certain number of homes, unless the local Guild was kept from tendering, and so compelled the withdrawal of an invitation to the Guild to tender on the work. Pressure has been exercised on other local authorities, and with similar results. The Ministry of Health yielded to the pressure of building employers and asked the Guilds to tender on a lump-sum-payment contract, which would have meant placing them on the same profit-making basis as the private builder. Later, it refused, and it still refuses, to sanction contracts made by local authorities with the Guild.

At Tredegar, Monmouthshire, the Local Guild had a contract to build one hundred houses. The Ministry of Health instructed the local authority to ask for tenders for another one hundred and fifty houses on the same site with an intimation that no Guild tender would be considered. This has occurred in several other cases, and the explanation offered by the Minister of Health in the House of Commons was that the Guild principle of payment for time lost through sickness, bad weather, etc. attracts the best of the craftsmen to its ranks and creates unfair competition with the Building Employers. The Guilds ironically contrast this treatment with the treatment given to private contractors at Roehampton where contracts let had been cancelled, and the contractors received $200 for every unbuilt house.

The organized opposition of Government and employers has compelled the Guilds to revise their policy, in so far as building for the community alone is concerned. At a meeting held in Manchester on July 23rd, the Local Guilds were amalgamated and the National Building Guild, Limited, established. The new constitution provides a thoroughly democratic form of administration and finance. Local committees have power to make contracts up to $2,500, Regional Councils up to $10,000, and beyond that the National Board must give its sanction as the body ultimately responsible for finance. The Board will also provide for, and administer, the

common fund which guarantees the Guildsmen's continuous pay. The National Board accepted the "maximum sum contract" and the Guild Labour contract as the principles on which future business shall be done.

Under the maximum sum contract the Guild estimates the cost of the work (labour and materials), adds ten per cent. for service charges, and offers the total as the maximum sum that the customer will have to pay. If the cost works above this estimate, the Guild bears the loss. If below it, the Guild claims five per cent. of the savings, to be retained for its contingency and local funds, and the rest of the saving goes to the customer, who is charged only the actual cost including establishment, insurance, and maintenance for Guild workers.

The Guild is now, in almost all cases, working below its estimate; and the risk of loss is therefore not a very serious danger. A small percentage is included as insurance against risk in the maximum for all contracts.

The example of the Building Guild has proved contagious, and a Furnishing and Furniture Guild has been established at Manchester. A recent manifesto states that it will take offices and workshops, direct work to be done, and open an account in the name of trustees who must be members of the Trade Union connected with the Guild. To the Furniture workers the movement will mean (says the manifesto) that the entire cost of maintaining the worker (including sickness and holidays) will be a first charge on the industry, and that all middlemen between the actual user and producer will be eliminated. The Guild expects to sell furniture and furnishings at 10 to 50 per cent. less than prevailing prices.

The Guild of Clothiers (London), Ltd. is now definitely at work in London. Its organization is based on the same principles of complete democratic control and production without profit, as exist in the Building Guild.

An Agricultural Guild has been established at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, and is undertaking the big job of developing the agricultural belt round Welwyn Garden City. Cattle have been purchased with a view to forming a herd; market gardening is being developed, and fruit trees planted; special up-to-date dairy equipment is being installed and first-class milk will be supplied to Welwyn consumers.

Lea Valley Co-operative Nursery, organized on Guild lines, has just completed a successful season, and is now considering the purchase of a well equipped nursery garden.

The movement has now reached Ireland, and an Irish Guild of Builders has been formed in Dublin, with the full backing of the Trade Union Organizations. Mr. Geo. W. Russell (better known as Æ, and the most prominent figure in the Irish Agricultural Co-operative Movement) writes: "I hasten to express my delight at hearing that the Building Trades Unions in Ireland are uniting to form a Guild of Builders. For many years I have thought the emancipation of labour could be brought about more speedily by the workers transforming their unions into Co-operative Productive Societies or Guilds of Workers. If the Urban Unions can create Co-operative Guilds controlling in the interest of the workers the industries in which they are engaged, we will bring about a harmony of economic policy in Ireland and may have a co-operative commonwealth in being there, while those who work on other lines elsewhere may still be talking about it."

Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Confederation of Great Britain, states that the miners' aim is a National Mining Guild. The Union of Post-office Workers at their last annual conference held in Edinburgh carried a resolution committing them to the establishment of a Post-office Guild as their objective. The general secretary of the Boilermakers' Society, Mr. John Hill, calls on the shipbuilding trades to prepare for the creation of a Shipbuilding Guild.

So spreads the Guild Idea, vigorously propagated by a group of Guildsmen who make an honest attempt to square their theories with the facts. They hold the creed of Mr. Harry Frankland, President of the National Building Guild, Limited, who says: "We are planning that the citizen who is already politically enfranchised shall, by the democratizing of his trade, become industrially enfranchised and so attain real and true freedom. That is our aim. Nothing less will satisfy us."

JAMES T. GUNN.

Progress and Measurement

IN their attractive "Proposed Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain," the Webbs—most constructive and most assiduous of all Fabians—proposed, as the cornerstone of successful democracy, "the deliberate intensification of the searchlight of Measurement and Publicity." Every institution and every activity in their Commonwealth is to be subjected to "the acid test of comparative statistics," through an application of the guiding principle of Measurement which they define as "the determination of kind and valuation of quality as well as mere quantitative enumeration." It is the statistical bureau which is to be their safeguard against bureaucracy no less than against capitalism. Their exposition of the socialised, statisticalised state finishes on the Fabian note: "We want to get rid of the stuffiness of private interest which now infects our institutions and to usher in the reign of Measurement and Publicity."

The progress of our civilisation may be fairly measured by the progress of scientific measurement—in the reduction of forces and powers to tables, of tendencies and "behaviours" to graphs, of occurences and transaction to charts. Psychology, economics, accountancy, and analytical chemistry are the characteristic sciences of our day. Statistics (most unmusical of words) has become the key profession of our civilisation. Every material and human action, reaction, and transaction is subjected to investigation, analysis, and chartification.

From the cradle to the grave (or rather from the Municipal Maternity Hospital to the Civic Cemetery) our actions and our activities are coming to be ruled by the rule of scientific measurement. Whether, indeed, we shall be born at all or not is becoming a matter of eugenic research and scientific birth-control. Nativity having been conceded and the statistics of birth registration having been duly entered, transmitted, and tabulated at the local Registry Office and Government Vital Statistics Branch, the newest "unit of society" is weighed, "sounded," and "charted" by the Public Health Nurse who prescribes a scientific diet of tabulated chemical constituents, estimated in grammes and calories, and periodically revised on the basis of renewed weighings, soundings, and chartings. If any arrant individualist should question the necessity of this public control of babyhood he will be confronted by appalling tables and charts from the Vital Statistics Bureau of the Board of Health, revealing in unanswerable fashion "the actual figures formerly and now."

The vitality of the new unit having thus been publicly insured on the basis of scientific measurement, his education next becomes a question, not for his affectionate but unscientific parents, but for the public experts. The psychologist has charted the precise period and manner of emergence of the child's "instincts and capacities," and the pedagogic specialist has elaborated a corresponding chart of the educational activities and environmental stimuli calculated to evoke and develop these awakening psychic functions at the estimated period and to the calculated degree. If the standardised Mental Efficiency Tests of the newest school reveal through the data of their mental mensuration that the child's psychology is subnormal, abnormal, supernormal, or "not quite normal," he is assigned to the appropriate "auxiliary class", that he may not be exposed to the stimulation of superior, or to the retardation of inferior, mentalities.

The education thus scientifically initiated is never permitted to escape from the bounds and metes of expert regulation. Specialised curricula, quantitative credits, units and unit-hours, plus and minus grades, define its course and assess its progress from the kindergarten to the graduate school. The Recorder's Office has become the heart, nay the very soul, of many of our colleges, binding instructors as well as students to its organised and statistical control. The process of education may, indeed, not unfairly, be regarded as a sort of cyclic progress from the cutting and pasting of coloured figures in kindergarten to the conversion into the same graphic figures of the statistical results of the scientific measurements in the research laboratory.

It might be expected that the child whose education is thus scientifically determined and infinitely regulated would at least be left to his own sweet, if wayward, will during his playtime. But the serious intentness and investigating diligence of our civilisation has not overlooked recreation. On the contrary, it has discovered the "scientific value of play", and seriously set about its organisation and direction. And lo! in our cities expertly designed community playgrounds with standardised equipments have replaced the old fashioned common and back-lots on which the now extinct "scrub games" once flourished. A new profession has arisen, the Playground Supervisor and the Director of Recreation (save the mark!). The registered youngster reports at the prescribed hour, is assigned to his prescribed group, and proceeds to engage in his prescribed recreations; each lad, having been anthropometrically charted, is placed in his proper age and weight classification and, according to a code of heights, distances, and times, as intricate as an actuarial table, he strives for points, duly recorded in the supervisor's card index file.

In the field of organised Boys' Work (the designation "work" is well justified by the seriousness of its exponents) an elaborate series of Standard Efficiency Tests has been evolved, by which the fourfold development—physical, mental, social, and spiritual—of the lad is governed through prescribed exercises and "activities" in each of the respective "sides of his character", and registered by a schedule of points and credits, with corresponding badges and certificates. And thus the boy by "taking thought" adds to his stature, periodically examining his fourfold self, and duly registering the notches of attainment.

Nor is this "sportometry" confined to the civic playground or the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. The baseball, football, athletic, and horse-racing statisticians have created a new and expanding profession, and the fan gloats over analyses, averages, percentages, and diagrams. In the United States where the Athletic dopester is peculiarly honored, the glitter of the diamond is reflected in R.H.E. columns and 3-place decimals, and the glow of the gridiron is reproduced in parallelograms, plotted curves, crosses, and ciphers. Each player's "record" is as carefully and completely compiled as a ledger account. And the football season concludes with the super-sport of comparing and combining the year's statistics, in order to "dope out" the "Mythical Eleven."

The modern youth who, having thus been scienti-

fically directed and periodically measured in his diet, education, and recreation, arrives at the point of entering on the business of life again finds the scientific adviser at his service. The vocational psychometrist stands ready to apply his manifold tests, to re-chart his body, mind, and soul, to mensurate his capacities, to assess his potentialities, and arrange his proclivities in order of magnitude. The Webbs, anticipating the nationalisation of the vocation of vocational direction, portray the time when "we may visualise these (Joint Vocational) Boards working under the searchlight of Measurement and Publicity, emanating not only from statistical departments, but also from research laboratories of psychologists and biometrical workers, engaged in the investigation of all possible methods of discovering and testing human character and capacity".

Having thus been vocationally directed into his scientifically ascertained field and plot of labour or business the aspiring youth now enters the higher stages of the Rule of the Rule. If he becomes a member of a Trade Union his output as well as his actions are governed by Union Rules, by uniform maxima of effort and minima of remuneration. Expert agents must be specially employed to elaborate the complicated scales or "lists" of piecework rates and contingent regulations. The labour efficiency methods of the management experts have been met by the wage efficiency methods of the union business agents. The old working rule of "A Fair Day's Work for a Fair Day's Wage" has been superseded, through the conflicting applications of scientific measurement, by a system under which one party seeks to make remuneration precisely commensurate with output, while the other insists on measuring it by units of time, time-and-a-half, and double-time. The worker has more than met the employer on his own ground in estimating labor as a marketable commodity. If our youth enters the administrative side of the industry he approaches the apotheosis of statistics in scientific management, efficiency engineering, and cost accounting, where every turn of a wheel, every movement of an employee, every sub-process of operation is reduced to symbols, decimals, and graphs. Here our citizen may reach the climax of modern attainment by becoming an efficiency expert.

Having now fully entered into the mensurated realm of organised adult life, our friend becomes increasingly conscious of the laws and calculations governing his actions, reactions, and transactions. The economists having taught him to estimate the satisfaction of his wants and desires in terms of marginal utilities, his purchases are accompanied by mental figurations of curves of Consumers' Surplus. The psychologists having furnished him with experimentally derived explanations of the phenomena and even the eccentricities of his "behaviour", he observes himself acting in accordance with the urgency of his "dispositions" and the weakness of his "inhibitions". Determinism rather than determination governs his conduct in a perfectly accountable way.

When our citizen of the near future approaches the stage of matrimony, the anthropometrist, the psychometrist, and the sociologist must again be called in, for the scientific determination of the physical, psychical, and sociological compatibility of the couple. It is only a matter of accelerated "progress" until these experts will be able to expedite their findings by reference to "laboratoriously" evolved tables of "co-respondence."

Finally our oft-measured citizen having reproduced his eugenically determined offspring (and started them upon the mensurated life) dissolves his corporate identity at an age and in a manner duly pre-estimated by actuarial calculation.

Thus it appears that the progress of our civilisation may be fairly measured by the progress of measurement. We have progressed from the comparatively static life of the mediaeval age to the statistical order of the twentieth century. We have progressed from the crude ascription of First Causes to the studied and elaborated estimation of secondary and multiple intermediate causes; from loose generalities to infinitely refined quantitative and qualitative specifications. We have learned to analyse, classify, and evaluate every material, social, and individual phenomenon, to express life in tables and character in graphic charts.

It can be abundantly claimed that we have accomplished much that is desirable and prevented much that is prejudicial through the development of the statistical art. Our economic system would collapse without this finely adjusted control. The peril is, however, that we become systematised by our own system and cease to be the rulers of our own rule, that in calculating the distant decimals we should lose sight of the great Round Numbers. Our analytical achievements far outstrip our synthetical attainments; our specialisation outruns our integration. The intensification of the introspective tends to obscure the perspective. In concentrating upon the mechanism we may neglect the motive force itself. The full, balanced personality may be thwarted by too much regulation of its "factors." In calculating the units too closely we mar the unities.

It is not altogether without significance that the head of the leading statistical organisation of America should have recently turned his attention from statistical methods and results to the meaning and place of religion, from the measurement to the interpretation of life; and that he should have arrived at the conclusion that human action is governed ultimately, not by statistical or merely prudential calculations, but by the great emotions. The spon-

taneous is not always blind or perverse; neither is the prudential invariably perspicuous or true.

Perhaps, after all, man is an instrument to be attuned rather than a machine to be regulated. Perhaps, after all, our achievement of the specialisation and mensuration of life is not wholly an advance from the Greeks' conception of the harmony and symmetry of life. Perhaps it is not merely a rhetorical question that the Nazarene uttered when, looking down from the hillside at the anxious multitude, he asked them: "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" Perhaps we have been taking too much thought of our progress, and given too little scope for the growth that comes by "silent sympathy". Perhaps the Sage of Chelsea expressed the "Characteristics" of our own day even more than of his own, when, noting that "unhealthy state of self-sentience and self-survey," he wrote: "That intellect do march if possible at double quick time is very desirable: nevertheless why should she turn round at every stride and cry, 'See what a stride I have taken'?" Perhaps after all the truest insight comes, not from dissection and measurement, but, as the Poet at Tintern Abbey perceived, from exposure to

> "That serene and blessed mood
> In which the affections gently lead us on,
> . . . . . .
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deeper power of joy,
> We see into the life of things."

There is probably no people in whom the emotional and the prudential have been so beneficently blended as in the Scottish race. Every true Scot is part Burns and part Carnegie. And the favorite psalm of the Scottish people, and the most universal psalm of human life, is that imperishable Hebrew poem, metricalised by the old Duke of Argyle,—

> Unto the hills around will I
> Lift up my longing eyes.

That longing is as eternal as the everlasting hills themselves. Our urban civilisation would shut off the hills and exclude the blue sky, but the human spirit may still seek its highlands. The more we are constrained to live in a world of figures and figuration, the greater grows the need to resort to the mount of transfiguration. We have been measuring with too small a scale, we need the Bigger Rule. Life is more than the meat. And man is mightier than his meter.

H. S. PATTEN.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

Canadian Authors Association

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:—

Your words of approbation on the subject of "Canadian Authors' Week", which I have just read, are interesting both for the extreme kindliness, and for the extreme reluctance, with which they were written. In fact, the reluctance is the measure of the kindliness. The difficulty which you find (and which I can readily understand) in approving of any "violent method of publicity" makes it the more gratifying that you are able to approve of this particular method at all.

May I, however, venture to make one point which will possibly mitigate your difficulty—since it may be that we shall have to invoke your sympathy once more for another "Canadian Authors' Week" in 1922?

That point is the fact that your concluding sentence states so precisely the spirit in which the propaganda for the "Week" is being carried on by the writers and speakers who are working with and for the Canadian Authors' Association, that it might very well have been used for a motto for the campaign.

"Sales of books", you say, "whatever temporary satisfaction they bring, are ultimately fruitless unless enlightened interest is behind them, and enlightened interest cannot be created in a week."

"Enlightened interest" is exactly what the Canadian Authors Association is seeking to create by means of this "Week." For enlightened interest must be preceded by attention, and we are very strongly of the opinion that the Canadian author does not receive from the Canadian public the attention which, in proportion to his merits, he deserves. Attention is a thing for which there is more competition, in this age, than for anything else; for the time in which a man can pay attention, and therefore the amount of it that he can pay, is the one thing which has not been, and is not likely to be, enlarged by modern invention. The author, of any country, has to compete with the automobile, the movies and the phonograph, three very new rivals. But the Canadian author, for reasons partly geographical and partly not, has also to compete for the attention of a public extraordinarily preoccupied with the literary output of other countries.

We want the Canadian public to give more than attention. We want it to give enlightened interest, and ultimately intelligent and competent judgment, expressed by the absolutely efficient means of the purchase of good Canadian books and the refusal to purchase bad ones. But we begin by trying to arrest its attention. With the help of a vigourous literary criticism (in which the CANADIAN FORUM will bear a hand), the rest will follow

Yours, etc., B. K. SANDWELL.

Bible Knowledge

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:—

I picked up the November number of THE FORUM last evening, and commenced to read at the beginning. In your opening editorial you attribute to the Apostle Paul the saying that the tongue is an unruly member, and should be controlled with bit and bridle. As a matter of fact, the Apostle James, in his epistle, wrote a whole chapter on the tongue, and therein used the identical expression which you attribute to the Apostle Paul. I have never noticed it in any of the latter's Epistles, and I would be glad if, in your next number, you would give the exact reference in St. Paul's Epistles. This is not a quotation competition, and therefore there is no prize to be gained; it is simply a quest for information.

Yours, etc., E. DOUGLAS ARMOUR.

26th November, 1921.

[*Touché*! Ed.]

Artists and Authors

THE Canadian Authors Association has just completed its Book Week. There is a suspicion abroad that the number of people who derive any real satisfaction from contemplating this event in retrospect is very small. Of course, certain results have been achieved. The problem of Christmas presents has been somewhat lightened. More than that, we now know by heart the names of *all* the Canadian authors and run over the list in bed at night before dropping off to sleep, with the result that we awake next morning purged of pity and fear, and see things more clearly than we did a few days ago. Our verdict must be that the Canadian Authors Association has made a shockingly bad start from which it will take it a long time to recover.

The situation is broadly this. Canadians have an instinctive or acquired desire for a literature. This desire probably dates back to the early days of Carman and Lampman when there was a gentle but genuine wave of inspiration in Canadian poetry. One still meets people of middle years who have a real love for the literary associations of those times to the great perplexity of others who did not share that early enthusiasm. For to most of us to-day who are willing to be candid that early fragrant bloom was nipped in the bud, so that after forty years we have very little to show.

But our desire for a literature does not restrict itself to those purer aspirations of a few. It allies itself to a desire for reading matter at any cost, cheap novels rather than no novels, anything to kill time in a street-car. This is the most ineradicable narcotic of our modern life. Canada shares it with the rest of the western world. It has more of a physiological than a mental relation to good writing, but it uses the same outward medium and the two are continually getting confused. The narcotic of cheap writing is a marketable ware and hence there is a potential market for the best writing too. The publisher lives by the narcotic but he tones it whereever he can by an admixture of good writing.

What is clearly needed under these conditions—we have the sound example of older lands before us—is some means of distinguishing the chaff from the grain. The publisher would have everything to gain by this, for he retains his old public of spiritual "dope-fiends" and sees ahead of him a growing body of critical readers. But, above all, it would help the cause of Canadian literature, which flounders at present between the English and United States book-markets, as between the devil and the deep sea, and has not yet found its feet. It has achieved something, but not enough to be sure of itself and its traditions.

We cannot say yet of any Canadian book that it expresses the strength and character of the Canadian people as the great living writers of England and France, Anatole France and Thomas Hardy, express their countries. We have hardly a book that remotely expresses us, whether it be verse or prose. Let a foreigner go to England and say "Show me some books that express the soul of your land today". He will be directed to *The Dynasts* and *The Dawn in Britain* and *The Everlasting Mercy* and he may then gird up his loins and give his nights and days to literature. But he will say at the end, "Yes, that is as big as your country, perhaps bigger". We have nothing in Canada which we can put in the hands of the visitor from Mars and say, "Read that if you want to know what we are like." But instead of facing the fact resolutely and sublimating it into an ideal for every young aspirant in letters to look up to, we belittle the noble words of poetry and literature in order to flatter ourselves that all is well and to abandon ourselves to an orgy of mutual congratulation.

The Canadian Authors Association, far from setting resolutely about the task of remedying this undesirable condition, has made it distinctly worse. It has confused its own interests with those of the publishers in a manner which in the long run is

DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE

BY

A. J. CASSON

detrimental to both. It has, tacitly at least, endorsed that low standard of literary merit which is comfortable to every Canadian who possesses a fountain-pen. Instead of helping our infant literature to grow from small to larger on a severe diet, which being a healthy infant it is strong enough to stand, it nurses the baby continually, passing it from hand to hand with no thought of letting it crawl and ultimately walk.

With thoughts of the Canadian Authors Association in mind it is perhaps profitable to consider the sister case of the Royal Canadian Academy now exhibiting. In saying "the sister case" we are merely accepting the Classical parentage of the Muses. The sisters have very little in common. Canadian art and Canadian literature are in opposite case. We like to think that we have a literature, and we wince under criticism of it. We have no instinctive or traditional desire for native art and we can hear it condemned without turning a hair. We know the names of the Canadian authors far better than those of the artists. How many Canadian school-boys have failed to hear of Lampman and Carman? But how many Canadian school-boys have heard of the much more important names of Morrice and Thomson? Our tradition does not direct our minds to art and we only think of it when we are prodded. That is one point of difference and perhaps the most important. We are over-conscious of our literature and under-conscious of our art. We have become over-conscious of our literature by lowering our standards till we find everything good which we readily understand. Being still under-conscious of our art we find everything bad which we do *not* readily understand. To literature we re-act in an unhealthily positive way; to art we re-act negatively, being chiefly conscious of our dislikes and, at most, mildly tolerant of the rest.

Another point of difference is that, as there is no demand for cheap pictures as a narcotic, there is no potential market for the artist. There is a small picture trade, chiefly in imported or pseudo-imported works, but it is impossible to imagine the Canadian picture-dealers combining to put on a Canadian Art Week on the lines of the Book Week. For if it were a success it would ruin their business for the rest of the year, the kind of picture upon which they thrive being mainly incompatible with the native product.

On the score of achievement the difference is even more marked. Canadian literature has been a series of disappointments after a fair promise; Canadian painting has shown a steady growth. Our visitor from Mars who comes and says, "Show me the books that express you," might be answered with, "We hardly have the books yet but there are pictures and sculptures which you must see. They don't express us yet fully, but we have got something of ourselves into them without knowing how or why." For it certainly seems today as if Canada, in contrast with both England and the U.S.A., was finding her real expression in painting and sculpture. There are some who believe that the Battlefields Memorial of W. S. Allward will establish that fact internationally.

Now if there is any vestige of truth in all this, educated Canadians should turn their thoughts to it. One could wish no fairer fate to any nation than the power to recognise its natural direction of growth and to foster that growth healthily. If we are finding expression in painting and sculpture it is profoundly important that the largest possible number of people be aware of the fact betimes and help to build up a healthy tradition of support and criticism.

The official body which is expected to guard the roots of this tradition is the Royal Canadian Academy. One wonders in what light it regards its charge. Its chief public act is to exhibit annually in Toronto or Montreal. To judge by the present exhibition the Academy has the same dangerous bias as the Canadian Authors Association; it is tolerant to the point of being nondescript. It is impossible that anyone should acquire the beginnings of sound judgment in art from an exhibition like the present, which contains work of high merit, both in figure and landscape, alongside of works which no academy has any business to accept at all. The would-be student of art—the very person who needs to be encouraged—is absolutely at a loss before such a mixture of results. He cannot side with the younger generation against the old or vice-versa for there are grave offenders in both camps. The Academy is no more a guide to good painting than a public library is a guide to good literature.

If the Academy has any duty towards the public it must be primarily the duty of educating opinion and settling a resolute standard. It must begin at home, and, regardless of what academies have done elsewhere, try to present to the public a carefully weeded selection of current work. The Academy will first have to deal severely with itself—for its choice of members seems to have taken place on a very irrational basis. The large canvas, No. 16, in the present exhibition makes one doubt the sincerity of the Academy altogether; one does not wish to think of it as a gang of genial conspirators pledged to the scratching of one another's backs. And yet a case could be made for such a view. And one may ask further whether the Academy has any business to exhibit virtually the same picture year after year by the same artist. One of the few advantages derived from the general separation of artist from dealer in Canada is that the pot-boiler is less in evidence. The Academy should do all it can to preserve that condition. If an artist paints the same team of horses year in and year out in the same way, he is quite within his rights, but the Academy should

not associate itself with so purely reproductive an activity.

The Academy should further take in hand, the very important matter of newspaper criticism and endeavour to secure in our dailies and weeklies a place for competent opinion. No artist respects our current criticism; it has become—with hardly an exception—a standing joke. But he reads it because it is read by thousands and is therefore of practical importance. Every sincere artist must go through that slightly humiliating experience each time an exhibition is held. It cannot go on for ever; and if the Academy really cared about thoughtful opinion, no matter where it led, it could wield effective influence in a very short time. One could certainly name three or four competent critics in Toronto who could be counted upon to write regular art criticism for our newspapers that would be consistent and penetrating and therefore instructive, instead of merely stupid. One might suggest the names of James Mavor, Percy Robinson, J. J. R. MacLeod. These and a similar trio in Montreal could build up a sound body of opinion in a very few years and do the country an inestimable service.

Indeed, there is much that the Academy could do towards making a healthy tradition if it would only wake up out of its lethargy and give some sign of being a really progressive body. The Authors Association has furnished it with an object-lesson in what not to do, but it has at least shown energy. The Academy rolls over in its sleep once a year and beholds that all is well—with its digestion. Both our art and our literature need the same thing, without which they cannot thrive—a background of critical appreciation on the part of the public. It is for the initiated to act. The Authors Association has just made a wrong move. It will recover, no doubt, and make a right move next time. During its convalescence there will be a chance for the guardians of Canadian art to show their hand.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

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In The Night

That was a day of dismal weather,
Thawing and freezing both together,
Beneath a sky so low and grey
The very hens had hid away
With that dull, pessimistic air
Only disgusted hens can wear.
At eight there fell a pelting rain;
At nine I left for home again,
And as I left the glowing door
The darkness drenched me to the core.
The wind struck at me like a hand
Immense and wet; I could not stand,
But staggered down the path; my stick,
Seeking for foothold, sank in thick,
Deep, clinging mud that like a sea
Flowed to the path to swallow me.
The darkness like a dripping rag
Clung to my eyes and made me lag
For fear of what my face might touch;
A bough snatched with inhuman clutch.
A cry rose out of every tree;
Only their shouting mournfully,
Thrashing unseen against the sky,
Betrayed them as I stumbled by;
They were the wind's loud tongues of pain.
A crow beat past me in the rain;
I only heard him croak in fear,
Blown topsy-turvy somewhere near,
Beaten in his own realm of air.
I wondered as I struggled there
What little birds did in the storm
Without their shelter close and warm.
There was no peace for living thing
In all the night's mad rioting,
And little birds and beasts and I
Cowered beneath the unseen sky
And sought for refuge where we might.
I struggled on, first left, then right,
Guided by clumps of moaning trees
Which ages since, it seemed, the breeze
Had sung through softly day by day
As I went tramping down that way.
The track crept on, a tangled walk,
Through sodden, waist-high clover-stalk,
And ended on a sudden pitch
That slid me groping to a ditch.
Knee-deep with rain and melting snow,
Gathered from three long miles or so
Of muddy road, it sought the hill.
I wallowed there, beslimed and chill,
Yet dimly glad to end the track,
For, though deep-rutted, steep and black
Beneath great beeches, torn by rain,
The road led on both wide and plain.

I scrambled out on it to hear
Voices, and someone standing near

Gave light from an electric torch.
It was as welcome as a porch
With wide-flung door and fires within;
The voices seemed a merry din
Made by a jovial company,
Though in the dark I could but see
Three shapes whose words were borne away
Like dead leaves on a autumn day.
They waited—without face or eyes,
Three posts in sodden draperies—
In the faint halo of the light.
I joined them stumbling; such a night
Had banished need for speech or form.
The shouting power of the storm,
Intent but on its frantic will,
Indifferent if it should kill
The crouching lives upon its path,
Drew us together in its wrath.
The cold reserve which crowding men
Have raised between them fell again
And child-like, or like cronies grey,
We wordless joined and took the way.
Yet who they were I could not guess,
Perceiving only from their dress
Two women and a boy, no more.
As they went trudging on before
The flashlight's circle only showed
Their feet upon the miry road,
Slipping and tripping as they sank.
The clogging skirt hems, stained and dank,
Vanished in darkness; from the knee
Their bodies shifted mistily.
They wavered onward, vague, unknown,
Unreal shadows, strangely lone,
As if no human tongue could reach
Across the darkness shrouding each.
They were like ghosts with human feet,
Yet plodding on beneath the beat
Of wind and rain they seemed to me
Nearer than flesh and blood could be.
Except their shades I saw no thing
Beyond the flashlight's melting ring.
The moving patch of feeble light,
Our boots, the rain-drops flashing bright
Out of the dark, to break and gleam
A moment on the miry stream,
The puddles gleaming grey, then gone,
The stones, were all we looked upon,
And all our thought was bounded there.
The world beyond, the sky, the air
Shrieking about us without cease
Among the tossing, crying trees,
Were phantom things beyond our sight,
Viewless and sinister with might,
But scarcely touching mind, immense
And beating dully on our sense.

We trudged on doggedly a while
Then, somewhat farther than a mile,
The road Mackenzie's rebels took
Poured on to ours a muddy brook.
Then curving slow down School House Hill
We slipped and stumbled on until
We reached the flats and in a space
Saw old man Whitton's slaughter-place.
His lights came shining through the rain
And raised our weary hearts again
More cheerily than any star;
Up Birrell's Hill and to the car
Was but a stretch of good paved road.
Laughing and talking now we strode,
The best of friends, familiar, free,
Like boys returning from a spree.
The last dark bit of road was topped;
Here in the midst of light we stopped
And at the noise and ways of men
Old custom took us once again,
And with a nod beneath a light
We parted with a bare good-night.

H. K. GORDON.

The P. B. I.

or

Mademoiselle of Bully Grenay

IV.

Three weeks have elapsed since the troops were last in Bully-Grenay but once again they are back in the village and once again Number Sixteen Platoon is billeted in the Café de la Paix.

It is about three o'clock on a bright sunny afternoon.

Hawkins, Mike, Willie and Oley are squatted in the centre of the court-yard, shooting dice on a rubber ground-sheet. Hawkins is facing the estaminet and Oley the barn. Willie is opposite the road-gate and Mike is opposite Willie. Duke, Jarge and other troops are watching the game while Abel is still snoozing on his reserved bench in front of the barn. Percy and Julie are sitting side by side in front of the estaminet, flirting most outrageously. The troops start to sing.

Troops:

O mademoiselle of Bully-Grenay, parlez-vous,
O mademoiselle of Bully-Grenay, parlez-vous,
O mademoiselle of Bully-Grenay
She hasn't been kissed for many a day,
With a hinky-pinky parlez-vous.

Mike. Come on, you fellows. Carry on with the game. I want to collect a little of that wad of money Oley has lifted off me.

Mike takes up the bones.

Mike. Here's for sudden death. I'm putting up my shirt. Come seven, come eleven, got to buy baby a pair of boots. Come on, little Phoebe, my Lackawanna girl, you that kept me out of the poor-house all last winter.

Mike rolls the dice and everybody bends over to see the result. Mike gets up with a look of resigned but unutterable disgust.

Mike. Broke to the wide. Napoo fini.

Oley. All de same Serbia.

Mike. Oley, that's five hundred francs of my hard-earned kale you've collected.

Oley. I ban lucky.

Mike. You ban too damn lucky. You never lose. . . . Well boys, I'm out of the game. The padre says he'll not lend me another franc.

The troops resume the game of dice while Mike mournfully sings.

Mike:

I've lost my rusty Ross rifle,
My bayonet and oily pull-through,
I lost my 'mergency rations,
I lost my mess-tin, too,
I lost the pay-book they gave me,
I lost the pay that I drew,
I lost my hold-all and now
I've got damn all,
When we stand-to.

Willie gets up from the game.

Willie. Oley has taken away all my money, fellows.

Duke. If you wish, I'll stake you for a fresh start, Willie.

Willie. No thanks, Duke, I couldn't take a chance on losing money I didn't own.

Willie disconsolately leans against the well, turning his pockets inside out in the vain hope of finding a stray coin.

Hawkins. I'm blinkin' well stony-broke too.

The sergeant comes in by the road-gate. Over his shoulder is hung a mail-sack of parcels and in his hand he is carrying a dozen or so letters.

Sergeant. Mail up, boys.

Hawkins. Hoo'raiy.

The troops rush up and form an expectant ring around the sergeant, with the exception of Abel who never gets any letters. Even Percy jumps up and unceremoniously deserts Julie. The sergeant drops the parcel-sack on the ground and proceeds to issue the letters, thumbing them over one by one and shouting the names as he hands them out.

Sergeant. Private Herbert Hawkins.

Hawkins. O lor'lumme.

Sergeant. Lance-corporal Percy Wilkins . . . Percy . . . Percy . . . Percy . . . Percy.

Duke. Percy, Percy, a whole flock of scented feminine missives.

Julie. O mon dieu.

Julie petulantly stamps into Suzanne's shop.

Duke. Poor old Julie.

Sergeant. Private Jarge King.

Sergeant. Private Duke Meredith.

Sergeant. Private Jock . . .

The sergeant suddenly checks himself as he realizes whose name he is reading. He crosses to one of the tables, marks the envelope "Killed in Action" and then distributes the three remaining letters amid a hushed and solemn silence. Willie has been watching the letters come out with hopeful and wistful expectation. As the last one is issued, he gulps down a lump in his throat.

Willie. Isn't there a letter for Willie Simpson, sergeant?

Sergeant. No, Willie, not even a field-postcard. But probably there will be a parcel for you.

The Sergeant opens the canvas mail-sack.

Sergeant. Parcel for Hawkins.

Hawkins. Lor'luve a duck.

Hawkins carries his parcel over to the table and rips off the wrappings while the sergeant carries on with the distribution of the mail.

Sergeant. Players' cigarettes for you, Duke.

Sergeant. And a box of Laura Secord chocolates for Percy.

Sergeant. And a copy of Punch for Duke.

Hawkins now has his parcel untied.

Hawkins. Good old Pansy 'Enrietta . . . 'Ere's where 'Erbert 'Awkins tummy gets somethin' dainty for to eat.

All the troops gather around to see what Hawkins is going to produce from his parcel. He opens the lid of the box and a look of the most indescribable disgust appears on his face.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme.

He plunges his hand into the box and fishes out a tin of bully-beef.

Hawkins. Bully-beef!

Hawkins angrily hurls the bully on the ground. Abel immediately pounces on it, carries it into the estaminet and soon emerges with a mess-tin full of beer. Hawkins again explores the depths of his parcel and this time his face is wreathed in smiles as he produces a pair of knitted grey socks.

Hawkins. Good old Maggie Jane . . . One of my blinkin' old socks wore out last week . . .

Hawkins puts one sock in his tunic pocket.

Hawkins. And the other is just what I needs for a balaclaver.

Hawkins pulls the second sock over his head as an ear-protector and replaces his forage-cap on top of it. He then fishes out a couple of paper packets of Player's cigarettes from his parcel.

Hawkins. Good old H'alice Pearl.

Hawkins immediately lights up one of his fags.

Willie. Is that other parcel for Willie Simpson, sergeant?

Sergeant. We'll see, Willie.

Sergeant hauls the last parcel out of the sack and studies the address.

Sergeant. Sorry, Willie . . . It's not.

Willie drifts listlessly over to the bench in front of the estaminet and sits down, looking very homesick and forlorn. Hawkins crosses to him with a packet of Players.

Hawkins. Have a fag, Willie?

Willie. No thank you, Herbert, I don't smoke.

Percy goes up to Willie and extends his box of Laura Secords.

Percy. Have some Laura Secords, Willie?

Willie. Thank you, Percy.

Duke also wanders up with considerable self-consciousness.

Duke. Tough luck, Willie, but to-morrow you'll probably get a big bunch of mail.

Willie. I hope so, Duke.

The sergeant flourishes aloft the last parcel.

Sergeant. Boys, here's a parcel addressed in Mr. Green's hand-writing.

Hawkins. Well, wot about it?

Sergeant. It's for Number Sixteen Platoon.

Hawkins. Hoo'raiy.

Percy. Good old Green.

Suzanne comes into the courtyard carrying a wooden pail. Crossing to the well, she lowers the pail into it.

Hawkins. Open it up, sarge.

The sergeant carries the parcel over to the bench between the road-gate and the barn and starts to tear off the paper coverings. The troops, pushing and jostling good-naturedly, crowd around him. Abel, who has been muzzily meditating, staggers to his feet and lurches down on the struggling mass like a tank. He pushes himself into the forefront of the fray where he will have the first pick of anything that comes out of the parcel. Even Willie works up enough interest in life to drift over and stand on the outskirts of the crowd. The troops are all so engrossed in the parcel that none of them noticed Suzanne when she came in with her pail. Oley, who has been leaning out over the lower-half of the estaminet-door, sardonically watching the distribution of the mail, now slinks out and tries to force his attentions on Suzanne.

Oley. Why ban you cross with me, Suzanne?

Suzanne. Monsieur, do not annoy me, s'il vous plaît.

Suzanne starts to draw the pail out of well but Oley makes no move to assist her.

Oley. You ban always rude with me.

Suzanne. And I shall be so toujours—always.

Suzanne rests the pail on the top of well.

Oley. Be careful, you little cat.

Suzanne. You insult me. Allez, à l'instant.

Bill comes in by the road-gate. As he is just returning from hospital, he wears full-marching order, including rifle, water-bottle, haversack, mill-sack with tin-hat attached and other impedimenta. He also is sporting a third wound-stripe. Suzanne, who is facing the gate, bites her lips in anger and embarrassment as she realizes in what compromising company Bill finds her. Leaving the pail on the well, she runs into her room, slamming the door behind her. Oley, surprised, turns around and sees Bill glaring fiercely at him. Oley is about to slink off when suddenly he realizes what an extraordinary opportunity this situation has given him to cause a further estrangement between Bill and Suzanne and thus get revenge on both of them at the same time. So, leering maliciously at Bill, Oley picks up the pail and saunters over to Suzanne's door with a nonchalant and unperturbed swagger. Knocking at the door with a careless and almost proprietary rap, he lays down the pail and then jauntily strolls over to the estaminet to concoct further plots with Goedzak. Bill pulls himself together and tries to assume a care-free air of indifference.

Bill. Everything quiet on the Western Front.

The troops, who have all been bending over Green's parcel, turn around to see who has spoken.

Sergeant. Hello, Bill.

All the troops crowd around Bill and shake hands with him.

Duke. Welcome home, Bill.

Percy. How far did you get?

Bill. O I only made the Casualty Clearing Station.

Hawkins. Wot's the blinkin' use of gettin' wounded if they won't give a bloke a trip to Blighty? . . . No leave, no nothink. Gor'blimey, but there ain't no way of gettin' back to Blighty nohow.

Duke. Cheer up, Hawkins. We'll all be demobilized some day.

Hawkins. Us guys wot only signed up for seven years may be, Duke, but you blokes wot joined for the duration—O lor'lumme!—why you'll be goin' up the line for the rest of your naturals. But just take a little tip from one of the Old Originals:

Hawkins is off again on another variant of the same old discords.

Hawkins:

When you're going to the farm, with your rifle on your arm,
Take it from me, you'd better watch old Fritz, or he
Will send a whizzbang there, stealing softly through the air,
The memory haunts you, the lobster wants you,
Keep away from Zillebeke, dear old Zillebeke, away from Zillebeke Farm.

Bill has taken off his equipment and thrown it on the ground.

Percy. Say Bill, I just got five dollars in a letter from home . . . Five good old simoleons. Come on and help me break it, Bill.

Bill is thinking of Suzanne and has not been listening to what Percy was saying. On hearing his name, however, he suddenly recalls himself.

Bill. Pardon, Percy, what were you saying?

Percy. What's wrong with you, old man? . . . Did you fall in love with one of those nurses down at the C.C.S.?

Bill. O nothing like that, Percy.

Percy. I was just asking you if you'd have a drink of vin blink.

Bill. Why yes. Certainly.

Bill, Duke, Hawkins and Percy sit down at the table in front of estaminet while the other troops settle down in front of the barn, organizing card games and writing letters home. The sergeant sits on the bench to the left of road-gate. Harris comes staggering in the gate carrying a bed-roll on his shoulder.

Duke. What's up, Harris? Have we got some new officer wished on us?

Harris. No chance. This here valise belongs to my Mr. Green.

Percy. Has he rejoined?

Harris. Just arrived. Me and the Major saw he had good stuff in him and so we pulled the wires and helped to get him back quickly.

Harris sits down at the table near that occupied by Percy, Duke, Hawkins and Bill.

Duke. I say, Bill, Mr. Green didn't show up too badly on that wiring-party, did he?

Bill. You're right, Duke. Mr. Green has as much grit and nerve as anybody in this outfit and what's more, he's a mighty good head too.

Harris. Them's my sentiments too. Mr. Green just gave me five francs for good luck.

Mr. Green appears in the road-gate followed by Harris whose chest is nearly bursting with proprietary pride.

Bill. Party—SHUN!

All the troops spring to attention.

Green. Carry on, men.

The troops sit down again.

Green. Mighty glad to see you all again.

Green takes an appreciative look around the court, his face beaming with a no-place-like-home expression. He then turns to Bill.

Green. Seems jolly good to be back again, doesn't it, Walton?

Bill. Yes sir.

Green reaches over and shakes hands with Hawkins.

Green. Hello, Hawkins . . . How's the beer now?

Hawkins. Something 'orrible, sir, but we still drinks it when we can get it.

Green. Good . . . Mademoiselle, serve drinks to the platoon, s'il vous plaît.

Abel leaps up and almost before the other troops understand the significance of Green's action, Abel has galloped over to one of the tables where he takes up a position of strategic advantage, and sits gazing at Green with mute and almost dog-like gratitude. Julie flits into the estaminet. The other troops make a frantic rush for the tables, cheering lustily.

Troops. Hurrah.

Green shakes hands with Percy.

Green. Well, Percy, how are all the mesdemoiselles?

Percy. Ah-er . . . the fact is, sir, I've lost all interest in women.

Green. Really?

Green then addresses the platoon in general.

Green. Have some news for you, men. As you probably know, Major Mackenzie is going on the Staff. When he leaves, he is taking the Sergeant with him and accordingly Corporal Walton is to get three stripes and take over the platoon.

Hawkins. Hoo-raiy.

Troops. Hurrah.

Julie has entered with a tray of glasses and a pitcher of beer which she proceeds to pour out for the troops. Suzanne comes out from her shop and crosses to the estaminet but stops at the door to see what is going on.

Green. Walton, I'm most awfully glad to have you for my platoon sergeant.

Green warmly shakes hands with Bill while Suzanne watches this manifestation of cordiality with unconcealed delight. Julie hands Green a glass of beer and he gives her some franc notes to pay for the drinks.

Green. Aren't you going to give Percy a drink, mademoiselle?

Julie pouts for a moment and then disdainfully tosses her head.

Julie. Si vous le voulez, monsieur.

Julie slaps down a glass and fills it for Percy.

Green. Good health, men.

Troops. Good health, sir.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme, sir, I 'opes you get wounded often.

Green. All right, Hawkins, I'll try to.

Green again speaks to the troops in general.

Green. O by the way, men, leave has opened up again and our battalion has been given an allotment of one man.

Troops. Hurrah!

Green. The first name on the leave roster is that of . . .

Hawkins, in his anxiety to hear the good news, leans across the table so far that he nearly upsets it.

Green. Company Quarter-Master-Sergeant Muggins . . .

A groan goes up from the platoon and Hawkins flops back into his chair, overwhelmed with gloomy disappointment.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey.

Green. But Major Mackenzie has decided that the Regiment would be best represented in Blighty by Private Herbert Hawkins.

Hawkins. Wot? Me sir?

Green. Yes, you, Hawkins.

Hawkins. Lor'luve a duck. Now wot d'you think of that?

Green. Corporal—as you were, I mean "Sergeant"—we'll have a look at the billet and see whether it's comfortable.

Bill. Yes sir.

Green and Bill go into the barn.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme, but 'e ain't 'arf changed, 'e ain't.

Duke. Why now he's a pukka prince. Nothing like a taste of the trenches for making a man . . . But congratulations, Hawkins, on getting Blighty leave.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey, Duke, but that ain't a bit of orlright, not 'arf, wot?

Hawkins unburdens his soul in a melody which the other troops pick up and sing.

Hawkins:

Blighty, Blighty,
All aboard for Blighty, Blighty,
Mother put my nightie
By the fire to air,
I'll soon be there.
When the war is over
All aboard for Dover,
For Blighty, Blighty,
See those big propellers
Making music in the foam,
See that leave boat
Ready to start—
Bound for Blighty,
Glad to depart.
Well, don't you know where Blighty is?
Why bless your heart,
It's the soldier's home sweet home!

The Sergeant comes in the road-gate very briskly. He is now wearing belt and side-arm. He clicks up in front of Green and salutes very regimentally.

Sergeant. Major Mackenzie's compliments, sir, and he wants you to stay here for a few minutes. The Major wants to see both you and your platoon.

Green. Very good, sergeant.

The sergeant smartly salutes and then hastens back to Battalion Head-Quarters.

Green. All right, men, smarten up a bit before the Major arrives.

The troops clean up with feverish industry. Hawkins squats beside the well and, breathing strenuously on his buttons, vigorously polishes them with his coat-sleeve.

Green. O Hawkins, do you find old soldier's breath as efficacious as Soldier's Friend?

Hawkins. As effie wot, sir?

Green. As good for polishing brasses.

Hawkins. O yes sir, so long as we're gettin' a reasonable amount of beer.

Green. How have the meals been lately, Hawkins?

Hawkins. The mulligan's been orful, sir. It's three months since a potater was last found in it.

Green. I'll see we get some fresh vegetables at once. . . . But carry-on with your polishing, Hawkins.

Hawkins sits down again and resumes his interrupted labors with renewed vigor while Green tucks his cane under his arm and starts pacing up and down the court, apparently at peace with all the world.

The Brigadier-General and Major Mackenzie come in the gate, followed by Sergeant Hall.

Green. Platoon—SHUN!

Salutes are exchanged.

General. Major, let your men stand easy.

Major. Mr. Green, have your platoon stand at ease.

Green. Platoon, stand at—EASE.

The General pompously addresses himself to the men.

General. This is not to be a parade, men . . . Just stand easy but listen to what I have to say . . . Er-aw . . .

Hawkins was in his shirt-sleeves when the General invaded the courtyard and now the General spots him crouching behind the well as he wriggles into his tunic.

General. When you're ready, my man, we'll carry on.

Hawkins hastily buttons up his tunic and then, stepping forward, stands stiffly to attention.

General. In passing through this village in my car, I stopped off to have afternoon tea with your acting C.O. and it occurred to me that there was something in this morning's Divisional Routine Orders which I rather fawncied might interest you . . .

Major Mackenzie takes a copy of Divisional Orders out of his pocket and holds them ready for the General.

General. These orders . . .

The General fumbles around in his pockets in search of them.

General. Er-aw . . . Major, where are those billy-be-hanged orders?

Major. I have them here for you, sir.

General. Er-aw . . . Major, this platoon . . .

The General refers to the orders.

General. While on a wiring-party some three weeks ago, was attacked by a strong hostile patrol . . . Er-aw . . . During this encounter with the enemy, Lieutenant . . .

The General adjusts his monocle, consults the orders and reads extracts therefrom. Abel, after considerable search, succeeds in locating a penny in his pocket. Using it as a monocle, he proceeds to imitate the General's every move. Since he is standing behind the General, the Major and the Sergeant, he can do this with comparative impunity.

General. "Lieutenant Edward Brock Green, Canadian Infantry, greatly distinguished himself, while Number 48,135, Corporal William Walton, showed conspicuous bravery. This officer and corporal covered the retirement of their party and, although both wounded, succeeded in capturing an enemy officer."

The General looks up from the orders and addresses the troops.

General. I may tell you, men, this gallant action gave me a most valuable prisoner . . . ah-er . . . who furnished me with most frightfully important information . . . Br-errrrr . . . Frightfully.

The General again reads from the papers.

General. "In recognition of the distinguished gallantry displayed on this occasion by Lieutenant Green, His Majesty the King, has awarded him the Military Cross."

The General turns to Major Mackenzie.

General. I want to congratulate the recipient of this honor.

Green steps smartly up and salutes. The General gives a violent start, steps back a pace, re-adjusts his monocle and surveys Green from head to foot.

General. I believe, Mr. Green, that I have met you before.

Green. Yes sir.

General. But nevertheless, Mr. Green, I am proud to have you as an officer in my Brigade.

The General shakes hands with Green who then salutes again and steps smartly back, taking up a position slightly in front of the left flank of his men.

General. I also note, men . . .

The General consults the orders and reads.

General. "That the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, has awarded Corporal Walton the Military Medal for bravery in the Field."

The General turns to the Major.

General. Major, where is this Corporal?

Major. Corporal Walton.

Bill steps smartly up and salutes. Suzanne is taking a very lively interest in this part of the ceremony.

General. Corporal . . .

The General has forgotten Bill's name and so consults Orders once again. Hawkins, who has grown restive, has gradually edged forward until he is almost as close to the General as is Green. Hawkins starts craning his neck to see whether he can locate what there is in orders to engross the General's attention so deeply. The General becomes aware of the scrutiny to which he is being subjected.

General. Now, my man, since when did you become a front-rank officer?

Hawkins quickly and ingloriously fades back to his proper distance where he stands to attention with aggrieved rigidity.

General. Corporal . . . Corporal . . .

The Major whispers to the General.

Major. Corporal Walton, sir.

General. Aw yes, I have it . . . Corporal Walton!

The General addresses Bill.

General. Corporal, I am proud of you, my brave man. I am the General of your Brigade but it gives me pleasure to congratulate you.

The General then shakes hands with Bill who steps back a pace, salutes and takes up a position on Mr. Green's right flank.

General. I think, men, we should now give thwee hawty cheahs for this gallant officer and very brave corporal . . . Now men, take the time from me.

The General waves the orders aloft and a ragged hurrah comes from the troops.

Troops. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Duke:

En avant la cantinière;
La cantinière du régiment.

At the end of this song, Hawkins cuts in with:

Hawkins:

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home with the old Armee.
O we've had some fun
Killing off the Hun
And now we'll go rolling, rolling home.

A distant bugle blows the Retreat. Everybody in the courtyard clicks up to attention, the General standing at the salute while Hawkins presents arms with his hay-fork. On the last note of the call, the General cuts away his hand and Hawkins snaps his pitch-fork up to the slope.

THE END

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Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars to the reader who can identify the largest number of the following CHARACTERS FROM FICTION. *The name of the author and of the work must be given in each case.*

1. Lizarann Coupland.
2. Father Holt.
3. William Crimsworth.
4. Lydia Carew.
5. Sir John Chester.
6. Bardo de' Bardi.
7. Eustace Morven.
8. Mr. Slithers.
9. Victor Radnor.
10. Zenobia.
11. Seraphina Ramon.
12. Rose Leyburn.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than January 20, 1922.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition, whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Results

The prize of five dollars for the identification of the largest number of QUOTATIONS *is awarded to* F. L. Flight, 740 Bloomfield Avenue, Outremont, Montreal. *The winner succeeded in placing all the quotations except number 4. The following is the complete list:*

(1) Dickens, Little Dorrit.
(2) Sir Henry Wotton, Reliquiae Wottonianae.
(3) Samuel Johnson, Rasselas.
(4) A. H. Clough, The New Decalogue.
(5) Lamb, Table Talk.
(6) Boswell, Life of Johnson.
(7) Shakespeare, King Lear.
(8) George Meredith, Diana of the Crossways.
(9) Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona.
(10) Andrew Marvell, The Garden.
(11) Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona.
(12) Sterne, Tristram Shandy.

ANNUAL LITERARY PRIZE
TORONTO WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and County of York a prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best short story not exceeding 4000 words, to be sent to the President, Mrs. John Bruce, 37 Bleecker Street, Toronto, on or before February 1, 1922. Manuscript must be typed and accompanied by a stamped envelope bearing the writer's name and address; also a written statement that he or she has not received payment for literary work. Competitors must be of Canadian birth and a story with a Canadian background or atmosphere is desirable.

Our Book-Shelf

Fiction

Maria Chapdelaine, by Louis Hémon (Librairie Grassett, Paris). Translations by (1) Sir Andrew Macphail (Oxford University Press, Toronto). (2) W. H. Blake (Macmillan).

France was too preoccupied in 1914 to give even passing notice to this little novel when it made its modest début in *Le Temps*. It is true that its author was not totally unknown to the reading public of France, but it is more than likely that this literary gem might have been lost to the world if a Canadian, Louvigny de Montigny, had not discovered it, perceived its worth and enabled others to enjoy it by bringing it out in book form for the first time in 1916. France has made amends by recently publishing a Parisian edition to inaugurate a new series, and we are promised as a later number that other novel of the same author, *Lizzie Blakeston*. Louis Hémon, a Frenchman, the son of the well-known French scholar Félix Hémon who has published an excellent study on Corneille, has been appropriated by Canadians though he spent only the last eighteen months of his life in this country. Two French Canadians, M. Alonzo Cinq-Mars and M. Damase Potvin, have given a dramatization of *Maria Chapdelaine* in *Le Terroir*, and recently two English Canadians, Sir Andrew Macphail and Mr. W. H. Blake, have issued for English readers two separate and distinct translations of the same novel.

A translation is intended of course only for those who cannot read the original, and as there are many such benighted souls, much gratitude must be felt to the translators. But the task of the translator is not an easy one. He must endeavour to convey to his readers the same impression that the original author conveys, and in the case of *Maria Chapdelaine* this is very difficult indeed. How is one to retain for the English reader the charm enjoyed by the French Canadian when he meets in print such indigenous expressions as *il mouille* for *il pleut*, *icitte* for *ici*, *oui*, *son père*, for *oui*, *mon père*, *l'eau frette* for *l'eau froide*, *règne* for *existence?* The book abounds in such untranslatable vernacular, and herein lies much of its enchantment; and though no one would think of criticizing a translator for failing to do the impossible, it must be recognized that the original is vastly superior to any possible translation. But what can be done has been well done, especially by Mr. Blake. Always willing to sacrifice the letter for the spirit, he takes more liberties than does Sir Andrew Macphail, and as a result gives a smoother, more readable English version. Sometimes he recasts whole sentences and even paragraphs to give a more English tone and appearance. Occasionally his art is somewhat more apparent than is that of the original, but this impression may be due merely to our comparison

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and realisation of the difficulties he had to contend with. In any case it is doubtful whether a better translation could possibly be made.

It has been rumoured in Quebec that there is a possibility that *Maria* may appear in the "movies". Heaven forbid! It has dramatic possibilities but not of the canned dramatic type. Incidents are required for this, and incidents are not numerous in this story, nor are they of the kind that interest the movie fan, being neither exciting nor impossible. Indeed the plot is not what makes the strongest appeal to the reader. It is perhaps a trifle too simple and realistic to commend itself to many. Maria, the daughter of a pioneer in that part of Quebec north of Lake St. John, loves François Paradis, a trapper and guide who goes up into the still more remote North. He perishes in the forest. Later two other lovers come, one a neighbour, Eutrope Gagnon, who offers her a continuation of her present life, a life of hardship and never-ceasing struggle with the forest, the soil and the cold; the other is Lorenzo Surprenant who has deserted this primitive life and now invites Maria to go back with him to the distant city in the "States" to live a life of ease and comfort. She deliberates, wavers, and finally chooses Eutrope, remains and struggles on. But for its delicate symbolism the story itself might seem somewhat cold. Its strength lies in the strength of its characters. The penetration, fidelity and sympathy shown in the delineation even of the most humble and seemingly unimportant constitute its chief beauty. Each personage is a distinct individuality, real and living, drawn from life indeed. (All have been identified. The real Maria left Péribonca recently and entered a religious sisterhood.) The descriptions too are admirable. Excellent pictures of Quebec life are given in the account of the winter drives, the crossing of the ice, the berry-picking and wood-cutting; and the relation of the death of Maria's mother, surrounded by her helpless, loving family, is one of the finest passages in modern literature. It is the loss of her mother that finally makes Maria decide that she cannot leave this part of the world. She hears the voice of Quebec calling to her.

"Thus spake the voice:—'Three hundred years ago we came, and we have remained. . . . They who led us hither might return among us without knowing shame or sorrow, for if it be true that we have little learned, most surely nothing is forgot.'

'We bore overseas our prayers and our songs; they are ever the same. We carried in our bosoms the hearts of the men of our fatherland, brave and merry, easily moved to pity as to laughter, of all human hearts the most human; nor have they changed. We traced the boundaries of a new continent, from Gaspé to Montreal, from St. Jean d'Iberville to Ungava, saying as we did it: Within these limits all we brought with us, our faith, our tongue, our virtues, our very weaknesses are henceforth hallowed things which no hand may touch, which shall endure to the end.

'Strangers have surrounded us whom it is our pleasure to call foreigners; they have taken into their hands most of the rule, they have gathered to themselves much of the wealth; but in this land of Quebec nothing has changed. Nor shall anything change, for we are the pledge of it. Concerning ourselves and our destiny, but one duty have we clearly understood; that we should hold fast—should endure. And we have held fast, so that, it may be, many centuries hence the world will look upon us and say:—These people are of a race that knows not how to perish. . . . We are a testimony.

'For this is it that we must abide in that Province where our fathers dwelt, living as they have lived, so to obey the unwritten command that once shaped itself in their hearts, that passed to ours, which we in turn must pass on to descendants innumerable:—In this land of Quebec naught shall die and naught shall suffer change. . . .'"

F. C. A. J.

Political

Coerrspondence of Sir John Macdonald, edited by Sir Joseph Pope (Toronto, Oxford University Press. 1921. Pp. XXVI, 502. $5.00).

The student who has some knowledge of the outlines of Canadian history between 1860 and 1890, and who wishes to learn something of the men and the forces of that time, can find no better source-book than the selections from Sir John Macdonald's correspondence which his trusted secretary and literary executor, Sir Joseph Pope, has now given to the public. The five hundred letters included are chosen from an immensely greater supply. "Harry, my boy," Sir John is quoted as remarking one day to the Sergeant-at-Arms, Colonel H. R. Smith, "never write a letter if you can help it, and never destroy one." He apparently followed his own advice, at least in the latter respect. As the editor rightly observes, his action in preserving his intimate political correspondence reveals a serene consciousness of integrity which in itself is noteworthy. Naturally, there are few letters dealing with the early years, but the light afforded on the first generation of the Confederation period is abundant.

Sir Joseph has included many letters to, as well as from, Sir John. Many correspondents are represented by a single letter, but a few names bulk very large in the total—the six governors-general under whom Sir John served, Monck, Lisgar, Dufferin (very vividly self-portrayed), Lorne, Lansdowne, and Stanley; his colleagues, Cartier, Rose, Galt, Tupper, Hincks, Chapleau, Thompson, and the Canadian Pacific trio, Stephen, Smith, and Van Horne.

Macdonald was an admirable letter-writer. He could adapt himself to every need, now high and serious discussion of a constitutional issue, now the lightest passing raillery. Whether grave or gay, his letters were never without a purpose. He wrote with his eye on his correspondent, and chose his phrases to suit the need. The personality of the man finds expression in the unfailing distinction of the style.

As to the opinions revealed, there is little that is unexpected. His essential conservatism is clearly displayed, whether in his insistence on a point of etiquette—"forms are things", he writes a North-West Lieutenant-Governor—or in his contention,

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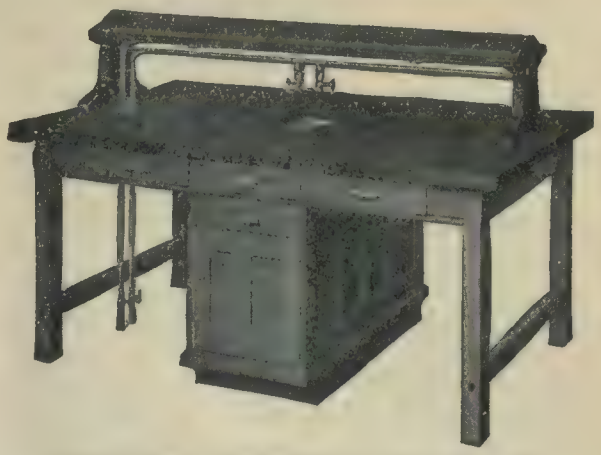

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two years before his death, that "the monarchical idea should be fostered in the colonies, accompanied by some gradation of classes." His firm attachment to imperial connection is not incompatible with the development, in theory and in practice, of colonial nationalism. His desire to strengthen the central at the expense of the provincial authority finds repeated expression, not least characteristically in the attempts to use the lieutenant-governors as agents of federal policy. His strong dislike, on personal as well as on political grounds, of appeals to racial and religious prejudice, is very well illustrated.

The Sir John who stands out in these letters is the leader and manager of men. His delight in the fray, his skill in making hostile colleagues work together, his uncanny knowledge and adroit use of the strength and the weakness of each of his contemporaries, his infinite patience, his resort to roundabout and subterranean means of influencing action, his care in wringing from a situation every ounce of political advantage it could yield—as in taking credit for Mgr. Taschereau's red hat, in which, incidentally, François Langelier also claimed some share—enable the reader to understand how for forty years Sir John Macdonald dominated the political stage. But it is not the party leader alone who stands revealed, but the sincere and unresting patriot.

The editor has done his work well. The selections are significant, and the notes helpful without being obtrusive. Four portraits of Sir John, from the age of 27 to the age of 68, help in the understanding of the man. The book is indispensable for the student of Canadian history, and should be read, marked, and digested by every present-day party leader.

O. D. Skelton.

Educational

Historical Statistical Survey of Education in Canada (Dominion Bureau of Statistics).

This report, published under the Education Statistics branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, is an important "contribution to knowledge" on the subject of education. It is significant in its appearance even more than in its contents. A contribution on a subject of such magnitude and difficulty, the result of "eighteen months of work" could scarcely aspire to completeness. University professors alive to the possibilities of comparative annual statistics in a search for evidence favourable to large government grants will search the report in vain. Students of elementary and secondary educational problems attempting to analyze the comparative annual statistics presented will find little to aid them. For instance no statement of comparative annual legislative enactments for the provinces concerned is given. They will find reason to hesitate before accepting the conclusions set forth. They will wonder whether the close conformity of High School examination marks in those easily(?) graded subjects, "Composition and Rhetoric, grade IX, Manitoba, 1905" (p. 42-3), to the curve of probability represents a satisfactory or unsatisfactory state of affairs. Nevertheless every Canadian will find statistics of unusual interest on all subjects pertaining to our educational problems, and of more significance he will find a commendable study useful as a basis for more complete publications in the future.

H. I.

Shorter Notices

The Outline of History, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan, $5.00).

Two features of this third edition of Mr. Wells' great book will interest the reading public. The author has availed himself of the wealth of criticism offered and has corrected and modified to a very appreciable extent. Then the price has been lowered sufficiently to make it reach a much larger proportion of the people for whom it was written, that is, everybody.

This Man's World, by Will Levington Comfort (Gundy, $1.90).

Another thrilling South Sea yarn, with a jungle-bred hero, whose struggles to protect the natives against the cruelty and cunning of "bad whites", are told in a tumbling succession of wild adventures. If anything more were needed to make the book exciting, the heroine supplies it.

The Daughter of Helen Kent, by Sarah Comstock (Gundy).

This is an interestingly told story of a deserted young wife and her daughter, of the inevitable flowering of romance in the latter, of her rebellions against her mother's disillusioned attitude, and finally of the new call of love that came to Helen Kent and re-united her and her daughter.

The Girls, by Edna Gerber (Gundy, $1.90).

A story about three old maids, all about the same age, though great-aunt Charlotte, is seventy-four, Lottie is thirty-two, and Charley is eighteen and a half. And they are all, not seventy-four, but eighteen and a half. The book is full of bright optimism and bubbling with humour.

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Trade and Industry

	Aug. 1921	Sept. 1921	Oct. 1921	Nov. 1921	Nov. 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	165.4	164.4	161.5	160.0	233.1
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$21.98	$22.34	$22.01	.....	$26.13
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	89.0	89.6	90.0	88.8	104.3
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	103.0	104.4	105.9	108.6	108.4

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE month just past has seen no change in business conditions, which may be reckoned as fundamental. There has been a slight contraction in employment. The fall in wholesale prices is negligible. The fall in the retail cost of living, reflected in the reduced official estimate of the Family Budget, is a return to the conditions of two months ago. Retail prices appear still to be higher than they were in July. Within the last few weeks the foreign exchanges have been strong. Sterling has risen, and the premium on American funds has fallen somewhat. But we cannot yet assume that exchange rates will remain even relatively stable.

If business has been "marking time", however, the same cannot be said of the stock market. It equired no great degree of discernment to prophesy two years ago that bonds were becoming a good "buy". The prophecy was freely made, and, after a considerable period of waiting, the wisdom of the market has been justified. A trade depression is always accompanied by falling interest rates, and with falling interest rates go rising bond prices. But in the stock market the same thing has been occurring. The slow rise in the prices of good Canadian securities, which was a feature of the late summer, has culminated in an average advance of nearly three points during the month of November.

This is the second marked advance in the price of common stocks, which the present year has witnessed. The November average, quoted above, is 108.6—exactly the same as that of May. But the present increase is still well below the high point of 110.3, which was reached in February. Readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM will remember that the year began with a burst of business optimism, which we refused to share, and, as events have proved, quite rightly. Investors who bought in the last weeks of winter, to sell their stocks in the spring, were involved in a loss on their transactions which prudence would never have incurred. Is the present rise in the better common stocks to prove a short lived disappointment? Or is the sustained rise since August a harbinger of better times?

In one respect conditions are fundamentally different from those of ten months ago. When the last upward movement occurred in the Stock Market, prices were tumbling downwards and unemployment was spreading rapidly. The monthly drop in wholesale prices was in the neighbourhood of five per cent. Manufacturers were engaged in a continuous and most difficult process of readjustment. Workers were being laid off at the rate of about thirty thousand weekly. Forecasts of wage reductions were being met by the threat to strike.

At present there is no such tension. Both the wholesale market and the labour market are comparatively stable. Reductions in wages have occurred more often than not, and have as a rule been accepted philosophically. Elsewhere there have been similar developments. In some countries the level of prices has actually risen.

Not that we can regard ourselves as being yet out of the wood. The tremendous problem of international indebtedness, in part a heritage of the war, in part of a discredited Peace Treaty, still remains unsolved. We still deal in paper money which carries an uncertain gold value. Europe is still unable to purchase from us on her accustomed scale, and cannot hope to do so till policy replaces drift. The possible failure of Germany to maintain her reparation payments is a matter of vital concern to more peoples than the French. Even in this country there is at present a great deal more unemployment than many people realise. But here at least, there is no longer the feeling of uncertainty hanging over business operations, which was a nightmare to many just twelve months ago.

G. E. JACKSON

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. II TORONTO, JANUARY, 1922 No. 16

CANADA begins a new year with a new administration. Never was the country readier to welcome a new government; seldom has it shown less enthusiasm over the choice. Even staunch Liberal papers regretted the fact that leaders in the Progressive Party felt unable to accept portfolios and add strength to the government. Their leading editorials were suffused with apology. Mr. King had done as well as he could, they murmured, in the circumstances. But what are the circumstances that make a powerful and representative cabinet an impossibility? The great west, on the fortunes of which our future is dependent, has almost as little sympathy with the Liberals as it has with the Conservatives. The late government failed to elect one member from the Red River to the Rockies; Mr. King has two followers and a half; that is to say two avowed Liberals and one who qualifies his allegiance by calling himself an Independent Liberal. Three-quarters of the Liberal members hold seats east of the Ottawa River. Two-thirds of Canada thus elect only one quarter of the members supporting the government. A cabinet at once representative and responsive is hardly possible in such a case.

THE overtures of Mr. King to the Progressive leaders failed. We prefer to think that in making these advances Mr. King was actuated by patriotic motives, though not a few critics saw in them merely an attempt to disrupt the Agrarians. Faced with the responsibilities of office, however, and in his political philosophy devoted to the constitution, Mr. King must have seen how great a menace to national integrity regional *blocs* have become in the Canadian Parliament, and how desirable it would be to have western interests, and Canadian agriculture in general, strongly represented in the Cabinet. Sir Thomas White says that the top six inches of the soil must pay our national debt. We are inclined to think that he is wrong, and that urban industry can be expected to lend a hand; but, in so far as the brunt of restoring our economic equilibrium must fall on the farmers, it is more satisfactory that they should not have cause to think of themselves as making bricks under an alien master. In the late administration they had no real representative. Mr. King would gladly have secured for them adequate representation in his cabinet. Mr. Crerar and Mr. Drury were consulted. It is believed that Mr. Crerar was not disinclined to yield, but that his followers, and especially his Ontario followers, many of whom are old Conservatives and all of whom are the creatures of former Conservative as well as former Liberal voters, would not hear of it. Mr. Drury, no doubt, felt that he has too important a task on his hands in Ontario to accept a portfolio at Ottawa. Their refusal weakens the Government but strengthens the power of Parliament. In so far as it does this, it is good.

THE danger of the Progressive refusal lies in its possible effect in adding strength to the more reactionary element in the Liberal party. Perhaps the most significant thing about the new cabinet is the omission of two prospective members—Mr. McMaster of Brome and Mr. Hudson of South Winnipeg. It will be remembered that during the summer of 1920 when Mr. King was making his tour, and especially appealing for the support of the farmers, it was Mr. McMaster whom he chose as platform companion. In the House and out of it the member for Brome has not minced words in dealing with the iniquities of the Canadian tariff. In the choice of a Quebec Protestant for the Cabinet he was passed over in favour of Mr. Robb, a miller, and it is said a protectionist. In fairness to Mr. King it should be said that the selection of Quebec ministers was in the nature of things difficult, and that Mr. Mitchell shared the fate of Mr. McMaster. Then the inclusion of Mr. Hudson, who has the confidence of the Progressive forces in the West, would have given strength to the government where it is weakest. With Mr. Hudson from Manitoba, Mr. Motherwell from Saskatchewan, and Mr. Stewart from Alberta, the Prairie provinces would have had a fairly strong, if not a representative, group in the cabinet.

IN the wake of the Federal Elections came the provincial contest in North Oxford. Ontario was regarded as the key province in the federal campaign.

When only twenty-three Progressive members were returned it was commonly held that the farmers' movement had passed its zenith, and that the Drury Government was doomed. Both the Liberals and the government threw all their strength into the riding. Both presented strong candidates, farmers by occupation and prominent in municipal life. The Conservative candidate was a young lawyer who depended on the white horse of King William to carry him to victory. The results are striking in several respects. The Liberal majority of 2,300 in the previous election disappeared and was replaced by a government majority of 1,300. Mr. Neely, the Conservative, failed to poll 1,000 votes. In the village of Embro, the 'capital' of Zorra, he polled just one vote. Now Zorra is, of all Ontario, most Scotch, and Embro rivals some of the villages of old Scotland in its devotion to learning. Besides numbers sent forth into other professions, it is said to have sent fifty men into the Presbyterian ministry. Judging by the vote given Mr. Neely, racial and religious prejudices thrive ill in such an atmosphere. But even more significant than this is the fact that Zorra, hitherto an unassailable Liberal stronghold, should endorse the Farmer candidate by an overwhelming majority. West Zorra, East Zorra and Embro combined gave Mr. Ross, the U.F.O. candidate, 1,906 votes; Mr. Dey, the Liberal, 369 votes; and Mr. Neely 71 votes. Mr. Drury will do well, however, not to be unduly elated over the results in North Oxford. He may find that in other counties less proud of their schools and scholars the ground will be harder to cultivate. The county, for example, which has just sent Mr. Garland to Ottawa, is distinguished by eighty-seven Orange lodges and no high schools. Further, in Woodstock the government vote was only 718 as against 1,991 for the Liberal and 724 for the Conservative. Labour at present is not keeping its single-tree even.

THE Washington Conference is almost ended. Whether it has been more fruitful of results than the meeting at Versailles three years ago must remain a matter of doubt. But there is no doubt that it ends in a very different spirit. The statesmen who met at Versailles had drunk deep of the heady wine of victory. Europe lay round them in ruins; but their eyes were elsewhere. Their problem, fundamentally, was an economic problem; that of rebuilding a continent. They chose, however, to think otherwise. One of them boldly stated that the laws of economics no longer held. They met, instead, to deliver judgment on a beaten enemy. Against their bill of costs they took, in addition to colonies and cables, shipping and investments, an enormous mortgage on assets of very doubtful value. And hereupon they parted, for the play was over. To liberalism with its shattered hopes, as well as to the satisfied forces of reaction, the Treaty was the close of an epoch. The conclusion of the Washington deliberations is marked by no such air of finality. No man supposes that the play is ended. Before the signing of any definite agreements the project of a second Conference was mooted. The need for it was recognized on every hand, and it will certainly be held. The meeting convened by Mr. Harding was not an end but a beginning. Though much remains to be done, and despite the difficulties that have been encountered, there is a persistent confidence.

IT is true that unsettled questions still abound. Japan has resisted—and, it seems, successfully resisted—the discussion of her Twenty-One Demands. China's requests have generally been refused. The Four Power Treaty is as vague as it is brief, and conflicting explanations of it have been advanced already. As a pledge, it is of doubtful value. We have not displaced imperialism in Eastern Asia. Land armaments have not been called in question. The discussion on naval ratios came within measurable distance of a breakdown. France successively demanded (*a*) 350,000 tons of capital ships, and (*b*) 90,000 tons of submarines, the latter (we quote M. Briand) for nature studies at the bottom of the sea. While others were making notable concessions, France has been intent on her advantage. Mr. Hughes was compelled to remind her delegates that they were met not to increase but to diminish armament. But while the debates have at times been almost acrimonious, there has evidently been a gathering together of men of goodwill in all the delegations. In its promise this is far more hopeful than the barren treaties that Versailles produced. Something like a general will to peace has at last emerged with the definite purpose of imposing itself on the dissenting members.

FRANCE has been recognized the world over as an unwilling participant in the maritime agreements. The storm of indignation provoked in London by her demands seems to have surprised, as well as pained, her. But when it is remembered that large sections of her press, and even the singers in the cabarets, have long been stirring up dislike of England, it is rather surprising, not that the victim turned at last, but that no general protest was registered before. Nowhere since the armistice had the Briton been so tolerant as in his treatment of the French foreign policy; and he has at length been compelled to witness (in the tearing-up of the Treaty of Sévres, and the conclusion of a private treaty between France and the Kemalist Turks) what is at once a dangerous affront and the breaking of a solemn pledge by M. Briand. It is in relation to these developments that we must consider the French attitude at Washington. Thus, while we cannot agree with a Toronto con-

temporary, that as in 1919 the United States Senate destroyed French hopes of an alliance, so France was prepared in 1921 to give tit for tat, we dissent because the reasons lie far deeper. From time to time in her long history France has shown herself aggressive and imperialist. A conscious weakness has sometimes increased instead of diminishing her boldness. But blind obstruction has never been her habit. If at present she hesitates to trust her neighbours—if there is bitterness in the reflection that she has ceased to be a first-rate Power—we need not, therefore, attribute blindness to her Foreign Office. Wrong as the world considers her intrigues from Hungary to Syria, she must, if possible, be reasoned out of them and not coerced.

AS for Canada's part at Washington, there is no use trying to pretend that it has been anything but obscure and undistinguished, a humiliating descent from the Assembly at Geneva a year ago and even from the Imperial Conference in London last June. Glowing accounts of the influence and efficiency of the Canadian delegation are, of course, being circulated here, notably by Mr. Wickham Steed of *The Times*. One can only say that, in the circumstances, such compliments smack of condescension. If we are really satisfied that our representatives should occupy at Washington the position of glorified chief clerks on the British secretariat, we may rejoice wholeheartedly with Mr. Steed, but before we do so we should realize quite clearly that at a conference called to deal partly with a situation created by the war and partly with a problem in which our country has a particular interest, the Canadian delegates had to accept a position both formally and actually inferior to that of the delegates of such countries as Portugal and Holland. It is impossible yet to assess responsibility for this situation, for in the matter of Canada's representation at Washington Mr. Meighen carried his customary disinclination to discuss questions of foreign policy—a disinclination which, in spite of his success in London, was probably due to lack of confidence—to the extreme of refusing to make a single public statement. No one wants to see old mistakes needlessly raked up or old suspicions needlessly revived, but it would be so obviously against the public interest to allow a question of such vital importance to remain unsettled, that we hope the new government will take an early opportunity of issuing a statement.

THE situation in India seems to remain with no essential change, which amounts to saying that it is enigmatic. No analysis of the present state of affairs justifies any particular forecast. Probably our information is either too general or too local or simply prejudiced, but it may be of some use to indicate the factors which constitute the present unstable equilibrium. The most conspicuous factor is Mr. Gandhi and all he represents. The movement to which he belongs is essentially religious in character and receives its force from the fact that religion in the East is an irresistible force. The character of this religion is very flexible and may be either spiritual with a political colour (like the Anglo-Vedic type) or political with a spiritual tone (like the Swadeshi movement). In Mr. Gandhi's case we should suspect that religious fervour is combined with a passion for national welfare and liberty which is essentially good but not worldly enough. Refusal to co-operate with a foreign government is a form of passive resistance more easy to define than to manipulate; so far the plan seems to have served mainly to show how deeply this "foreign" government has entered into the life of the nation, and given it that power of realizing new ideals which is the actual source of the present discontents.

FOR those inside and outside India the situation is complicated by the activities of the other group, led by Mahommed and Shaukat Ali. This party shelters behind the spiritual leadership of Gandhi, hoping that emotions stirred up for one end may be utilized for others. Obviously this alliance is an uncertain quantity, but probably the trial and conviction of the Ali brothers will have the effect of saving them from the discredit which they were bringing on the whole cause. India is still far from having a united national consciousness, and only the most devoted unselfish leadership can hold together its antagonistic elements. At present the superior personality of Gandhi loses more than it gains by his political associations. This fact does not materially lessen the danger of unregulated violence, but it certainly suggests that all real progress is centred upon the lines of advance which the British government has itself laid down. The events connected with the Prince's tour are significant. It has been possible to foster anti-British demonstrations up to a certain point, but clearly the semi-religious quality of the "day of mourning" has not been appreciated at more than its symbolic value. In fact the leaders who present Gandhi as a "reincarnation" seem to lack exactly that sense for reality which has led the people to see that a Prince's visit is by all historical precedents a most excellent excuse for a holiday. Among the factors which count to steady Indian life there remain three which are too often overlooked—the British rule, the native States, and the commonsense of a large majority who buy, sell and make merry. Those who would be optimistic without being foolish must look to this complex system for security against the dangers of a growth which is artificially stimulated.

A CONVENTION of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held in Toronto in the last week of the old year. Various factors contributed to make it unusually successful. For one thing it brought many Canadians back to their old haunts. Moreover, the unique value of Hart House as a focus of intellectual life was demonstrated as never before. And for some reason the popular imagination was touched, so that the Convention probably meant more to Canada than it was intended to mean. This was most clearly evidenced by the interest attending the chief single event of the Convention, Professor William Bateson's address on "Evolutionary Faith and Modern Doubt." The lecturer reviewed the progress of biological inquiries concerning evolution since the 'eighties of the last century, and showed how scientists had turned from morphology and embryology to the study of variations and heredity with striking results. The phenomena of Mendelism came to light, and through the work of Morgan and his colleagues the direct association of transmissible characters with particular chromosomes in the germ cells has been demonstrated. But again hope has been deferred, and it is not yet possible to say how species arise. We still await the production of indubitably sterile hybrids from fertile parents of common origin. As to the origin of positively new ingredients in any race, analysis has shown that the plausible cases cannot so be interpreted, for the supposedly new creations were already present hidden in the parents. "Faced with these very frank considerations, which have led us to agnosticism, the enemies of science may see their chance, and offer us the old solution, that of obscurantism. But," said Professor Bateson, "the obscurantist has nothing to suggest which is worthy of a moment's attention. We proclaim our faith in evolution unshaken. Our difficulties are professional; I might almost say domestic. Through the work of recent years rational discussion of problems has become possible on a basis of accepted fact, and that synthesis will follow upon analysis we cannot doubt."

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The Power Problem in Ontario

WHEN the Ontario Legislature meets again in the course of five or six weeks, one of the important questions to which time and debate will undoubtedly be devoted is that growing out of the Hydro Power situation. From whatever angle it is viewed, legislative, financial, or political, the problems involved are complex. Controversy is likely to arise over the enormous expenditure on the Chippawa development. Such a mass of conflicting statements is appearing in the press, that the average citizen is now at a loss to know what to think of the project, which at first he was inclined to regard as entirely beneficial.

Until the Chippawa Canal scheme was begun, the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, acting for a group of municipalities, which entered into contracts with it, bought power at Niagara Falls and transmitted it to users. Any capital invested by the Commission was for the transmission system and for administrative purposes. It secured the power from the Ontario Power Company on a long-term contract, at a price of $9.00 per H.P. at the Falls. The municipalities which agreed to take this power undertook to pay rates sufficient to meet all costs, and to retire in a specified number of years the bonds floated to finance the system. Later during the war the Ontario Power Company was required by the Commission to make certain extensions so as to meet an increased demand, and for the additional power thus furnished the Company charged the Commission $12.00 per H.P. at the Falls. Even after the Hydro-Electric Power Commission took over the Ontario Power Company by the acquisition of a majority of its stock, these rates continued; so that the price of $9.00 for the larger amount and $12.00 for the smaller still prevailed.

When the Hydro-Electric Power Commission proposed to the Ontario Legislature that the Province undertake the development of power on a large scale, it submitted plans for the Chippawa Canal project. At this time the published estimate for their great undertaking was $10,500,000. Shortly afterwards this was raised to $15,000,000. As the work progressed the Commission decided to increase the generating capacity of the canal from a 100,000 H.P. to 500,000 H.P.. The cost began to mount rapidly, the public paying little attention to the fact that from $15,000,000 the expenditure grew to $25,000,000, then to $35,000,000, and then to $50,000,000. A conservative estimate now places the total cost, with transmission lines, at $80,000,000.

The difference between the Province as a purchaser and transmitter of power, and as a generator and transmitter under the Chippawa scheme, is striking in several respects. For instance, in the latter case the Province has advanced the money

and stands as guarantor for the interest (already amounting to about $4,000,000), which has to be paid in the form of a capital expenditure, since there are no earnings to meet it. Moreover, the municipalities which have entered into agreements to take power from Chippawa are not obliged, under existing legislation, to pay back this money in any fixed number of years. The Act says that the rate to be charged shall repay the investment, but does not fix the term of years. It can easily be seen, therefore, that the Province as a whole is directly responsible for this great liability.

Since the cost of the work amounts to several times the earlier estimates another serious problem has arisen. The total capital expenditure is such that the cost per H.P. at the generating plant is estimated to be not less than $20.00. The Commission has stated that it intends to scrap the Ontario Power Plant, from which it now gets power at a low price, in order to use the water for the Chippawa development. By equalizing in some form the $9.00 and $12.00 and $20.00 costs, it hopes to furnish the new power at about $16.00 per H.P.. What the cost will actually be cannot be determined precisely, but two questions are seriously being asked. First, will the new power be marketable at a rate sufficient to cover interest and amortization charges? Secondly, where will a market be found for it?

An additional consideration lies in the fact that the amount required for development work this year has greatly exceeded the sum voted by the Legislature in the last Session. While the present legislation provides that the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council (which in practice is the Cabinet) may advance monies for Hydro purposes in excess of amounts voted by the Legislature, this method of handling public funds is considered by critics of the legislation a dangerous departure from established democratic principles. There is no doubt that attacks will be made upon these expenditures when the Legislature meets, especially since it is remembered that the total debt of Ontario has grown since 1908 from about $25,000,000 to about $165,000,000.

If there were a market ready and waiting for all the power which the Chippawa is expected to develop, the financial problem would appear more simple. But since the present effective demand of the province is fairly well met by the present supply, and since the new power will cost a good deal more than that now used, the ingenuity of the Administration is likely to be considerably exercised in finding a satisfactory solution. The Province stands committed for the capital and for the interest. It is true that the municipalities in the Niagara zone have agreed to pay a price to cover all costs, but, if that price is found to be higher than the price of power produced otherwise, it may be difficult to dispose of the whole supply which the canal is capable of generating.

A careful analysis of the situation, financial, administrative, and political, suggests that important changes in existing Hydro legislation may be made. There are three main courses which are likely to be considered. It must be remembered that until now the conduct of Hydro development and administration has been entirely in the hands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission appointed by the Ontario Government; that this Commission is responsible, not to a particular Minister, but to the Legislature in general; that legislation requiring the Commission to submit annual statements of estimates and disbursements to the Legislature in Session has not been carefully observed; and further, that while the Province has provided the money necessary for the Chippawa development, it has entered into a somewhat indefinite agreement with a number of municipalities, under which they will repay the money so advanced. As a result of the experience gained under these conditions an insistent demand has arisen for a Department of Power, in charge of a responsible Minister directly answerable to the Legislature. From other quarters has come the proposal that the group of municipalities in the southern and western part of Ontario, for whose benefit chiefly the work was undertaken, should assume the Chippawa project with all the provincial commitments on its account, and administer it together with the present Hydro systems as a strictly municipal enterprise. There is still another group which contends that the best interests of the Province will be served by allowing the Commission to function as at present, but with reduced powers.

To turn over the Hydro to a group of municipalities seems at first glance a ready means of extricating the Province from a situation that is not easy. However, since the Province is guarantor for the bonds, no transfer of its indebtedness to a group of municipalities could relieve it from the liability involved in the guarantee, unless the bond-holders agreed to the transfer. The holders of the bonds are not likely to consent to any arrangement which might tend to reduce the value of their holdings. Again, it may be doubted whether the Niagara municipalities would attempt to absorb eighty or ninety millions of bonded debt. If they did assume it, issuing their own debentures as collateral security, they would find it so much the more difficult to float other bonds for necessary municipal improvements.

Were a Department of Power established, the whole cost of the Chippawa might be treated as a part of the provincial debt. The administration of the Hydro system might still be under the Hydro-Electric Power Commission; but all advances for development, at Niagara Falls, and elsewhere, as well as all payments for sinking fund and interest, would come through the Minister of Power. The Government would be assured of effective super-

vision of this project, for which it must assume ultimate responsibility, and the Province would be placed in a position to write off, if necessary, some of the heavy capital cost of the Chippawa development, so that Hydro power could be made available over an extended field.

It is possible that to set up a Department of Power would be to create cumbersome and unnecessary machinery—that our legislators would be well advised to disturb the present system as little as possible. The Legislature is at any rate responsible for all expenditure on this account, and must govern itself accordingly. At present the Commission is empowered to make expenditures from the General Fund "without regard to the special trusts or purposes under which the same or any part thereof may come into its hands." Such wide powers are, to say the least, exceptional under responsible government. Whatever steps may be taken to modify the existing arrangements a first care should be the maintenance of effective control by the Legislature, so long as the Province stands guarantor for the repayment of the funds employed.

A Challenge To Education

ONE permanent feature of modern public opinion is criticism of schools and universities. This is in itself entirely healthy, but it seldom finds any clear or helpful expression. Criticism is inarticulate for lack of exact meaning in the terms employed, and of clearness in the aims and product of education. The terms, aims, and products of other industries are definite and realizable. They must be, or the industry could not go on. The products are subject to the sharp test of the market and of use: do they work? do they sell? With education there is no such clearness. The question, What is education? brings many and confusing answers. A common and serious answer is that it is a preparation for life. But so far from being an answer at all, this simply begs a whole series of questions covering the infinite variety of the actualities and possibilities of life.

Usually the criticism is a helpless grumble, and the answer a half-hearted and muddy apology. We cannot avoid judging by our own experience, out of which we have developed our own ideals. We may attain a balanced appreciation: but our judgment may be clouded by over-confidence in, or uneasiness about, the success of our own education. We often hear men we know to be incurably dull called "brilliant," just because other admirable qualities have won them a certain degree, which (as Stephen Leacock says) may mean that "henceforth no new ideas can be imparted to them". On the other hand we hear sometimes "I never had an education, and look at me!" said with a pugnacity due partly to the obvious prosperity of the speaker, partly to a defensive consciousness of something lacking in himself, but partly also to an unformed criticism that education of the ordinary sort does not 'deliver the goods'.

All criticism is worth study of its origin and bearings especially with a subject like education, which aims both to reflect and to re-create public opinion in the public service. For education is in the apparently paradoxical position of being an instrument both of change and of tradition—at once a training in active thinking and a perpetuation of fixed ideas, In the harmonising of these for the best interests of individual and social development, in the estimating of their comparative values in detail, lies the whole perplexing problem of the curriculum. Any thoughtful suggestion of a clear test by which its methods and product can be judged deserves the most serious consideration.

One such occasion has recently arisen. The Weekly Bulletin of the Commercial Intelligence Service of the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa prints in its issue of October the tenth a letter from Mr. Foran, Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, which with the covering article by Mr. Pousette, the Director of the C.I.S., makes a direct appeal to educational authorities and a direct challenge to education.

Mr. Foran states that "the results of the competition held recently for the position of Junior Trade Commissioner . . .have been disappointing . . . . Only 69 took the written examination . . . . The greatest disappointment however lies in the remarkably small number who qualified as eligible for appointment. Only sufficient were secured to fill the four vacancies, whereas it had been hoped to establish an eligible list . . . . The written papers displayed a very low average of general knowledge . . . . . The examination was confined to a test of general knowledge such as any man between the ages of 21 and 30, with the equivalent of a university degree and some experience in business, should possess: in short, such knowledge of Canadian trade and commerce, exports and imports, exchange and business as the intelligent man who keeps closely in touch with current events and news acquires without effort, and such matters as might arise in daily discussion and are treated almost daily by the press, with such information on Canadian manufactures and products as should be within the ken of any young man who has passed through high school . . . . Can it be that our universities and other educational bodies are limiting their efforts to turning out men trained for the one profession or occupation only. . . . with minds unaccustomed to absorb general knowledge? Or is it that the Canadian, on the so-called com-

pletion of his education, once entered into business . . . . does not interest himself in anything else? . . . . It is evident that in the higher education little attention is paid to affairs of Canadian trade and commerce, or to encouraging the acquisition of general knowledge of the outside world."

Mr. Pousette gives an account of the nature and possibilities of what is practically a new profession, and shows that the career of Trade Commissioner should be very attractive to many a man of ability, whose interest lies in the technique of trade and commerce. In describing the way into the profession, he gives incidentally the main answers to Mr. Foran. "The successful candidate on being admitted into the service, enters as a Junior Trade Commissioner, on probation, the office of the Director of the Commercial Intelligence Service, for a period of preliminary training which may be extended up to two years." This is the prentice period of his training. It has the specific function of such periods in all forms of professional education, the practice of technique. Mr. Foran's letter takes as the typical candidate a man of college and business experience. It must be noted in passing that his lower age limit would make anything like thorough experience in these fields unlikely—it would be safer to say "between 25 and 30." If, however, that experience has been good and he has made good use of it, he will quickly master the intricacies of his chosen profession: for he will bring to this last period of his "preliminary training" a previous general interest, a trained intelligence, a mind confirmed in receptivity and orderliness. He still has ahead of him, if he prove an adaptable novice," further training and experience under a Trade Commissioner" in "one of the offices abroad".

We have here what would be, if all the parts were of equal excellence, an ideal training for a highly specialized profession. The complaint is that school and college do not do their part in providing "that general knowledge so necessary to success in the commercial world". The last five words make only one of a score of qualifications defining the kind of general knowledge expected of schools and colleges. Faced with the mounting mass of knowledge, with the increasing requirements of each profession, education looks forward to a re-integration of the curriculum instead of to a multiplication of subjects. And the sum of all the qualifications attached to the phrase 'general knowledge' would run, 'so necessary to life'. To work this out in detail is the greatest problem of educational statesmanship. For it is the function of education to hand on quickly and securely a practicable acquaintance with the results of long experience—a process made possible by the organization of knowledge: that is, according to the strictly literal meaning of the word 'organized', in the form of 'instruments' made available for the work and play, for the interests physical, mental, and moral—not of any one profession, however important—but of a whole well-rounded life. Such an education will give the best foundation for the special training required by any particular profession.

But we are at present in a transition stage. The so-called 'special' subjects are still newcomers in the educational field, and their relation to the old-established subjects is still far from clear, though much thought and experiment is being devoted to it. It takes many forms. In one, it is the bridging of the gap between school and life for those who leave at 14-16 for agricultural, industrial, or commercial occupations. In another, it is the previous preparation demanded by the various professions for the successful pursuit of their specific training. They all point to what has been called above a re-integration of the curriculum, which will provide the quickest and most fruitful development of individual capacity. By such a re-grading of subjects and students, the precious time and energy of youth can be protected from waste, and the specialization of the professions protected from narrowness. The student will have a richer choice of interest whether he carries on his education or not (and the continuation schools will see that he has the chance): while, (following the history of the apprenticeship system to its logical conclusion) the prentice period will be greatly shortened. Thus the whole educational problem will be reduced to manageable proportions.

This, however, is looking far ahead. Meantime it is interesting to watch the confusion surrounding the idea of 'general knowledge', which shows every variety from the rag-bag to the prospective specialist. It is to this latter class that the papers printed in Mr. Pousette's article belong. The questions are general only within a narrow field. Most of them, if they are to be answered with any fullness and accuracy—the only kind of answer worth while—should be put to a student in a university School of Commerce, or better still, to the prentice at an early stage of his "preliminary training" in the Director's office. The kind of curriculum forecasted in the last paragraph would undoubtedly help the Civil Service over their very real difficulty; but rather by providing candidates with a more effective mental habit, than with the information they will very quickly acquire in their prentice period.

J. A. DALE

Real Gold and Fairy Gold

GOLD was the 'governor' of our pre-war economic mechanism. It regulated the issue of notes and the expansion of credits; it gave a standard in which to express and to reckon all 'promises to pay'; it facilitated the exchange of goods between countries as well as between individuals,

and in the former case furnished an automatic and most delicate means for the cancellation of balances and the maintenance of the parities of exchange.

Gold has ceased to be the governor of our post-war system—or rather lack of system, for no alternative method of control has been devised. From the international standpoint, economic anarchy prevails. What meaning can we attach to-day to the franc or the mark or the pound or even the Canadian dollar? It is not a meaning in terms of gold, since they cannot be exchanged for gold. It is not a meaning in terms of goods, since their purchasing power fluctuates widely. And it is certainly not a meaning in terms of one another, since, for example, many more marks go to the pound to-day than a year ago, and again the premium on the American dollar in Canada has, at the time of writing, fallen from eighteen to less than seven per cent..

It is here, in the intrinsic meaninglessness and consequent variability of the counters of international exchange, that the greatest obstacle to economic restoration lies. For it renders the trade between countries a hazardous speculation. Hence, in the countries which, like Canada and the States, have a ready exportable surplus, the closing of factories and serious unemployment; hence, in the countries which, like Germany, cannot import the raw materials they need, a still further reduction of the standards of living.

There may be other 'governors' than gold. It is not inconceivable that a better governor may be devised. But the curious fact of the present situation is that gold is valued and sought for services it no longer performs. Gold is no longer real gold, it is a mere metal wearing a glamour reflected from the past, it is almost a myth. It is credited with the magical properties it has lost. Nearly every country has been raising its tariff barriers. How then can creditor countries receive payment except in gold, functionless gold, fairy gold? If they maintained their exports what could they receive in return except gold or promises to pay gold? So the United States as world creditor has crammed into its vaults great new stores of gold which for all the service rendered might as well be lead, while its unemployed vastly outnumber those of Central Europe, which has no gold left to buy what it so sorely needs and what the United States would gladly sell—for more gold.

In this topsy-turvy world the greatest absurdity is that the reparations themselves, more than anything else, prevent the repair of the broken system and the restoration of prosperity. According to the latest, but by no means the last, reparation settlement Germany has to pay annually to her creditors, apart from the normal balance of exports and imports, something like thirty-five billion *gold* marks. She has a total stock of about seven billion gold marks in actual gold reserves, and her creditors by tariff restrictions and patriotic appeals make it as hard as possible for her to export goods. They want fairy gold instead. Every attempt Germany makes to pay reduces the value of the mark, further upsets the exchanges, further disturbs trade, and brings nearer an impending bankruptcy which will grievously hurt all countries that live by trade. In passing, it is interesting to observe that usually the French franc falls 'in sympathy' with the German mark.

Mr. Keynes has shown clearly, in a recent series of articles in the London *Sunday Times* (August and September, 1921), that Germany could pay the amount fixed by the existing 'settlement' only if she exported twice as much as at present without increasing her imports at all, and that this would involve an average tax per head of fifty per cent. of her present income per head, which he reckons, following the report of the Brussels Conference, as equivalent to the purchasing power of five shillings a week in England. It is an easy task for him to show that this is impossible. Practically all economists agree with him on this point.

So the thirty-five billion gold marks per annum are fairy gold, political gold. It is surely time the nations gave up pursuing this will-o'-the-wisp into the marshes of bankruptcy and unemployment. We must think realistically, in terms of economics and not of politics. We must think in terms of welfare and not of dominion, in terms of peace and not of war. The Washington Conference suggests the hope that the economic illusions of war are beginning to wane. As for the peace of the world, one gesture of generosity may do more to save France from the menace of war than ten capital ships. But if we continue to be ruled by fears and hatreds that properly belong to the past, instead of by the hopes which alone the present can sustain, we shall simply be destroying, beside these other destructions, the only reparation which the fates allow.

R. M. MacIver

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Elections

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:—

In the first of your editorial paragraphs in the December issue you conclude that the result of the recent elections does not accurately reflect the judg-

ment of the people. One cannot disagree with this conclusion. In the same sentence you state that the campaign was conducted on a distinctly higher plane, particularly in its comparative freedom from racial animosities.

One is rejoiced to hear that, especially if one resides in Quebec, where the "solid sixty-five" gained their seats by riding on the crest of a discreetly engineered wave of racial and religious animosity. It does strengthen one's faith in human nature and one's hope of a better day to hear that that which was so characteristic of the campaign in Quebec has not been noticeably important in the country as a whole.

Nevertheless, one desires that the rest of the country should not assume that the same magnaminity as characterizes its attitude on national issues is to be found in Quebec. Such easy-going generalities as the one referred to above in your editorial might easily lead to such a conclusion. Let it be known, in all honesty, that racial and religious bias have been of prime importance in deciding the verdict of Quebec.

One does not desire the country to divide on any such lines as these. But the fact is indubitable that one great part of it has already done so. Nor is it to be excused on the flimsy pretext that it is simply retaliating for the attitude adopted toward it by all the rest of the country on the conscription issue. That issue was truly a national one. And the country had a right to demand acquiescence in national service, or to express its opinion of those who refused it. The country will not go back on that judgment either, no matter how hard the refractory element may retaliate. There is no Canadian worth the name who does not believe that in 1917 it was justly a case of fight or take the consequences.

Conservative, Liberal, Progressive—these are names that denote parties alike in one respect, namely, that they are based on ideals of freedom, democracy and progress. They differ only in their convictions concerning the best methods of realizing them. Whoever will not admit this is a blind and conceited partisan.

Now no one who believes in these great fundamentals, as I am sure you do, has any right to allow his particular theory of the way to attain them, to blind him to the significance of the fact that there is a party in Canada to-day, mask itself temporarily under one of the above three banners though it may, which is inimical to these basic principles of Canadian national life. One hopes that you, who have been so ready to criticize those who disagreed with you on policy, will not side-step an encounter with those who disagree with you on principle. And one may be confident, I hope, that your devotion to your particular theories for realizing freedom, democracy and progress, will not lead you or the party for which you so obviously speak, into the error of betraying the cause of those who *fought* and *died* for these principles, while others flatly refused to sacrifice anything for them. Unity, my dear Mr. Editor, is undoubtedly the ideal for which we must strive. But before we can ever achieve it we must first fight out the battle which will decide what kind of unity it is going to be.

Yours, etc.,

WM. C. GRAHAM.

261 Hampton Ave.,
N.D.G.
23/12/21.

Authors and Artists

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:—

As a Canadian writer may I ask the privilege of meeting Mr. Barker Fairley's article on "Authors and Artists" in your December number with another point of view? I pass by his main contention that in the inauguration of a Canadian Book Week the Authors' Association "has made a shockingly bad start" as dealing with a question of method of which there is too much to be said to go into the space of a letter. I should like, however, to speak of his objection that no Canadian book expresses the strength and character of the Canadian people as the great living writers of England and France express their countries.

Of course no Canadian book does anything of the kind, nor is such expression possible. A literature is the product not of an individual but of a life. Only a highly developed national life can give birth to a highly developed novel, history, play, poem, or periodical. THE CANADIAN FORUM cannot, for many generations, hope to rival *The Spectator* or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That goes without saying. At the same time THE CANADIAN FORUM does its best to represent Canadian opinion, and thinks the effort worth while.

In other words an infant country can put forth only an infant life, and an infant life only an infant literature. No more than THE CANADIAN FORUM itself can the Canadian poem or novel be stronger than the strength of its country. It is a baby thing, and pretends to be nothing but a baby thing, floundering between the English and American book-markets, as Mr. Fairley justly says, like any other child between its parents. Its value is not in achievement, but in promise, which is precisely the value of all Canada. I have known many Englishmen who made it a reproach to the Dominion that it had not the rich and tapestried social life of London. It has not such a life, and will probably not have such a life for some hundreds of years. At the same time it is not impossible that when such a life has been developed the life of the London of the epoch will have sunk to the level of, let us say, that of the Asia Minor of to-day.

In other words again, a baby can be nothing but a baby; but if you never have a baby you will never have a man. There are people who hate babies; there are others who starve and beat them; but I have never heard that it is among either of these classes that we look for helpers of their countries. Personally, were I limited to a single choice, I would rather read THE CANADIAN FORUM than *The London Mercury* or the *Revue Bleue*, just as I would rather live in the rawest spring than in the most glorious October. In the words of the New Testament "that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away", whereas THE CANADIAN FORUM, with the literary spirit which puts it forth, is a new shoot into the future.

That Canada should have a full grown literature is out of the question, seeing that even now Canada is only struggling toward a corporate national life. Any man in the sixties can easily remember a time when there was no such life at all, nor any Canada whatever in our present sense. The societies which produced *The Dynasts*, *The Everlasting Mercy*, and *L'Orme du Mail*, were two thousand years in the making. It took them a thousand years to create a single masterpiece. We cannot compete with them, of course; but it is surely to our credit that in less than two generations we have produced a few modest poems, a few modest novels, and a CANADIAN FORUM, as a start. Unless we are permitted to make a start, with a start's crudities, we shall never go on to a finish. Unless we allow the baby to grow in its own home without being kicked we shall never raise it to maturity.

Yours, etc.,

BASIL KING.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

[My quarrel with Book Week remains, but who could quarrel with Mr. Basil King? B. F.]

Advertising Religion

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM

Sir:—

Good citizens of Toronto, who have not quite made up their minds where to worship on Sundays, can appeal for advice to the religious bargain display which they can examine at leisure in the Saturday editions of the evening newspapers. We are not quite certain how far true spirituality can be measured with a foot-rule, but if this is possible, the anxious enquirer has only to measure the larger advertisements, rapidly calculate the areas in square inches, and then choose the very biggest as his destination for the morrow. It is true that this week the issue was simplified by the visit of Judge Rutherford, whose advertisement occupied one whole page in the evening paper. Judge Rutherford has apparently spent some years in "telling the world", and on this occasion he was to tell Toronto, that "millions of people now living will never die." The subject is a serious one, and the portrait of the lecturer awakens curiosity, for his head is as large as the whole of the rest of his body. At first sight we were inclined to imagine that it might be a caricature, but in an advertisement of a religious lecture caricature is obviously out of place, and we must therefore be content to believe that here we have a true portrait of this popular evangelist. We were however discouraged from attending the lecture by the information that at the New York Hippodrome 10,000 were turned away, and that "no halls in Europe were found adequate for the multitudes that came to hear."

But even without this "feature" there is much to appeal to the curious, though some of the attractions of former years have disappeared. The evening services at one of our Toronto churches were at one time diversified by the singing of Plantation Melodies and after-service lectures on the Grand Cañon of Arizona and kindred subjects; but the minister has now left the pulpit for the moving-picture profession, and these old attractions have apparently been discontinued. One may still, however, take advantage of the Twentieth Plane Meetings, where Martin Luther and other world-famous figures deliver trance addresses through a local medium, who apparently has considerable success in engaging them early enough to advertise their appearance in the Saturday evening newspaper columns. The last Saturday evening paper to hand informs us that Abraham Lincoln is to deliver an address on "The Spiritual Significance of the Disarmament Conference at Washington."

As we scan this curious medley of advertisements, we cannot help asking what has become of the old-fashioned Christianity of our fathers. One can imagine a council of modern Church Trustees meeting to discuss the problems of their place of worship and deciding that what Christianity needs nowadays is "more pep"! Symbolical of the times is a notice posted outside a little church in California, which reads: "Go to it! even an electric button won't work unless you push." Indeed the success which attends such temperamental evangelists as Billy Sunday and J. R. Straton proves conclusively that sensationalism, extravagance, vulgarity, and sentimentalism have won the day. The church which once proudly took its stand upon the Gospel must now add social amusements and light refreshments to its outworn attractions, and the citizens of Toronto are invited to season their religion with turkey dinners and pumpkin pie.[1]

After this, what is the use of asking why people do not go to church? Cannot the ministers whose

[1] The writer has actually seen advertisements of these attractions outside churches in Toronto: he dreads to see at any moment a church door disfigured by the word, EATS.

churches are advertised in the Saturday papers realise the disgust that many readers must feel at such methods? Why is one advertisement larger than another? Is it because the Rev. Jones' brand of religion is superior to that of the Rev. Smith? And why is the musical programme so carefully "featured", with the name of the soloist printed sometimes in larger type than that of the minister? Can the soloist succeed where the minister fails? If the people of Toronto need a church directory, it would surely be easy to print the names, denominations, and whereabouts of the city churches, and also the names of the ministers: but the ostentatious parade of sensational sermon topics, especially when these sermons deal (as they sometimes do) with some unfortunate bank-teller who has embezzled money, or some criminal who is to be hanged during the week, is more likely to disgust than attract those who feel that Christianity is something too precious to be exploited.

Yours etc.,

Toronto. W. D. W.

[We regret that lack of space forced us to hold back this letter. Ed.]

Creative Evolution

IT is now many centuries since the last great original religious genius died. To-day spiritual men have to be content to follow tradition, or second-rate leaders, or their own dim light. The overgrowth of custom and false and worldly doctrine, combined with the inevitable tendency to compromise which brings a great ideal within the reach of small minds, has obscured the light of the old religions; the great masters of the spirit have become figures in men's minds which would often be recognized with difficulty by their contemporaries.

During the last two generations men have been very rapidly learning to criticize their own religious beliefs. Countless men and women find themselves detached from the beliefs of their grandfathers. Probably most remain satisfied with this detachment; but strenuous-minded people think positively as well as negatively, and in some way or other a new religious attitude develops. In recent literature this theme has been dealt with by Johan Bojer in *The Great Hunger*, by H. G. Wells in *Mr. Britling sees it through* and other novels, and most brilliantly by Bernard Shaw in *Back to Methuselah*. All these writers presupposed the need of a new religious point of view, and the first two can be sure of a certain popularity because they try to put their message into a formula. Far harder is the doctrine of Shaw.

It is characteristic of all organised religion that it tends to replace the severe doctrine of the master by the soft options of the church. Buddha teaches the severest self-reliance. The individual is his own saviour; he can hope for nothing which he does not win for himself; he must forgive himself if he is to be forgiven at all; he must within his own mind find the sanctions for all he does. He can fall back upon no prayer, no sacrament, no priest, no god. But Buddhism has relaxed this intensely difficult discipline and has made room for ritual, perfunctory lip-service, and an easy-going life. Very much the same is true of the relation between the modern churches and Christ. Christ expected a very few disciples; the churches find in numbers an easy source of self-congratulation. Christ warned men against over-valuing the very customs which now are regarded as essentials by various groups of Christians: formal prayer and fasting, the special consecration of time and place, outward and visible piety. He preached a doctrine of peace which the churches explain away with nothing short of daring impiety. He saw the eternal conflict between God and mammon, the inevitable clash between the spirit and riches where no compromise is possible; the churches are concerned as much with finance as with holiness, and dare not say with emphasis and conviction "How hard it is for those who trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom".

Those who are looking round for spiritual strength look for something at least as severe as what Christ and Buddha taught. It is possible to find very nearly all that we crave by going back sincerely to the original teaching. But it is right to feel that the new point of view must not reject anything truly spiritual which has enlightened the world hitherto. It must reconcile with the humane charity of Christ the stern individualistic discipline of Buddha. Nor must it fail to take into account all the knowledge of the workings of life which the last hundred years have brought to us. The biology and psychology of ordinary living beings must be reckoned with, as well as the remarkable spiritual experiences of the masters. And, since our knowledge of life is growing fast, both in our own experience and in the accumulated experience of mankind, it follows that this religion will be an attitude rather than a creed, and that it will be forever discarding yesterday's forms, breaking its shell and expressing itself anew.

This notion of religion is, of course, very much in the air. The influence of three English-speaking writers, Samuel Butler, Bernard Shaw, and William James, is all in this direction. Nietzsche and Bergson urge men along the same path. The appeal which all these make is to the most energetic personal life, to a life willing to break through what is expected of it, to rise above itself, to risk all for the sake of a more abundant life. Energy has created new species in the world of living things, and it is individual human energy which can, if it will, revolutionize the human race. Bernard Shaw, throughout his plays, shows

that the spontaneity of human life is again and again held up, choked, killed, by convention, tradition, and cowardice. Originality and virtue are destroyed by the fear of being a freak or prig, and everywhere initiative is repressed by the too rigid bonds of social life. If man is to rise above himself, the cramping influences of wealth as well as poverty, of arbitrary custom, and of the audacious tyranny of each generation upon the next must be removed. Any attempt to level spiritual life seems to be dangerous to that free growth which may in the most unexpected corners of the world lead to a great step forward for all mankind. With new conviction men of our own day can say: "The wind blows where it chooses and you hear its sound, but you do not know where it comes from or where it is going. So is it with every one who has been born of the Spirit." If the twentieth century expresses its characteristic religious aspiration in a creed it will say: "I believe in life and the boundless possibilities of life, and an unknown future which I am creating."

With such a creed the spirit of man is active and alert and happy. He can look back with pity on the religious man who saw in doubt or unbelief the only alternative to orthodoxy. He has a faith as inspiring as any ever held, though certainly not always as easy.

For with this faith it seems that we must do without a master. The pioneering spirit of adventure is not compatible with the spirit of discipleship. Comradeship there may be, but on the whole the path to life is straight and narrow and it is no arbitrary divine decree that makes the broad road lead downward. The self-respect and mutual respect which are the ideals of democracy are characteristic of the new religion also, and in neither is there much place left for hero-worship. Already grown men realize that it belongs to the adolescent period in a healthy development. But if discipleship must be one of the ideals which we outgrow, it does not follow that each learns solely from his own experience. The rich spiritual experience of all ages and countries is open to us, and he who has, without discipleship, studied the life and teaching of Buddha and Confucius as well as of Christ has still less excuse for his worldliness and pettiness than he who is the disciple of Christ. At every turn the new point of view is harder in its demands than the old, and all the comforts and assurances of orthodoxy have to be abandoned in favour of an incessant, unformulated, unprecedented choice between spiritual and non-spiritual.

Practically it comes to something like this. We live the greater part of our lives following occupations largely determined for us by the custom of the age and country. Many of these customs do not matter one way or the other. The length of our hair, the growing of our beards, the cut of our clothes may be dismissed from our minds; though all these appear very important to some people. The general effect of custom is to oil the wheels of life, to make the routine easy, to relieve us of responsibility and to discourage idiosyncrasy. This is all very well so long as vital things are not touched. But everyone knows that they are as much involved as the details of routine. For example, look at the spending of our time and our money, two of the most important questions in the conduct of life. Custom does not like you to be as spiritually-minded on Monday as on Sunday; it does not like you to "stand and stare" with the poets when there is work to be done; it is quick to condemn as wastrel the man who travels rather than protect himself against the possible privations of old age; it is quick to stigmatize as quixotic trouble and time and energy spent in what men believe in and love. Any originality in the spending of time and money meets with the kind of rebuke given by Mary and Joseph to Jesus in the Temple and by the disciples to Mary Magdelene as she poured out her precious ointment, and to Mary the sister of Lazarus as she sat and listened to Jesus. The backward pull of custom imposes a wholly unspiritual burden of conscience upon us. The notion of what is expected of us is alarmingly difficult to shake off. In all matters where responsibility is worth assuming, where the choice is not between one superficial habit or another, custom must be challenged again and again, and accepted or rejected on its own merits.

The unreliability of custom becomes evident when two habits of life come into direct contact: as for example the customs of two countries, or of two religions or religious sects, or of two universities or even of two families. The wise man carries these customs very lightly, and reminds himself of the battle between the Big-Endians and the Little-Endians in Swift's satire. The unceasing responsibility to hold himself free from any tradition whenever spiritual values are at stake makes him so detached that he can laugh at narrowness and act fearlessly when necessary. It is perhaps strange that no great teacher has yet shown the place of laughter in the good life; perhaps it is because they all believe so passionately in their own doctrine that they say "Follow me", whereas the way of laughter is the way of detachment and originality. Bergson sees in laughter the wholesome corrective to the tendency in men to act like machines instead of like living beings; and certainly laughter is one of the first steps by which each generation can lead the next to detach itself and advance independently. If more of negative destructive criticism expressed itself in laughter, our positive spiritual progress would not need to be accompanied by sour faces or repressive regulations.

To the orthodox believer all this will seem vague and futile. But there is an inspiration in the notion

of an unguessed-at future, which is quite different from the hope of heaven or fear of hell. Life becomes and remains an adventure for the grown man as well as for the youth, for the race as well as for the individual, and ordinary people find an outlet for their creative impulses which no closely regulated system of ethics or religion can give. "I confess" writes William James, "that I do not see why the very existence of an invisible world may not in part depend on the personal response which any one of us may make to the religious appeal. God himself, in short, may draw vital strength and increase of very being from our fidelity . . . . . If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will . . . . . Be not afraid of life. Believe that life *is* worth living, and your belief will help create the fact."

MARGARET FAIRLEY

Poems

To the Moon, at 11.30 A.M.

Old inquisitive moon!
No wonder you shrink and shiver,
And scurry along, a thin, pale sliver
Over the bright October sky
That marvels to see you riding high
In the blue hot noon,
Inquisitive moon!

Why are you out so late?
The decent stars fled early,
When dawn-fingers, pink and pearly
Opened the gates of the shining east;
You might have followed them then, at least,
And slipped through the gate;
But you always did procrastinate,
And now—you're late!

You wanted to peep at the sun?
Yes, the nights are growing chilly
And the west wind whistles thin and shrilly,
Sweeping the frosty midnight air;
But remember, your work is to shine out there,
For shame! to run
After the sun!

I hope you'll be tired to-night,
For it looks like cloudless weather,
And you and the stars must shine together,
Shine your hardest and shine your best,
For there's never a chance of the smallest rest
Till to-morrow's light.
So perhaps it'll be a lesson to you
To stick to the work you are given to do,
And when it's finished, to go to your bed
And not be staying out late instead,
To peep at the sun!
These things aren't done!

The Healing of the Trees

The West has called my feet away
From places full of ease,
And I have room in the wide plains
To work as I may please;
But I am weary now for the East
And the healing of the trees.

The West has called my heart away,
I must be where dreamers go—
The men who fight with frost and sun—
The men who reap and sow—
Who live on the windy roof of the world
And watch the bright wheat grow.

The West has taken my heart and hands,
But eyes and ears are fain
To hear the poplars gossip
With the silver sudden rain,
And watch the silk of the cotton-woods
Float in the sun again—

And the green lace of the maple boughs
And the pines that snare the breeze—
Birch and sycamore, ash and elm—
Dear sisters all of these—
O, God be thanked who made the East
And the healing of the trees!

Timagami, 7 A.M.

Junko, woodpecker, humming-bird and chicadee,
Round my open tent they fly, calling to me scornfully,
"Hours and hours we've been abroad; surely, lying there, you've heard!"—
Junko, woodpecker, chicadee and humming-bird.

To Thomas Elizabeth, The First Grandchild

Elizabeth! Should you be Thomas—
As Nature may haply decree
In the works she sees fit to hide from us—
How fervent your welcome will be!
But since, in the last generation,
Heirs male were denied to our line
Though I greet you with loud acclamation,
Your name won't be mine!

If Nature, in mood ornamental,
Should fashion you into a maid,
Don't dream that will be detrimental,
I shall love you, so don't be afraid.

However, 'tis useless to guess you,
And if you're Elizabeth I'm
In hopes that perhaps I'll address you
As Thomas next time!

A Naval Ensign in St. Paul's Church*
May, 1919

A church lamp shines through me to-night;
(A year ago it was battle-light).

They talk to you here of heaven and hell;
(A year ago I was ripped by a shell).

And solemn anthems about me float;
(A year ago I tossed on a boat

While wicked shrapnel flew from the pier).
It's quiet and holy and peaceful here.

And around me I see there are brave, whole flags,
Hot bullets tore me to blackened rags;

And under me now is a tablet white,—
He died a year ago to-night.

Country Cream

Through the bush where the brown creek sings,
Under the shadows of leaves a-dream,
Up the road and the pasture field,
Over the orchard for country cream.

Stay by the gate at the top of the hill
And talk to the calves, their eyes like deer;
Stay where raspberries hang through the fence—
Time's no matter when summer's here!

Down the green hill, over the bridge—
Steady the pail with the country cream!—
Vanished the misty blue of the hills,
Hidden the wide lake's turquoise gleam.

Here, in purple alfalfa deep
Under the murmuring trees we lie,
Watching the sungold warbler flit
And the blue-bird flash like a winged sky.

Softly on swaying bough they sway—
Round green apple and long green plum,
Dreaming and waiting in sun and wind
Till dreams be over and fruiting come.

And we will rest while the hours slip by,
Rest and hope for our fruit of dream,
Till we must follow the trail again
Through the dim green wood with our country cream.

MILLICENT PAYNE.

*St. Paul's, Bloor St., Toronto.

Potted Music

THE gramophone has come to stay—of that there can be no two opinions. But probably few people realize what a profound change it is likely to make in the attitude of the public towards music generally. Up to a few years ago mechanical reproductions of music, though frequently attempted, were anything but successful, and were given little serious consideration by intelligent people. Now all that is changed. The gramophone bids fair to oust the pianoforte as the universal domestic instrument, and finished products of the highest art are brought within the reach of the loneliest farm-house—if the farmer chooses to invest in them, which he rarely does. The invention of the gramophone is commonly compared with the invention of printing, and one need scarcely enlarge on the prodigious changes wrought by the press.

Without doubt, the gramophone, like the 'movie', may become an excellent newspaper. I, for one, have taken great interest in reproductions of new works not to be heard except by those so fortunate as to live in such centres as London, Paris, or New York. Unfortunately the gramophone much more frequently becomes the most jaundiced kind of yellow journal. And, since it is a permanent institution, it is advisable to take stock of it, as it were, and to examine carefully its merits and its defects. If I lay particular stress on the latter, it is because I feel that the merits are quite sufficiently lauded in other quarters, while the defects are too often passed over.

First let us postulate a perfect instrument: let us accept the wildest eulogy of the most enthusiastic salesman, and ask ourselves merely if there be any drawback to mechanically reproduced (or, if you like, 'potted') music as such. Here we enter the realm of aesthetics, and have to deal with the innermost nature of the arts. For the artist, his art is a beloved but exacting mistress, and her conscientious servant abhors slovenly workmanship no less than dearth of ideas. His motto is: *du travail, encore du travail, et toujours du travail.* And his greatest pleasure is found in work well conceived and executed. In other words, for the artist, a work of art means primarily a personal achievement on the part of somebody.

To the layman, on the other hand, the arts are, for the most part, recreations. This is quite as it should be, but recreation is not necessarily passive. The non-professional connoisseur also appreciates the peculiar difficulties of the creator, and takes great pleasure in admiring the skill with which those difficulties are surmounted. Now it is just here that mechanically reproduced music may engender a false attitude of mind in the average man. It tends to make him a lazy listener. The elimination of the

personal factor is liable to give him the feeling—unconscious though it be—that art is rather a cheap thing. The 'tired business man' does not have to make even a physical effort; he stays in his easy-chair and the musical mountain comes to Mahommed. This is all very well, but unless Mahommed takes some pains to examine the mountain, and to understand its nature, he will find it considerably less stimulating than a good game of poker or billiards. Listening to music is not a mere passive recreation, and if it is made too easy, and the conditions under which it is heard too comfortable from both a physical and a mental point of view, the tired business man had better turn his attention elsewhere.

It is difficult to judge to what extent the gramophone may have discouraged individual effort among lovers of music, but if it should eventually take the place of the pianoforte in the home, there is no doubt that the gap between professional and amateur will grow wider, and thus the art become more and more commercialized—the personal aspect retreating farther and farther into the background. This tendency is already only too apparent in the universal worship of the 'star', and the lack of intimacy in the atmosphere of a very large concert hall. Stars there have always been and always will be, but a community which confines itself to star-gazing—to the admiration of the man of ten talents—and which fails to develop interest in the humbler efforts of the man of one talent, has not advanced very far on the road to a wholesome musical life.

You ask me if I suggest renewing the efforts of sister Sue at the piano, of mother at the harmonium, and brother Bill at the cornet, while father's fine baritone rounds off the whole performance? I do (provided I am not living in the next apartment), for this sort of thing, crude though it be, represents in its essence the right attitude to music, and in the end will prove more productive than listening to all the gramophones ever manufactured. On the other hand, the gramophone can bring into the household a better class of music than its members could otherwise become acquainted with, and, *provided that it stimulates and does not discourage individual effort*, will prove a boon and a blessing. In the schools it can be used for a similar purpose, though it is a deadly instrument in the hands of the type of man who regards 'musical appreciation' as a sort of moral duty. As I said before, the gramophone is best treated as a newspaper, but a literary review does not fill the place of literature.

Coming to the defects of the actual instruments of to-day, the most important, to my mind, is the limitation of records as to length. One never hears an extended movement in full without an irritating break in the middle to allow of a change of record. More frequently the movement is cut—an obvious violation of the intentions of the composer. No doubt this difficulty will, like so many others, be overcome in time, but in the meanwhile we must be on our guard against a too exclusive taste for the musical 'quick-lunch'.

I suppose few people realize how the gramophone affects concert programmes, especially those of artists visiting outside of the large centres. I don't know whether or not these artists have arrangements with the gramophone companies to sing or play a certain number of their recorded pieces on every programme, but they are certainly interested in royalties, and I for one have often been irritated at the way in which old chestnuts appear and reappear when I have been looking for something new. This, too, encourages a lazy habit of mind in the man who can take no pleasure in anything he has not heard before.

I have said nothing regarding the superficial faults of the instruments of the present day—their lack of real depth, and the incessant scraping. It will probably not be long before these defects are overcome: an article in the *Musical Times* for last July holds out great hopes. I speak of the gramophone as a factor in musical education, because I regard its function as primarily utilitarian. Whether used wisely or unwisely, it remains a machine. Art is a thing of flesh and blood, and the more machinery intervenes between artist and art-lover, the less can the product be called truly artistic. As an apostle of the Gospel of Beauty the gramophone is a good and faithful servant; as a thing of beauty in itself, it is questionable; as a mere labour-saving device, it is anathema.

ERNEST MACMILLAN.

Honesty is One Policy

ANNÉ was a pretty girl, and she knew it. So did Joe Whipley and two or three more, for Anne conquered with crisp brown hair, plump cheeks, and a darting eye.

Underneath her soft skin, seven devils of mischief fought with six generations of Puritan blood, and no man could tell which mood was on top at any given moment. Those who thought they knew, but did not, went away with burnt fingers. Joe Whipley, to my knowledge, was burnt fourteen times in two years, but he came back always, for he liked anything that challenged him.

Anne went to church in Calgary, which is on the yellow prairie at the foot of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. From American Hill, where the big houses are, you can see the peaks stretched out on the horizon like the teeth of a saw.

Mrs. Babbitt, Anne's mother, was an English lady from Kent, and she knew the value of place. Her father was American, and he knew the value of a place with money in it. Therefore they threw Anne in the way of Smith Gosson.

Smith Gosson was a self-made man from the East, very honest, very high-minded, and very well placed. Back in Toronto, he did things in a large way with Pork, or Iron—I forget which—at any rate with something very useful to Mankind and very profitable to himself. He came west to organize Temperance, or it may have been Missions—at any rate something much to the benefit of all Mankind. He was a tall man with a big jaw and a passion for work. There was no cant about him. He knew the world and he meant to reform it, but he made no effort to be agreeable in the doing of it—his honesty forbade. "I do what I think is right and I let the world howl," he often said. The people who disliked him—and they were many—said that he had come to rate his own work mainly by the howl it raised; and that, unless the howl were in his ears, he had no rest.

Anne found him difficult to talk to, for his outlook was so far-sighted. His thoughts focussed on Mankind, while Anne could talk only of people—which is quite a different thing, and much pleasanter on hot afternoons in July. Still, he was extremely high-minded and Anne was a good girl and she was led to believe that it was right to like Smith Gosson. So she laid herself out to be a little more than nice to him—and she was a very sweet girl when she willed it.

To escape the heat, the Babbitts went into the mountains in August, and took rooms at the Chalet Lake Louise. Smith Gosson was invited to go with them because Anne's parents had selected him for a son-in-law. They had all but told him their wishes, and he himself realised that it was time he married. A man has duties to his country, he reflected, which can only be discharged through marriage.

Whipley, who had selected himself, came along too. He was a good-hearted lad, and handsome, but without place, prospects, or connections. He did not reflect on his own morals, as did Smith Gosson, nor talk about other people's. He enjoyed the world, not for "its opportunities of service", but, to use his own words, "for the hellery of it". He had a mind of his own; and when he saw a desirable thing—Anne Babbitt knew this well—he camped on the trail of that thing till he had it. He believed in preparedness and he stopped off at Banff to buy a marriage license, which he brought on up with him to the Chalet in case of emergency. Anne knew nothing of this. She amused herself by keeping out of his way, and by watching his tactics to hold her always in sight.

Smith Gosson had not yet disclosed to Anne his matrimonial intentions, but he was on the point of informing her when he saw Whipley on the horizon and smelt trouble. He focussed his mind on the near side of eternity and observed that there was something attractively boyish about Whipley, with the hint of something very manly in reserve. Whipley gave an audacious tilt to his chin as he spoke, and his eyes were level when he looked at you. He was not tall, but his lithe figure suggested energy and dash.

Now Smith Gosson was six feet two in his stockings, with the muscles of six feet four. In his younger days he had thrown a prize fighter out of a prayer meeting for disturbing the calm with his "lip". He now prepared to throw young Whipley, decorously, as befitted a moral reformer, out of the circle of Anne's admiration.

He knew that Anne liked men with vim and dash. Reading an hotel copy of *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*, she had been thrilled by Whymper's daring climbs on the Matterhorn.

"If I were only a MAN," she said with the emphasis that delicate girls of five feet nothing give that tremendous word, "I'd explore the Rockies till I found the most difficult peak, and never rest till I'd climbed it. Why don't you climb something? I do love nerve!"

So Smith Gosson planned to show his manhood in contrast with Whipley's cubhood by a mountaineering contest—climbing the great white ridge of Mount Victoria, which stretches across the sky over Lake Louise. He talked with Whipley one morning as they lay on the grass in front of the Chalet, looking out over the lake that mirrored black cliffs topped with blue ice and white snow. He proposed that, climbing from opposite sides, they should race for the summit. Whipley, not knowing that Smith Gosson had been an expert cragsman in the past, was eager for the contest. He agreed that they should at once hire guides and equipment, walk next day to bivouacs at tree line, and with daybreak on the following morning launch out on to the glacier in a final spurt for the summit.

Whipley was hot to be off. "It'll make a bully scramble," he said. "I've never climbed a mountain in my life—but I like doing anything I don't know how."

His devil of honesty prompted Smith Gosson to drop a hint of his own purpose in the climb, which was to win Anne's praise at the expense of Whipley. "Our friends will be interested," he said. "Miss Babbitt will be particularly interested in the winner."

At the bottom of Whipley's cheek a little muscle tugged and bulged. Smith Gosson saw it and was satisfied, for he believed fair play demanded that the boy should know just what were the stakes.

Whipley looked long at Mount Victoria's distant ridge glittering in the sun like the edge of a knife. He saw slender lines like scratches from the sweep of a broom on the snow, marking avalanche paths which were cut by the blue scar of a *bergschrund* and were chopped off below by a black slab, a thousand feet deep, of naked cliff. A skirt of snow, trailing at the base of the cliffs, marked the end of the ice-blocks that leaped down with thunder from the glacier above.

A BOLSHEVIK POSTER

FROM A COLLECTION OF SOVIET PROPAGANDA POSTERS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

From the mountain, Whipley turned his head to glance at the hotel. In the doorway stood Anne, dressed in white blouse and skirt that set off vividly the flush of her cheeks and the rich brown mass of her hair. Then Whipley stood up and said to Smith Gosson: "We sure will make this climb interesting to the ladies. If that's your big idea, you bet I'm right there with bells on."

They hired guides, bought axes, pulled on knickerbockers, adjusted yellow goggles to their caps, and put their feet into great boots with half-inch leather and big nails.

When Anne saw them start off, the next afternoon, grinding the pebbles beneath their hobnails, she shivered with delight, for she was woman enough to guess that she was the fair lady for whom these knights had girded on their boots. Smith Gosson, stern and military in his tight jacket and knickerbockers, swung down the path with his ice axe hung stiffly at arm's length. Whipley, clad in a yellow shooting outfit, clanked away stumbling over his own feet. He laughed as he waved his ice axe gaily over his shoulder. The Swiss guides followed.

Through the woods by the lake the four men swung along the trail together to the place where their ways branched.

"First man on top leaves a record which the other will bring back to the Chalet," said Smith Gosson, who had worded the record in his own mind already.

"Correct, old sport," said Whipley, giving his hand as they separated; and he added, "Good luck or glory!"

As soon as he was hidden from Smith Gosson by the trees, Whipley sat down and pulled out a cigarette.

Smith Gosson tramped on without rest until, late in the evening, which had grown chill and foreboding, he reached his bivouac.

After a bitter night on the rocks, he saw the dawn rise gray and thick with snow which swirled over the cliffs before a wind that lashed the cheek like a whip.

"We cannot go up," said the guide. "The other man will not climb either: his guide will not let him. No man can find the way in such a storm."

Smith Gosson stared into the gray whirl of snow. His face was hard. "Can you find the way for double wages?" he said.

"Does double mean three times," asked the guide.

"Three times? Yes, four times," said Smith Gosson.

For answer the guide tied the climbing rope between them and stepped out on to the glacier.

That was a great climb. The guides still talk of it. Smith Gosson followed his pilot blindly toward the invisible summit. They tramped up and across the glacier over new fallen snow that covered the crevasses. They scrambled over slippery cliffs, the white wind flicking their eyes and numbing their fingers. To cross a steep slope of polished ice, they chopped out handholds as well as footholds to give them grip against the gale. The guide, who knew his route by the slant as the sailor does by soundings, steered his course by the feel of the ice underfoot. Always they were buried in clouds and the air boiled and foamed about them.

At half past two in the afternoon, the summit was won. Smith Gosson, exhausted, but buoyed with success and the thought of Anne, left a bottle with a card and a note inside it: "Finder please return this to Miss Anne Babbitt, Chalet Lake Louise." It seemed to him the neat thing to do.

Now comes the disagreeable part of this tale. Whipley behaved abominably. He did not climb at all—not even to his bivouac. He left Smith Gosson the glory and took the good luck for himself. After finishing his cigarette, he went back to the hotel and had words with Anne.

They must have been strong words, for Anne went with him, in her white skirt and white blouse, down the trail to the railway, and they were married that night in Banff.

When Smith Gosson came down next night, stiff with cold and fatigue, Mrs. Babbitt wept the news to him. He comforted her, and sent the Swiss guide back to recover the bottle on Mount Victoria. Then he returned to the East and the service of Mankind with Temperence and Pork—or it may have been Iron and Missions.

PAUL A. W. WALLACE

Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars for the best essay, not exceeding five hundred words, on HOW SANTA CLAUS VISITED A DRY CANADIAN CITY AND WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

(*Of course we really know what he found there.* Ed.)

Answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than February 20, 1922.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition, whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Results

The prize for the best ODE TO TOBACCO *is awarded to* Kemper H. Broadus, University of Alberta, Edmonton South.

We would say, in criticism of his lyric, that My Lady Nicotine is so firmly established in the Hall of

Fame that it seems a pity to change her name to "Nicotia"; also that the words Strophe and Antistrophe are not correctly used: an antistrophe should be in *exact metrical correspondence* with a strophe.

Prize Poem

ODE TO THE GODDESS NICOTIA

Full chorus:

Spirit of contemplation, giver of dreams—
Thine altars stand
Throughout the world, and on them gleams
The sacred fire—O hear us! In this land
Of worshippers we sing they praises clear,
Virginian incense on thine altar glows,
The circling cloud, ever to thee most dear,
Floats slowly upward, fragrant as a rose.

Strophe:

To the poet's rhyme
Thou givest grace.
In thine incense-clouds
The lover sees
His mistress' face.

Antistrophe:

We come armed before thy shrine,
Strong to defend
Thy sanctity against the clamorous line
Of those who have seen thy face divine,
Who strive to bring our reverence to an end.
Great will the day of battle be
When, pipe in hand, we smite
Thine enemies full mightily,
Casting their souls forth to eternal night.

Strophe:

Humbly we bow before thee and invoke
Thy blessing, Goddess of Smoke.

Antistrophe:

In that high day of victory
We shall come forth in triumph, a million strong,
With wreaths of sun-cured twist about our brows,
And round they sacred house
Shall incense burn—while pipe, cigar, and song
Shall bring us nearer to thine inmost mystery.

Epode—Full chorus:

Sing, for the day is near at hand
When every land
Throughout the universe shall worship thee,
When Turkish, Russian, and Egyptian blend
With clear Virginian in a fragrant cloud
That rises, circles up eternally,
World without end.
And verily shall pagan peoples choke
In the abundant smoke.
Day shall be dim with smoke-clouds sweet as musk,
And when night falls, the gleams
Of cigarettes, star-like, shall light the dusk—
Spirit of contemplation, giver of dreams!

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

Our Book Shelf

Politics

Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, by O. D. Skelton (Gundy).

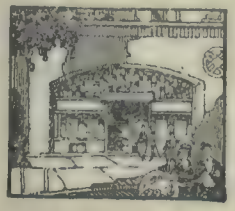
The last few years have witnessed a growing effort on the part of English political biography to shake itself free from the more cumbersome trappings of the nineteenth century. The two massive volumes, some of them so majestic, some so ponderous, that constituted the traditional record of the lives of the great Victorians are, in fact, in danger of being supplanted by a new model that is not only lighter and more compact, but, at its best, happier and more penetrating. The familiar historical dissertation, the mass of often tedious quotation, is coming less and less to be regarded as the indispensible biographical background; the tendency to-day is rather to rely on selection and concentration of material, not on quantity, to supply the key both to a man's character and his career.

Those who look for some sign of this refreshing influence in the unkempt plot of Canadian biography will at first be disappointed by Professor Skelton's book; for to try to pretend that, as a biography, it follows any but the less inspired tradition of the last century would be to close one's eyes to its obvious

ANNUAL LITERARY PRIZE

TORONTO WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and County of York a prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best short story not exceeding 4000 words, to be sent to the President, Mrs. John Bruce, 37 Bleecker Street, Toronto, on or before February 1, 1922. Manuscript must be typed and accompanied by a stamped envelope bearing the writer's name and address; also a written statement that he or she has not received payment for literary work. Competitors must be of Canadian birth and a story with a Canadian background or atmosphere is desirable.



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defects. The abundant material has not been sifted as ruthlessly as it should have been; the admiration for the subject, though obviously sincere, too often finds expression in a style that is more suggestive of the conventional enthusiasm of journalism that of the keen detachment of first-rate biography. The result is that the picture is inclined to be flat. There emerges, it is true, the figure of an admirable political personality, shrewd, far-sighted, tolerant; but of the dimly apprehended hinterland of Sir Wilfrid's really remarkable character one catches only an occasional glimpse, and that often from some chance comment in a footnote.

Undoubtedly a part of the trouble is due, too, to the indulgence which Mr. Skelton shows in admitting political nonentities to his pages. Generations of obscure politicians whose names are often not even a memory are allowed to crowd in and distract our attention from the men whose lives really touched and influenced Sir. Wilfrid's. The result is that few even of the essential figures acquire their real significance; Dorion and Cartier, Langevin and Mercier, remain almost as unsubstantial as the Bouchervilles, the Cauchons, and the Letelliers. And when he comes to Sir Wilfrid's private life, Mr. Skelton seems to experience even greater difficulty in selecting the significant scene. We read of pleasant evenings with old friends at Arthabaskaville, when what we want to be told about is the sort of life the Lauriers really lived there, and the sort of life they and their friends lived later behind the ugly stone fronts of those high houses in the French quarter of Montreal, and in the house on Laurier Avenue. The same thing is true of Sir Wilfrid's more intimate thoughts; as a rule we are left to make our own guess at his personal likes and dislikes, at his more secret prejudices and enthusiasms. Surely, for instance, a French-Canadian, the main purpose of whose life had been the improvement of the relations between the two races in Canada, must have left some record more personal than perorations of his attitude towards his fellow-countrymen of English extraction. Yet of such a record this book gives no hint.

All of these defects, however, are defects simply of portraiture, and consequently they have not prevented Mr. Skelton from giving us what is unquestionably the most interesting and the most complete political history of federal Canada that has yet been written. The earlier part of the period down to the election of 1891 has, of course, often been covered before, though seldom as adequately; the latter part has never been dealt with at all except in the most fragmentary way. The chances are, therefore, that this book will stand by itself for some time to come, particularly as Mr. Skelton has displayed in the historical portions many of the qualities that seem for the moment to have deserted him as biographer. Take, for instance, the chapters that deal with the Imperial Federation movement and its later developments—probably no more penetrating study of modern Imperialism from the point of view of a Canadian liberal has ever been written. Incidentally it is here, too, that Mr. Skelton comes closest to conveying a really vivid impression of Sir Wilfrid's personality. One extract will serve to reveal the keenness of his perception. "Your crusading friend", wrote Sir Wilfrid in 1911, "considers that in imperial matters we are drifting. Drifting is a question-begging word. It may be that we are without a course and without a pilot, or it may be merely that your friend does not greatly like our course nor greatly trust the pilot".

In his treatment of the last phase Mr. Skelton shows restraint and fairness. We are still very close to the spirit of 1917, yet one cannot but feel that his judgment of the conscription campaign will be the ultimate one. If his estimate of the practical success of the Military Service Act still lacks official confirmation, he can await with confidence the publication of the true statistics.

E. H. B.

The Masques of Ottawa, by Domino (Macmillan Co. of Canada).

The anonymous author of the Canadian "Mirror" has given us a remarkably stimulating piece of super-journalism in this series of twenty-four critical sketches of men prominent in political and politico-industrial life to-day and in the war period. The subjects range from Shaughnessy to Tom Moore, from Foster to Drury. Almost all the sketches are interesting, and in some—Laurier, Meighen, Clark, Gouin, and two or three more—there is real glamour, or else excellent dramatic effect. The style is breezy, bold in metaphor and epithet, sometimes to the point of indictable exaggeration, but always apt and effective.

"By heredity Sir Thomas (White) was labelled a Liberal, and at the time of the Taft-Fielding reciprocity junta he sat on the edge of his political bed pulling the court plaster off". A tantalizing feature, however, is the doubt left sometimes as to whether a reported conversation is authentic or hypothetical.

The author makes a sincere, and generally successful attempt to be fair. Such sketches as those of Rowell and Flavelle and Borden show this. He can be fair to old line Liberals or Conservatives, but he tears off his domino and unsheaths his sword when class-conscious Agrarianism stamps noisily into the masquerade.

J. R.

Popular Government: An Inquiry into the Nature and Methods of Representative Government, by Arnold Bennett Hall. (Macmillan, 1921).

In essence this book is a defence of representative

government against the innovators who want the referendum, the initiative, and the recall. The assumption of democracy is public opinion. Unless that exists, there cannot be the substance, but only the form, of democracy, and Mr. Hall in confirmation points the finger at Mexico. Unless that exists, all government is in fact oligarchical, and no devices of the referendum type, no return to "direct" democracy, can avail. Where there is public opinion such devices are worse than unnecessary, because they weaken the responsibility of government. Mr. Hall argues this case simply and well. Though there is nothing original about his statement—he is much indebted to Lowell—it is given in a compact and convenient form, and all who are interested in this subject will find the book a very useful one.

As far as the American Constitution is concerned, the book is therefore mainly a defence of the *status quo*, and at one point the legalistic bent of the writer leads him to underestimate the opposing case. In view of its history, the right of the courts to declare acts unconstitutional is open to at least two serious criticisms. One is that this right does bring the courts "into politics". The other is that the very tradition of the courts gives them an unconscious bias in a particular direction, as witness the rejection of the ten-hour bakery law of New York State, the anti-child-labour law, and various others. Are men trained in the individualistic common law tradition, which thinks in terms of property rights and the "liberty of contract", really qualified to pass on social legislation of this character? A strong case has been stated on the other side by writers such as Brooks Adams and Hoxie, and it cannot be said that Mr. Hall's justification of the courts is at all an adequate answer to these charges.

R. M. M.

What Shall I Think of Japan, by George Gleason (Macmillans, $2.60).

The starting point of the book is the almost universal suspicion of Japan so much in evidence these days. The author sets out to find the cause of this change of attitude on the part of the world. He finds his justification for a new book in the partisan nature of most recent books, which either gloss over the dark spots in Japan's policy, or exaggerate them and find evidences of her cupidity and duplicity everywhere.

The author has been for nineteen years a Y.M.C.A. secretary in Japan, and was attached to the Japanese army in Siberia during the Russo-Japanese war, and also in 1918 during the allied expedition to Siberia. His wide and diverse experience of so many sides of Japanese life, both in Japan and in Korea and Siberia not only makes him a competent interpreter of their life, but enables him to illustrate his points with interesting incidents which

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add much to the charm of the book. In fact throughout he does not permit himself to theorize very much, but keeps close to concrete facts which he allows to speak for themselves.

He quite admits that Japan's foreign policy, at least for the last decade, has been too often dictated by aggressive and militaristic aims. The twenty-one demands on China in 1915, her policy in Siberia, maintaining there three armies while only one was in co-operation with the allied forces, and her aggressive military action there since the withdrawal of the allied army; her insistent demands for Kiaochau and her mistaken policy in Korea all point in one direction and have aroused suspicions which it will take long to remove.

The emergence of this spirit the author dates from about 1914, and holds that for the sixty years preceding, since she opened her empire to foreign trade, her foreign policy ranks in integrity and fairness with the best of the West. Japan, in fact, has ever been an eager learner from the governments of the West. The ten years 1895-1905 between the China-Japan war and the Russia-Japan war, were years of intrigue and aggression on the part of the great world powers. Russia and France in 1895 denied Japan the possession of the Liatung peninsula, which Russia herself afterward in 1898 seized. In 1897 Germany possessed herself of Tsingtau and established her control over the railways, mines and resources of a large part of Shangtung. England took Weihaiwei with a ten mile strip around the bay. France further strengthened her position in South China, and the United States took the Philippines from Spain.

With these precedents in view Japan in her twenty-one demands of China, her policy in Siberia and Manchuria and her insistence on securing the German rights in Shangtung has only been following the diplomatic practises which she thought were current, only to find that a new spirit is abroad among the nations, that new and higher standards of international ethics have been adopted, that force and militarism are at a discount, and that nations can no longer get away with the practises of a decade or more ago. And the author is strongly of the opinion that if Japan is really convinced that the West is sincere in its desire to establish democracy, reduce armaments, scrap force as the only international arbiter, and adopt the rule of humanity and friendship, she will join the new world movement and conform to the new world tendency, for she has ever been an apt pupil, playing the game of diplomacy as taught by Western nations.

Many of Japan's mistakes, the author traces to her dual government, military and civil, with the military independent and irresponsible controlling foreign policy, often with the civil government in ignorance of what it does. But he sees great hopes in the rapid growth of democracy and independence in Japan, of which he gives many striking evidences and the triumph of which by evolution rather than by revolution he regards as assured.

Altogether it is a very readable and interesting volume, and if one wishes to undertsand the many aspects of the Eastern problem, without having to wade through ponderous volumes, he can not do better than secure this compact book of 270 pages.

C. R. C.

Education

The World of To-day Series, edited by Victor Gollancz (The Oxford University Press).

The teacher of economics is constantly being asked, not so much by his students as by people outside the Universities: Tell me where I can lay hands on a short and simple account of this or that question of the day. They want to know why foreign exchange is behaving like a monkey on a stick, why the price level precariously descends, what are the roots of unemployment, what is the matter with labour, and so forth. Sometimes the question, being interpreted, means, Tell me how I can get an understanding of these questions without really studying them, and then of course the answer is: Nowhere. But often the question is serious, and the teacher has found a difficulty in answering it. The regular sources of information do not deal adequately with the economic pathology of our times. They naturally did not envisage the abnormalities of the economic situation which are becoming a matter of course to ourselves.

The difficulty is being admirably met by a neat little array of books included in the series entitled *The World of To-day*, issued by the Oxford University Press and edited by Victor Gollancz. In the compass of from fifty to one hundred and twenty pages each book, written by an acknowledged authority, deals directly with one or other of our pressing problems. Small as the volumes are, they are compact and serious studies and can be highly commended alike to the business man who wants to see behind the disturbances whose practical consequences meet him at every turn and to the general reader who seeks an understanding of the economic perplexities which beset our age.

A few words must suffice here on the individual volumes. *Foreign Exchange* is treated in a clear and scholarly fashion by Mr. Gregory of the University of London (Eng.). He explains the mechanism of exchange, examines critically the proposals offered to correct vagaries, and ends with a warning that nothing but the stoppage of inflation will save us. Three other volumes deal with our financial troubles. Professor Pigou gives in the booklet on *A Capital Levy* a cogent argument on behalf of that proposal, though probably the time is rapidly passing when it can be listened to. In *Why Prices Rise and Fall* Mr. Pethick Lawrence writes a very succinct little treatise on the

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determination of prices. Finally, Mr. Emile Burns unfolds certain of the mysteries of *Modern Finance*, though at the end of it he leads the reader into a new mystery. Defining money as "a legal right to use capital" he shows how such rights are "created" by the credit system. "In this way comes the reminder that the whole of the system is an abstraction and that the abstraction is founded, not on gold coins, but on the quantity of necessaries. When this fact is fully realised, the financial system may be remodelled. In the meantime, it strides boldly forward, superb in the knowledge that, for the moment, through it we live and move and have our being".

Two further volumes deal with the industrial situation. Mr. Lipson, well-known as an economic historian, writes on *Increased Production*, a little volume excellent so far as as it goes, but taking too little stock of the psychological hindrances to productivity involved in the conflict of interests between labour and capital. The editor of the series contributes a discussion of *Industrial Ideals*, which is a finely impartial statement of various projects of reform, reconstruction, and revolution, which have been offered to or thrust upon the world.

The series is being added to from time to time, and the interested reader cannot do better than subscribe for the whole. It is, as it purports to be, "a guide for all, through current problems and events".

R. M. M.

Review of an Educated Nation and Working out the Fisher Act, by Basil Yeaxlee,
World of To-day Series, (Oxford Press).

These two valuable little books give the best available account of one of the most interesting of modern experiments in democracy. The history of education in England has always been an uneasy but organic process, by which private initiative has retained much of its freedom at the price of public neglect, and the State has followed cautiously at the price of a chaotic and spasmodic centralisation. It is often necessary to condemn official rigidity; but this has seldom been due to the deliberate attempt to impose a policy. The rule of education at Whitehall (this is less true of South Kensington) has more often been of King Log than of King Stork. Even the radical criticism of such men as Edmond Holmes is really aimed rather at a mechanical view of education which was natural enough in the early stages of universal schooling, when buildings and curricula and teaching staff had to be provided and standardised quickly and cheaply. This was the more so as national education was envisaged in the elementary grades only, and no statesman had any clear view of the unity of education and its place in the national economy.

The present century has seen a remarkable growth in these ruling conceptions. The primary cause was the rise of a public opinion, itself possible because of the 30 years of universal schooling, shown in a growing sense of the manifold function of education in every branch of social activity. Of the wealth of experimentation in which this has resulted Mr. Yeaxlee gives in his first book a brief but good account. Its main achievement was the destruction in thinking minds of the barren uniformist fallacy that education could be closed and certificated at a legal age, and the cheap economist fallacy that an arbitrary minimum was all that the nation could afford. Instead, it germinated the fruitful truths that education is a process ending only when the individual capacity reaches its limits, and that the development of intellectual resources is the best investment open to a nation. It committed England to the belief that her best hope of overcoming the difficulties which beset her, lies in becoming an educated nation. This does not of course mean that such a belief has come to be universal: inevitably its advance is impeded by misunderstanding, by vested interest in ignorance, by lip-service, by the real difficulty of finding money. But it emerged into legislation in the Fisher Act, and embarked on the task of finding its administrative expression in terms of the organisation of a puzzled, shaken and rapidly changing society. How things stand at this critical point Mr. Yeaxlee shows in his second book, to the great advantage of all interested in the great problems of national education.

J. A. D.

Economics

Monetary Policy. (P. S. King and Son. 75 pp. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.)

We are all of us slowly realising that there is no more pressing need at present than the need for 'sound money'. Mr. Wells, in his *Daily Mail* articles from Washington, returned to this point again and again; and whatever contention his other observations may provoke, in this he was voicing the convictions of myriads of readers. But there is no more thorny problem than the problem of establishing 'sound money'. Quack remedies for the present trouble abound and multiply. Never since Waterloo has there been greater need of a sound and comprehensive diagnosis of our present monetary malady, which he who runs may read and understand.

This little book comes nearer, perhaps, to providing what is needed than any brief study which has been completed since the peace. It is the report of a sub-committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and was compiled by four Cambridge economists—Dr. Clapham, Mr. C. W. Guillebaud, Mr. F. Lavington and Mr. Denis Robertson. Of the three sections into which it is divided, the first is devoted to statistical information, which relates for the most part to the British Isles; the

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second, to a consideration of the social effects of upward and downward price movements; the third, to the restoration of the gold standard.

The compression of so much within a small volume has compelled the writers to condense an argument which in any case is not easy. It needs, therefore, to be read with more than usual care. It cannot be dismissed in an hour, or an evening. But the reader who gives it the time that it deserves will find this little study well worth while.

G. E. J.

Poetry

Later Poems, by Bliss Carman (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto).

Mr. Bliss Carman's place is with the simple singers, of whom there are all too few in the English tongue. Most of our good poetry is too complex for song in the singable sense of the word, and since Shakespeare's time the prevailing tendencies of English poetry have separated song from poetry in a rather unfortunate way. There is all the more reason for remembering that though few of our poets have 'sung' there is no discredit in singing. Perhaps we are too prone in this age to look for sophistication in our poetry and to forget all about song.

"Ah, yes. The Elizabethans", we say on these occasions. But Mr. Carman is not an Elizabethan, not a passionate pagan, but a nineteenth century Romantic through and through. He suffuses his spring-time woodland songs with the wistful benevolence of the Transcendentalists. His "Under the April Moon" might have been sung by some Swabian poet of a century ago and it surely was more than an accident that took him from Grand Pré to the haunts of those American cousins of Romanticism in New England.

Of these later poems the best are probably the shortest and simplest—"A Remembrance", "A Woodpath", "'Tis May now in New England". Many suffer through inattentiveness to that prime requisite of song—brevity.

> Now the lengthening twilights hold
> Tints of lavender and gold,
> And the marshy places ring
> With the pipers of the spring.
>
> Now the solitary star
> Lays a path on meadow streams,
> And I know it is not far
> To the open door of dreams

is complete in itself and the third stanza is not called for. Similarly "A Watercolour" should stop at its tenth couplet instead of running on for nineteen more, and "The Weed's Counsel" could be pruned down into a quite beautiful poem. Only seldom does Mr. Carman rise to a somewhat longer flight without lapsing into diffuseness or reminding us of his bookshelf. But every now and then he expresses himself perfectly and briefly in words that await their Canadian Schumann to set them to music.

B. F.

Verse and Reverse, by The Toronto Women's Press Club.

This is a little volume containing many poems which are at once artistic and readable—sweet incense to the Muse of Poetry and yet not caviare to the general. Not a few of the thirty contributors apply the magic of wit and fancy to experiences of the street, the theatre or the nursery so happily that one is made to feel that our poetry is now healthy enough to leave the shelter of the darkened room and the invalid chair in which she has been placed by sentimental nurses and guardians. Might not *Verse and Reverse* be made a quarterly or semi-annual publication?

C. E. A.

Shorter Notices

Torquil's Success, by Muriel Hine (Gundy).

This clever and prolific writer has this time woven her story about the struggles and loves of a young man in her own profession. There is an interesting development of the hero's character, as he wins through past hope and love to *indifference*, which is, according to this writer, the beginning of true success for a creative artist.

Roads Going South, by Robert L. Duffus (Macmillan).

This is an interesting study of New England life and character brought to a focus in young Joe Chapin, who has inherited two tendencies continually at war, one which holds him to his old home and his father's profession, the other driving him out to the beckoning skyline of new adventures. The struggle and the *denouement* make delightful reading.

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Trade and Industry

	Sept. 1921	Oct. 1921	Nov. 1921	Dec. 1921	Dec. 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	164.4	161.5	160.0	161.9	221.6
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$22.34	$22.01	$21.60	.....	$25.67
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	89.6	90.0	88.8		99.0
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	104.4	105.9	108.6	105.6	106.7

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

JOURNALISM lives, like most of us, on catchwords. Before the bursting of the financial bubble in the winter before last, the slogan repeated everywhere was "More Production". A helpful legend in its time, it served with equal fidelity the politician, the financial editor, the writer of advertisements, and the after-dinner speaker. It disappeared some time ago, when "Liquidation" took its place. "Liquidation" is repeated like a shibboleth on every hand, and has at least this positive advantage—that it enables us to treat our misfortunes as grounds for satisfaction. Have bank deposits and bank clearings shrunk in unison? Have wage rates and incomes from investment fallen? Has the price level dropped at a pace without precedent, and the field of industrial employment been violently narrowed? These, we are told, are but signs of the progress of deflation, evidence of thorough "Liquidation;" in short, they should be the basis of our confidence.

The fact is that we are all of us following a famous example, and waiting for something to turn up. Let us ask ourselves meanwhile what this process of "Liquidation" has meant for the man in the street. His history during the past year is epitomized, if inadequately, at least in some sort, in the figures at the head of this page. Much is omitted. We do not know to what extent his wages have been reduced; we know that they have fallen. If they have fallen by 15 per cent. or more he will gain little or nothing from the moderate reduction in the retail cost of living, which the past twelve months have witnessed. If they have fallen by less than that he *may* have benefited somewhat by the fall in retail prices. Whether he has really done so depends on the steadiness of his employment; and the workman in continuous employment is in many trades an enviable exception to the common lot.

A year ago I ventured the statement that about 10 per cent. of our industrial workers were out of employment. A glance at the records of the Employment Service, quoted above, makes it clear that the proportion is now far larger. At a rough estimate it is perhaps about twice as large as it was twelve months ago. But even this does not do full justice to the seriousness of the situation. For large numbers of those who were unemployed last winter had savings to fall back on; and their savings, in the mild weather which prevailed, enabled numbers who were idle for long periods to maintain themselves without much suffering. These resources have, in many cases, been diminished, and in some have been exhausted. Nor can we count on another winter like the last. The prospect is not a bright one for the workless.

The subdued cheerfulness of those whose business it is to review the progress of "Liquidation" is not, however, baseless. We have behind us the records of a century, during most of which the pulse of industry beat steadily. Boom and expansion were followed by depression and readjustment, and these in their turn by better times and more expansion, in a procession as regular as the systole and diastole of the human heart. In good times the wise man has always been planning for lean years that were certainly before him; only the fool has believed that prosperity will last for ever. And in times like the present wise men wait with equal confidence for a reversal of conditions.

But if it beats as steadily as the beating of the human heart, the pulse of industry suffers from the same accelerations and delays. The course of no two depressions has been the same in point of time; and, in the quite abnormal conditions resulting from the war, we should expect an unusual degree of variation. From month to month we have returned to the recorded experience of fluctuation after the Napoleonic and the American Civil Wars, in an effort to parallel the circumstances of to-day. But the differences are tremendous.

Little wonder, then, that the markets are waiting for something to turn up. From time to time an upward flurry bespeaks the coming of good times, and the reaction provides another disappointment. The latest flurry has been followed by a three-point decline in our index of Canadian securities. For the turn of the tide has not come yet.

G. E. JACKSON.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. II TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1922 No. 17

OUR attitude towards Quebec is criticized in a letter, appearing in our January issue, from Mr. W. C. Graham. We welcome adverse opinions from any of our readers. We may not hope, perhaps, to convince Mr. Graham that our view of the effect of the federal campaign of 1917 is the correct one; confirmation of that view he will find in Mr. Skelton's life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But one thing we do ask of him,—that he dismiss the thought expressed in the words "the party for which you so obviously speak". We have strong objections to being regarded as a mouth-piece; the magaphone is not our heraldic device. We must have opinions and at election times they may lead us to prefer one side to another. We may not always and with all readers succeed in avoiding the appearance of party bias. However, we should like to have Mr. Graham believe that he has as ready an access to us as has any Canadian politician or business man.

IF the idea of an early general election in England has really been abandoned, the reason probably is that Mr. Lloyd George failed at the last moment to create the situation that would have enabled him to control and direct a new grouping of political parties. The Irish settlement and the Washington conference had unquestionably strengthened his position in the country, but something more was needed if he was really to find himself in a position from which he could command or defy, at will, the disgruntled Tory party. The conference at Cannes, with its promise of Genoa and an economic revival, was to have supplied this missing factor by infusing Mr. Lloyd George's recent record of completed achievement with the indispensable elements of hope and anticipation. Had it done so it is doubtful whether any protests of Sir George Younger's would have availed to stop an election. Unfortunately for the Prime Minister, however, Cannes, combined with M. Briand's resignation, swept him a little beyond the crest of the wave—and the prospect of a successful popular appeal. This, and not any surrender to the Tory party's demand for a restoration of the Lords' veto, is what probably lies at the bottom of Mr. Lloyd George's change of plan. For it is inconceivable, notwithstanding some of the aspects of his post-war policy, that he should at this stage take a step that would commit him irrevocably to the Tory party. The incident proves, if nothing else, how thin, in spite of its immense majority, is the thread upon which the coalition's existence depends, and how vigilantly its chief watches for the propitious moment that would give him a more satisfactory tenure of Downing Street.

MR. MEIGHEN has defeated the farmer candidate in Grenville, not without public acclaim. But most victories this side of the grave involve a tragedy. Having downed the farmer Mr. Meighen proceeded at once to swallow his principles: he boarded the first train for a holiday in the United States. Now in true consistency no protectionist of Mr. Meighen's severe type should ever seek southern skies. How can he enjoy the flesh-pots of Florida when he denies to his less fortunate countrymen whose bank accounts forbid travel, the right freely to enjoy things American? We would suggest to the jovial Minister of Customs that on Mr. Meighen's return he assure himself and the people of Canada that not a single Yankee golf ball in the culprit's baggage profanes our national soil. Perhaps legislation might also be introduced during the next session to levy a thirty-five per cent. duty on the foreign hotel bills of Canadian birds of passage, whose patriotic devotion to protection flees with the first chilling blasts of winter.

THE Brown School episode, to which reference is made elsewhere is this issue, has ended as might have been expected. The majority of the members of the Board of Education came to heel to the influences which make the Toronto *Evening Telegram*. The question was again brought before the whole Board by a large and influential deputation. After a strenuous debate the members, by a vote of nine to seven, refused to reverse the decision of the Management Committee. Mr. Berlis, the chairman of that committee and its chief apologist, again took the position that there was "no more reason for the

Brown School to teach French than for the York School to teach Polish or Hebrew". Being a new Canadian, Mr. Berlis no doubt finds it difficult to understand the place which French has in the history of the country of his adoption. He and eight of his colleagues were also impervious to the strong plea made by trustees McClelland and Edmunds for the study of French on cultural grounds. It is interesting to note that the majority of those opposing the motion found it convenient to subordinate the French argument and emphasize the alleged infringement of the Home and School Association on the prerogatives of the Board. These tactics, disingenuous though they were, show that the silly anti-French agitation realizes its weakness, and prefers not to work in the light of day. The whole affair, distressing as it is to those who believe in the popular control of education, will not fail of effect, if only it stirs right-thinking citizens out of their apathy and impels them to see to it that the nurture of the souls of their children is not left to the delegates of organized bigotry.

FOR some time the Hydro-Electric Power Commission has been seeking authority from the Niagara municipalities to purchase the Toronto, Niagara and St. Catharines Railway. A few days ago the question was submitted to a popular vote in four of the interested townships. Two gave a combined majority of twenty-two votes in favor of the purchase, while the other two cast a combined majority of three hundred against. These municipalities are situated in the Niagara peninsula, and are now benefiting directly through the operation of the electric railway in question. The vote was preceded by a carefully conducted campaign of education in which the whole Hydro-Radial project was discussed in the press and from the platform, prominent amongst the speakers being the chairman of the Commission himself. If any municipalities are competent to arrive at an intelligent decision by popular vote, it should be the four which have just declared themselves. The verdict was adverse by a substantial majority. This is especially significant, since the issue was not between public ownership and private ownership. The railway is now a part of the Canadian National system. The proposed plan is to buy it from the Dominion and incorporate it in the Ontario Hydro-Radial system. The issue was clearly a question of municipal ownership versus Dominion ownership. As four of the purchasing municipalities, they would have to assume their share of the responsibility of ownership now borne by the Dominion. It would appear that in the light of experience, and warned by the report of the Sutherland Commission, the electors are inclined to regard Hydro-Radials as less of an asset than a liability.

AT present the Provincial Highways Department of Ontario has under its consideration the regulating of bill-board advertising along the Provincial Highways. Among the proposed restrictions we note with satisfaction a statement of the principle that bill-boards shall not be erected at all in places where they will obscure beautiful scenery. It is high time that this principle was considered and if it is to be applied effectively it must be made retro-active so as to restore the many beautiful scenes that are already mutilated. We can recall a couple of flagrant examples which will be familiar to thousands of people. Until recently the north-bound traveller from Toronto, as he dipped downhill into York Mills, beheld a fair scene—a green slope girt with evergreens and the scattered village beyond. But now his centre of vision is assaulted by two hideous rectangles advertising motor supplies. There is an equally notorious example on the Indian River below Port Carling, known to all who go up and down the Muskoka lakes. These are such palpable cases of the brutal disfigurement of natural beauty that even a horse might be expected to resent them. But we human beings almost make a virtue of our indifference to such ugliness, priding ourselves—not necessarily in so many words—on our freedom from aesthetic squeamishness, on our robustness and our splendid vigour. And the simple truth of the matter is that our souls are ugly when we do these things. There is a good deal of public feeling waiting to assert itself, and some time, in years or centuries, this forest of bill-boards in which we live will have to go down. If we set about it now, what timely work and useful firewood there would be for the unemployed!

THE Ontario Society of Artists is now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary with a retrospective exhibition of its work. It is gratifying to the province to reflect that it can boast of the oldest and by all odds the most progressive art association in Canada. We are fortunate in securing for our next issue an account of the founding of the O.S.A. by Mr. R. F. Gagen, who exhibited then and is still exhibiting with no abatement of vigour. This is all a matter for pride and congratulation. But there is a seamy side to the story. The total sales from that first exhibition in 1873 amounted to $3,935, comprising $1,065 in Government sales, $2,395 in Art Union prizes—a lottery purchasing scheme, now ruled illegal—and in strictly private sales $475. We have obtained the corresponding figures for five recent years, namely, 1911, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1920 and find that the average of strictly private sales for those fat and lean years is $394.60, lower, that is to say, than 1873, when the population of Toronto was about 60,000 and its wealth yet smaller in proportion to present figures. We have no desire to obscure the plain meaning of these statistics by commenting on them.

WE view with mixed feelings the movement newly organized by five hundred leading business men of Toronto, to advertise the many advantages of the city and to secure increased trade and increased population and "three hundred conventions per annum", because we think that fifty thousand dollars per annum might be more usefully expended than on a campaign of self-advertisement. Such movements are unfortunately all too common on this continent, where distinctions between quantity and quality seem often to be lost. History has not proved that the city of one million inhabitants is one hundred per cent. better than the city of five hundred thousand, though mathematics indubitably prove that it is one hundred per cent. larger. Moreover it is surely a little far-fetched to speak of patriotic self-sacrifice in the case of business men who must naturally suspect that their subscriptions to advertise Toronto will ultimately result in increased financial advantages to themselves. But it is late to protest, for the Toronto Publicity Bureau has already been formed: we can only hope that its members will aim to make Toronto the best city in Canada; for the question of its size is absurdly insignificant beside that of its character. We would suggest as a motto for the new Publicity Bureau the eloquent lines of Ben Jonson:

> It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk, doth make men better be:
> . . . . . .
> In small proportions we just beauties see
> And in short measures life may perfect be.

THE letter from a correspondent on the subject of advertising religion, which was published in our last number, draws attention to a very real abuse, and deserves serious consideration. It comes as rather a shock to the casual reader to observe advertisements featuring in large type together the names of Jesus Christ and the soloist of the evening; and sermon topics such as "A Backsliding Heifer", or "Hallelujah! What a Saviour!" or "The World as seen through the eyes of Lloyd George", are more likely to arouse wonder than interest. Meanwhile the Psychic who has been so successful in opening communication with dwellers in the Twentieth Plane claims to present the personal views of our Master himself on the subject of the physical resurrection, and before we go to press he will have enlightened his audience on the subject of Adam and Eve through the direct inspiration of Moses. Altogether the church advertisements in the Toronto Saturday evening papers afford some curious reading to the devout; and it is a welcome relief to turn from the flaunting and sensational notices of some of the orthodox churches to the modest advertisement of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ and the Latter Day Saints.

IN England the "heresy hunt" has ended in the escape of the pursued. The Rev. H. D. A. Major, Principal of Ripon Hall, Oxford, was delated by a London curate on the ground that he held heretical views on the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body. The sort of Resurrection Mr. Major believes in is the "persistence of personality without any physical integument", and this, his prosecutor maintained, was "contrary to the Christian religion as set forth in the ancient Creeds, contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and in Holy Scriptures". The Bishop of Oxford (to whom the charge was made) procured from Mr. Major a careful statement of his belief, and submitted the same to three learned Doctors in the University of Oxford; with the result that Mr. Major's opinions have been declared not to conflict "with what Holy Scripture reveals to us of the Resurrection of the Body". An appeal by the prosecution to the Archbishop of Canterbury has brought the reply that His Grace has "neither the right nor the desire to interfere". We believe that the verdict will meet with general approval for two reasons: in the first place, the whole idea of persecution for religious belief is out of concert with the temper of our time. Freedom of thought and speech is an axiom in every other department of human knowledge, and, unless the Church is to be regarded as the last resort of ignorance and superstition, the fullest liberty must be allowed to responsible students and teachers in the ranks of the Clergy. In the second place, the verdict constitutes an official recognition of the necessity for restating of Christian faith in terms of modern thought. Mr. Major represents a considerable body in the Church of England who believe intensely in both Science and Religion, but who see no future for the Church if it refuses to keep pace with our increasing knowledge. That opinion is not confined to England, nor to the Clergy. Wherefore, it is all to the good to find authority also alive to the necessities of the situation.

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BARKER FAIRLEY, *Literary Editor.*

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A Correspondent writes:

LORD BRYCE, who has just died aged eighty-four was active to the end. No one had a firmer belief in exercise as the best medicine; in hot Washington, with the thermometer at 100, he would take tramps of ten miles and his small wiry frame seemed incapable of fatigue. He was an enterprising mountaineer who performed the supposedly impossible feat of ascending Mount Ararat. It is probable that no other man of his generation knew thoroughly so many lands or had such varied friends and interests as Bryce. He was a classical scholar, he knew four or five modern languages, he had sound scientific knowledge in the fields of geology and botany, he was a close student of law, history and politics, and he served as Chief Secretary for Ireland and as British ambassador to the United States. He lacked any touch of vanity and had for the whole world a genial friendliness. He has told how he came to understand the United States, by talking to persons of every class, in hotels, in trains, in offices, at dinner parties and other social gatherings. What he learned he committed at once to writing and in this way he gathered a vast mass of opinion which, when sifted, he used in writing *The American Commonwealth*.

Bryce's first book was *The Holy Roman Empire*, written when he had barely ceased to be an undergraduate and still the classic book on its subject. His studies in jurisprudence were deep enough to make him Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford. He wrote books on the lands which he visited, especially on South Africa and South America. But the studies by which he will be chiefly remembered are those relating to modern political institutions. The success of *The American Commonwealth* surprised its author. He wrote it chiefly for readers in England, profoundly ignorant of the United States. But the American public were pleased that a British statesman of cabinet rank should write a study so sympathetic and they adopted Bryce as the standard interpreter of their own constitution. He used to tell of gently demurring at the opinions on the American Constitution of a young stranger met in travel and of the stranger crowning the argument by the triumphant declaration: "I know I am right for Bryce says so".

Bryce had the gift of uttering unpleasant truths without causing offence. So sympathetic was his tone that the Americans came to regard him almost as one of themselves. In recent years he could hardly keep abreast of the vast mass of literature on the politics of the United States, but Professor Munro of Harvard, a Canadian by birth, is now directing the revision of *The American Commonwealth* and it will long remain a standard authority. Bryce had to meet formidable difficulties at Washington, but he did what no British ambassador had ever done before, he made himself personally known and popular from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He had an unflagging interest in Canada. To the present writer he once said, in Washington, with a wave of the hand towards the Capitol; "If Canada did not exist it would be in the interests of the United States to create it". He meant that the United States was already too big to be governed readily from one centre. His last book *Modern Democracies* brings together studies of Canada and the United States and is remarkable both for its sincerity in describing evils and for its belief in the ultimate good to be achieved by democracy. To know the depths of the worst and yet to retain a dauntless faith requires the balance of a great mind.

Enter M. Poincaré

NOW that M. Poincaré's diminutive but sinister figure has cast its shadow across the threshold of hope upon which Europe seemed to be poised three weeks ago, many people are not unnaturally disposed, forgetting Washington and the submarines, to regard M. Briand as a sort of fallen angel of light. Of course no such cursory impression as this can begin to reveal the meaning of the present European crisis. If there is any key to that puzzle, it is much more likely to be discovered somewhere on the tortuous path that M. Briand has been treading for the last twelve months than in the immediate and apparently calamitous situation produced by his fall.

From the beginning M. Briand's position was an ambiguous one; his very selection was a compromise; for the logical successor to M. Leygues, the unsuccessful advocate of a milder military service law, was not the ex-socialistist Aristide Briand but the ex-president Raymond Poincaré. When it came to supporting M. Poincaré, however, the more moderate elements in the Chamber, probably already regretting their share in M. Leygues' destruction, drew back; and the *Bloc National* had to be content with M. Briand's more hesitating ruthlessness. Faced with the impossible task of satisfying both the moderates and the *Bloc*, M. Briand tended, on the whole, to lean towards the more powerful but reactionary party, although on a number of occasions he antagonized it by accepting compromises in the Supreme Council that fell short of its demands. In England it was commonly believed that he did so with secret satisfaction. Some apologists even went so far in seeking to establish his underlying moderation as to suggest that his real motive in mobilizing the reserves last spring for the occupation of the Rhur was to arouse among the common people of France a reaction against the militarist policy of the Chamber. That explanation will hardly hold water to-day. Indeed, difficult as M. Briand's position admittedly was, it is no longer possible to believe that he really represented much more than the average point of view of an extremely reactionary Chamber.

If this explanation, which would have been regarded at least as doubtful three months ago, is to-day pretty generally accepted, the reason is the Washington conference. For the French government, still complaining of its desperate financial position, came to Washington demanding, not only a vast immediate increase in its navy, but also a contingent increase in its already huge army. As one of the British delegates put it, the French seemed to be under a misapprehension as to the real object of the conference. In explanation of this policy it was urged in some quarters that France had been guilty at most of an error of judgment,

that she never intended to wreck the conference, but, mistaking the spirit of American diplomacy, sought merely to use her exorbitant demands as a means of extracting from England and the United States the long-coveted protective alliance. This probably is to some extent the true explanation; it is clear, however, that the great mass of public opinion on this continent and in England will never regard it as a justification. For there is no escaping the fact that the French government, whatever its motives, deliberately adopted a course that might easily have ruined the whole conference, and that did, in fact, greatly impair its usefulness.

How far the realization of this gigantic blunder affected M. Briand's policy after his return from Washington is not year clear. The first impression of the decisions reached at the meeting of the Supreme Council at Cannes was that they represented a real desire on the part of the French government, not only to repair the errors of Washington, but also to clear the way for a more rational policy in Europe. Later despatches have made it fairly clear, however, that the concessions proposed by M. Briand in exchange for the defensive alliance with England—the pact for which he had been prepared to sacrifice the Washington conference—lacked both certainty and substance. It is true that he agreed to the representation of Russia as well as Germany at the economic conference called to assemble at Genoa on March 8, and that he approved in general terms Mr. Lloyd George's scheme of an international company to promote the restoration of Europe. Beyond that he does not seem to have committed himself; and apparently he definitely refused to evacuate any portion of the Rhineland—a point upon which considerable stress is now being laid by financial circles in England. In short, though all the evidence pointed to M. Briand's having achieved a notable diplomatic success, there was really very little in the end to indicate any change of heart on the part of the French government.

Why then did M. Briand, having achieved his object with the minimum of concession, resign on the eve of what promised to be a parliamentary triumph? M. Briand has never been accused of lack of foresight. For a year he had ridden the whirlwind; for a year he had managed to preserve, in form at any rate, the steadily weakening *Entente*. He, more than any other man in Europe, must have realized the impossibility of permanently reconciling the later policy of Mr. Lloyd George's government with that of the present French Chamber. It is not too much to suppose that he had little desire to go down in history either as the diplomatist who broke the *Entente* or as the politician who sacrificed his country's vital interests to satisfy Britain's commercial necessities. He must, in fact, be presumed to have come to the conclusion that he could not survive Genoa, and at the same time preserve the *Entente*. What more obvious solution than to snatch such a respite as that afforded by Cannes, and use it to make a not ungraceful exit, carrying with him whatever remained of his reputation for moderation?

If this is the true explanation, it means that M. Briand's resignation has only precipitated the crisis that was bound, sooner or later, to follow Germany's default in her January reparations payments. The immediate situation is unquestionably a difficult one; but is it any more difficult than the situation that would have arisen two or three months hence if M. Briand had clung to office? One thing seems to be certain, and that is that the *Bloc National* would never have agreed to the inauguration of a real policy of reconciliation, at Genoa or anywhere else, without having given M. Poincaré an innings. It is probably better for the future of Europe that he should have his innings now. There can, of course, scarcely be sufficient time before the Genoa conference meets for M. Poincaré to learn that, after two years of painful experience, the British people are determined to support no longer the French policy of disruption and ruin. Genoa will, therefore, probably mark the final breakdown of the *Entente*. It may even come sooner; but how it can be avoided, in the absence of some profound and unexpected change in the point of view of nearly all official France, is difficult to see. For there seems, unfortunately, to be no reason to doubt that M. Poincaré faithfully represents the spirit of that France to-day; and he is even less likely than M. Briand to pursue a European policy that Mr. Lloyd George or, for the matter of that, any other responsible British statesman could support. It looks, indeed, as if France were doomed to go through a period of almost complete isolation before the time arrives when the French people will be ready to support a government capable, not necessarily of seeing eye to eye with the British and Italian governments, but simply of meeting them on sufficiently common ground to permit of a concerted effort towards the reconstruction of Europe. Anything that hastens the advent of that day can hardly be regarded as a calamity, either for France or for Europe.

The French Budget

THE statesmen of France have demonstrated to the world (which heard their remarks with mixed feelings) that France requires a fleet of super-submarines for the defence of her colonies in Africa and the South Sea Islands, and an army of 600,000 men to keep the Germans subdued. M. Poincaré, entering upon the duties of the Premiership, has once more denounced the conduct of the German devastators and declared the unalterable determination of France to enforce the payment of the reparations without further mitigation and

without delay. The Chamber of Deputies has signified its approval. Among these stirring events, the French budget for 1922 has served as a mere footnote to diplomacy. Yet it, too, deserves, to be studied among the phenomena of peace in Europe; and perhaps it may throw further light on the probable results of the diplomats' labours.

According to this budget, the French national debt has increased between 1914 and January 1, 1919, from 34,000 million francs to 151,000 million francs; and since the beginning of 1919, from 151,000 million francs to 326,000 million: although the tripling of prices in general lessens the effect of the increase. There are two budgets: general and special (the latter being the budget of expenditures to be recovered from Germany). In analysing the general budget M. Bokanowski points out that two parts of it are incapable of being reduced. It includes

	Millions of francs	
Service of public debt...	12,866	(irreducible)
National defence.....	4,821	(irreducible)
All other services.....	7,266	

Whatever economies are made must come out of this third sum, if it is true that the cost of the army and navy cannot be reduced. In addition to these sums, for the general budget, the treasury will have to find some 20,000 millions of francs for other needs, including payments abroad[1] and presumably the 7,000 millions allotted for this year's reconstruction expenses. On the whole, the country faces an expenditure of some 45,000 millions, with anticipated receipts of some 23,327 millions. The deficit is to be collected from Germany: but if there should be any delay about the collection, it will probably be found as usual by borrowing. M. de Lasteyrie, who brought in the special budget, stated that France had already advanced 61,000 million francs on the German account, and in many parts the work of reconstruction has only begun.

It is not surprising, in view of these figures, that French public men are impatiently looking for the stream of German wealth which is to flow across the frontier, cover the deficits, and restore prosperity in France. In January 1921 the French government estimated the amount due to France at 136,000 million gold marks. At the end of April the Reparations Commission notified Germany that her debt was 132,000 million gold marks, of which, according to the Spa arrangement, France is to receive 52 per cent., some 68,000 millions. The French taxpayer finds himself saddled with the balance. But if Germany does not pay, then the whole burden falls upon the French taxpayer, and (to quote the *Journal des Economistes*) it is hard to understand how he could resist this augmentation of the heavy burden which he is already bearing. Therefore the Chamber of Deputies has instructed the government, by a recent Order of the Day, "to see to the strict execution of Germany's obligations and to take abroad all necessary measures for the preservation of France's rights as a creditor".

But what will be the result of an energetic policy of collection? The German budget does not yet balance. Foreign critics advise the German government to reduce its expenditures and increase its taxes; but the agents of the Reparations Commission installed at Berlin, to whom is assigned the oversight of the German finances, have refrained from suggesting any practical method of accomplishing these desirable reforms. Each reparation payment which has been made has had the effect of depressing the mark; and each fall of the mark has increased the German government's expenses for wages, salaries, and nearly everything covered by the budget. Each fall of the mark disorganizes the system of taxation and widens the deficit in the budget. So long as the deficit in the budget remains, any payment of reparations seems destined to strengthen the vicious circle. When Germany exports goods to pay reparations, she is obliged to issue more paper marks to pay her own producers for them, and the value of the mark falls. If she buys bills in large quantities on the foreign exchanges, the value of the mark falls. Even if she exports houses to France under the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement, she must apparently pay her producers for them in fresh paper money—and the value of the mark falls! But if taxes cannot be increased, could she not at least raise a domestic loan for reparations? The suspicion is only too strong, that investors in such a loan would never see their money again. The fact is, that reparations can be paid only out of surplus. If there is no surplus, the payment of reparations merely hastens German bankruptcy. The mark has already fallen to the position of the Austrian krone in 1920. German bankruptcy is a possibility with which her creditors must reckon.

But if Germany becomes bankrupt, what of the French taxpayer? So far, the inexhaustible stocking has been opened to take up each issue of National Defence Bonds; but will it be so easy to cover deficits in the French budget if it becomes apparent that Germany cannot pay? There are only half a million people in France who pay income tax, and already they are bitterly complaining of the weight of taxation which they bear. How would they greet the declared bankruptcy of their chief debtor? The expensive occupation of more German territory, the adoption of new "sanctions", might result; but would they improve the financial prospects of France? Soldiers are not good bailiffs, and even submarines are an inferior kind of security against the present danger.

HUBERT R. KEMP.

[1]The figure here given is liable to change with every fluctuation in exchange. The weight of the French external debt increases as the franc falls, and will diminish if it rises.

Dr. Nansen's Appeal

"Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

DURING the last days of the war, that fool' who was Prince Max of Baden, tried to get notoriety by the statement that a moratorium was declared in the Sermon on the Mount. . . . . As if ever the principles of the Sermon on the Mount had been enforced in this miserable world!

The other day an Indian scholar, speaking at the Empire Club in Toronto, told the Canadian people that our politics were not ruled by Christianity but by Machiavellianism, which was a very poor compliment to Machiavelli and his writings. Machiavelli did not try to disguise his principles or doctrines by philanthropical words, and moreover he knew what he was doing, whereas with our leaders it is often a case of the blind leading the blind. It is only when a great catastrophe puts Christianity to the test that we see how few of those sentiments of which we are boasting have penetrated into the people and their governments.

The shameful comedy of the Russian Relief is one of those things which will anger future generations. The occidental nations of Europe went to the trouble of making a survey of the disaster by means of the Red Cross, and Nansen was sent there for the purpose of getting information on the spot. As early as the beginning of August, Nansen came back surprised at the magnitude of the calamity, and with a straight proposal for relief, but for several reasons that action of the Governments of Europe has been delayed and nothing has been accomplished up to the present. Nansen afterwards issued a most distressing appeal, which is practically an accusation of existing governments.

> "I have come from there," he says. "I was there a few weeks ago. I do not talk from what I have read in the papers, but from what I have seen. As soon as I crossed the boundary, I met people fleeing from the famine—men, women and children. I talked with them, and I still seem to hear their awful tales ringing in my ears. Some came from Saratov, that is to say, from the very centre of the disaster. There the crops had perished, having been burned by the drought, and the fugitives stated that they had been subsisting on leaves of trees. Over three hundreds of human beings die every day, and when an autopsy is made, it is found that they have eaten earth and grass."

Those are Nansen's own words. And he adds immediately:

> "It is not through lack of food in the world. In Canada this year the crops have been so plentiful that they could export three times more than was necessary to save Russia. In the United States the crops are rotting in the granaries. In Argentina the corn is so abundant that it is used as fuel on the railways. In Norway we have lots and lots of fish which are going to waste. On the one side there is a superabundance of provisions while on the other side people are dying of starvation."

And still quoting Nansen's words:

> "If Europe and the world, in order to destroy Bolshevism, allow 20,000,000 Russians to die, and perhaps more next year, it would be better if Europe and the world tell us so at once and no more hypocrisy. We sent army after army against the Bolsheviks, which after a little success have been thoroughly beaten. It seems that we have abandoned the idea of military intervention, and we have also relinquished the plan of the blockade. Are we going to consider now the famine as an ally that we must protect and encourage? Not to send supplies to Russia is the same as re-establishing the blockade. If this is what we want, we had better say so at once. I only ask," says Nansen, "to be very clear."

It is difficult to believe that the statement will ever be made as clearly as Nansen wants, but the actions taken by the different peoples show quite clearly what they mean. It is an interesting experience which proves the state of the decomposition of the whole of Europe. In other times some common action would have been taken by the different governments, whereas now they have not the strength to get together and agree on a policy to be adopted.

The British Government at the start refused to take any part in the relief, but has subsequently made a grant of money. The Russians themselves, that is to say the refugees, formed a Pan-Russian Committee. Using as a tool the Agricultural Society in Moscow, they tried to take advantage of the situation and put a finger in the pie. The Bolsheviks, who may be foolish, but are by no means fools, refused after a few meetings to dicker with them.

The Germans sent into Russia the surplus of what they had—which must have been very little—chiefly medicinal drugs and some junk. The Pope offered 1,000,000 lire, which, at the present rate of exchange, amounts to $50,000, but there was nobody to take it, although the offer still holds good.

The most curious action was that of the French Government, which appointed a Committee to handle the relief, with Ambassador Noulens as President. Noulens from Warsaw had always, according to the Bolsheviks, directed all the military attacks on the Soviet Government and the Russian Government answered that it could not afford to deal with such people.[1]

The Americans, as usual, are working alone, and the Government at Washington appropriated for that purpose $20,000,000. The Hoover men at Riga settled the terms with the agents of the Soviets and, although belated, some good will be done.

[1]It is to be remembered that the Soviet Government in Hungary was overthrown by a man engaged in the relief work, who boasted of having overthrown that Government single-handed; and what is more extraordinary, the very same money, namely $1,000,000, which was deposited by the Soviet Government of Hungary as an advance for food, was used to bring about the counter-revolution now known in History as the "Hungarian White Terror."

The Government of Canada, so far, has done nothing.[1] Should things be allowed to remain like this? The actual Soviet Government of Russia is no longer an enemy of Canada. Trade between the two countries has been started, and the Canadian manufacturers have shipped to Russia large quantities of railway engines and oil tanks. Two full shiploads of them left Montreal direct for Russia before navigation closed. Perhaps it cannot be said yet that Soviet Russia is friendly to Canada (or rather, that Canada is friendly to Soviet Russia), but this is a country with which Canada is dealing and which is suffering a gigantic catastrophe. Can nothing be done to alleviate its sufferings? It is now too late to send food over there, but why cannot Canada send to Russia the seed for future crops, and thus let the blessing of our wheat be forever a token to new Russia of the assistance rendered to Russia by Canada in her days of distress. We must be neutral in her domestic struggle. No one can tell what will develop from Russia. To-day, as General Smuts said, the best that can be wished for Russia is that the Soviet Government may grow stronger and wiser.

It is impossible to believe that a whole country with millions of people should become crazy without some reason. It is a certainty that some profit will be obtained by mankind from the awful experiences through which they have passed. In fact, when the German industrialists, Rathenau and Stinnes, are talking of the "Vertical Trust", combining all the industries in line from raw materials to the finished articles, and the "Horizontal Trust", mobilizing all the trades for the benefit of the capitalistic State, they are anticipating a great deal that is embodied in the Communist Utopia. Canada is young enough to take cheerfully to new ideas, and does not denounce the whole of Russia as branded with the sign of the devil. If not the whole people, at least the thinking people of Canada must declare themselves neutral. Those great movements cannot be stopped, and the good that is in the Soviet ideas will not fail to permeate to other countries, though perhaps in a saner form.

We cannot conclude without quoting a beautiful paragraph written twenty-five years ago by Kropotkin, that sounds like a prophecy:

> "I clearly saw that the immense change which would deliver everything that is necessary for life and production into the hands of society—be it the Folk State of the social democrats or the unions of freely associated groups—would imply a revolution far more profound than any of the revolutions which history had on record. Moreover, in such a revolution the workers would have against them, not the rotten generation of aristocrats against whom the French peasants and republicans had to fight in the last century,—and even that fight was a desperate one,—but the middle classes, which are far more powerful intellectually and physically, and have at their service all the potent machinery of the modern state. However, no revolution, whether peaceful or violent, has ever taken place without the new ideals having deeply penetrated into the very class whose economical and political privileges were to be assailed."

Perhaps we shall be accused of being those last ones, but we prefer to be treated as apostates and heretics, rather than to be included with the callous gang of legitimists, who, after having failed with tanks and machine guns, are—as Nansen said—putting their last hope in starvation.

J. PIJOAN.

[1] Since these lines were written, the formation of the Canadian Committee of the Save the Children Fund for Russian Relief, with Mr. Mackenzie King as honorary president, has removed some, if not all, of this reproach.

Little Men and Big Issues

DURING the month of January an incident of unusual significance occurred at a meeting of the Management Committee of the Toronto Board of Education. It appears that during the previous year a request from Brown School was sent to the then Board asking that the use of the school building be granted for classes in French to be held after the regular school hours, and to be paid for by the parents of the children enrolled in the classes. Brown School, it should be said, is situated in one of the more prosperous sections of Toronto, and has had for some years associated with it an energetic Home and School Association, that is to say, an organization of parents banded together to assist the teachers and the authorities in improving the school premises and giving a wider scope to the activities of the school. The request then made was granted by the Board. The Home and School Association proceeded to engage a teacher and to enrol students in French classes. Wishing to complete the course begun and contracted for, and further to pursue the studies in the new year, representatives of the Home and School Association appeared before the Board, asking to secure approval (at first refused) for the continuance of the classes, which approval according to by-law must be renewed from year to year in the case of special work of this sort. To the complete surprise of the deputation, who thought the refusal merely an oversight, the request was peremptorily refused.

The proceedings as reported in the *Toronto Daily Star* were as follows:

> She (Mrs. Richardson Davidson, representing the parents) said that the Home and School Club had spent $1,000 a year for five years in beautifying and benefiting Brown School, and if the Board took such an attitude it would be striking at the interest of the mothers in the School.
>
> "A Home and School Club should be like a Ladies' Aid to a pastor," she said.
>
> "Some of them are not much help", said Chairman Berlis, who is a preacher. Whereat Trustee Powell, also a clergyman, laughed heartily.

The Committee took the ground that the permit had been granted in ignorance, so far as the trustees were concerned, that French was to be taught.

"That was not our fault", replied Mrs. Davidson.

"I'd like to know who gave a permit for the teaching of any language other than the British language", said Trustee Bell. "I think it a high-handed thing".

Trustee Berlis took the same ground and pointed out that it was setting a dangerous precedent.

Trustee Bell—"They'll be wanting to teach Polack in the West End also".

Chairman Berlis—"And we would have requests to allow the teaching of Hebrew also in our Schools".

Trustee Powell—"We do not need French if we learn English properly".

Trustee Houston alone put up a fight for the pupils to get the other 15 lessons, but he was outvoted 5 to 1.

Under our system of publicly managed schools the Board of Trustees had a perfect right in law to do what they did. Are they not the duly elected representatives of the people, as such invested with certain prerogatives, one of which is the care of school buildings? If they hold that the interests of the public are best served by closing the schools to all activities after the regular school hours, their decision cannot be reviewed by any other power,—at least not till the next annual election of trustees comes around. It will be noted, however, that it was not on the ground of inconvenience to caretakers, or because in general the use of the school outside of legal hours was regarded as objectionable, that the request was refused. Nor was it maintained that the children had quite enough work to do in school hours without taking upon themselves further studies. The refusal was based on one ground only, the ancient and established right of English-speaking Canadians to insist on being innocent of any other language than English.

It will be noticed that one of the Trustees is concerned that Toronto children shall be taught only the *British* language. It has not dawned upon this gentleman, apparently, that by far the largest part of the men and women and children living under the British flag do not claim the English language as their native tongue, and that nowhere in the British Empire, outside of certain sections of Canada, has any attempt been made to restrict the use of languages other than English. In Great Britain itself Welsh and Gaelic are freely taught in the Schools where parents so desire. The Committee appointed by the Prime Minister to inquire into the position of modern languages in the Educational System of Great Britain has this to say of French: "The first language, other than English, attempted is in practically every case French. To that at least one year is given before any other language is attempted; we agree that it would be desirable that for all, save exceptionally gifted pupils, there should be a period of two years before the beginning of a second language."

It is quite unusual for Englishmen who aspire to education,—or to serve on Boards of Education, one may add,—not to have acquired a fair knowledge of the French language.

The attitude of the majority in the Management Committee of the Toronto Board of Education has no precedent in British practice. A precedent may, however, be found in Germany. Mr. Ernest Barker, in his pamphlet *Linguistic Oppression in the German Empire*, describes the German policy of insisting that foreign languages must be purged from the German soil. This policy was applied with especial rigour in Poland. Here he instances the descent of the police in the town of Thorn upon a society of sixty boys whose object was to study Polish history and literature, subjects excluded from the curriculum of the schools. As a result of this raid a number of the boys were expelled from the town and the district.

One suspects, however, that the Toronto Board of Education is really taking its inspiration less from German practice than from the peculiar psychology of the Orange lodges. Now in Toronto membership in the lodges is the orthodox beginning for those who aspire to public honours, and the Board of Education is frequently regarded as the first round in the ladder of a public career. For many years in Canada baiting the French has been a popular sport in Orange lodges. Language has been confused with religion, and many an Orangeman has groped his way to a point where he fancies he sees a service to Protestantism in any act of hostility to the French language. It may be recalled that some ten years ago a certain Ontario legislator, since famous as an issuer of free liquor prescriptions to his constituents, made the following interesting observation: "I want to tell you good people that English is good enough for me. It is good enough for the Dominion of Canada. As long as I have anything to say in the Legislature I will fight for English and English only." It would not be charitable to judge all members of the Toronto Board of Education, or even all Orangemen, by such pronouncements, but it is a lamentable fact that there are in Canada and especially in Toronto men who seem incapable of judging any question involving French on its merits.

There are, of course, many reasons why French should be studied in any of the public Schools of Ontario where the parents so desire. The French language is the native tongue of a third of our fellow Canadians, and has an official place in the Canadian Parliament and in the Canadian Courts. It has a splendid literature, to which Canadian authors have made and are making distinguished contributions. If a second language is almost a necessity for the proper appreciation of our own,—most things in nature and art are understood only by comparison,—what would be more natural than that we should turn to French as this second language? And what

more sensible than that our children should begin to learn it at an age when vocabulary and idiom are acquired as easily as measles and chicken-pox?

The key to unlock the hearts as well as the minds of our fellow Canadians of French speech is in the hands of the citizen of Toronto who has learned to use French as well as English. If the educational authorities of Toronto look forward to a time when the work of the Fathers of Confederation shall have been completed, when Canadians shall be one in heart and purpose as well as in name, then they will revise their verdict. If not, they must be left behind in the ditch.

C. B. SISSONS.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

Canadian Culture?

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

In the January number of THE CANADIAN FORUM appears a letter from Mr. Basil King, a writer who, though residing in the United States, is nevertheless a Canadian and is proud to class himself among the literary men of the Dominion. Mr. King's attitude as exhibited in his letter is, however, so at variance with the spirit of the criticism voiced in regard to the output of Canadian writers that one is forced to the conclusion that he has missed the point entirely, or at any rate in very large part. His apology for the bad quality of our literature is also somewhat undignified in the case of a writer of Mr. King's reputation. It is illogical and, if the reader of his letter were inclined to be unkind, would involve Mr. King himself in the nursery class of authors; for arranged in syllogistic form it amounts to this: that an infant country can produce but writers of infant stature. Mr. King is a writer belonging to an infant country. Ergo: Mr. King is but of infant stature.

But we shall not be so ungenerous as to push our advantage, though we might easily enough apply the conclusion to some Canadian writers, if not to Mr. King himself.

May those who are earnestly studying Canadian literature and are eager to see it measure up to its opportunities, take the liberty of demurring from the obvious inference implied in Mr. King's statement that "two thousand years were necessary to the production of a masterpiece" and say that it is their belief that the Dominion of Canada will produce a masterpiece within the life of most Canadians now reading. May they also crave leave to hope that a rich and varied social life will develop in this country long before several centuries have passed, so small has the world become and so quickly does it move in comparison with the magnitude of the universe and the snail's pace progress during the major part of the two millenniums referred to. But may lovers of Canada be permitted to protest in the most emphatic manner against the implied immaturity of Canadian brains and Canadian experience.

For many years the Dominion has been justly proud of its educators, its scientists, its engineers, its soldiers and sailors, its statesmen, its captains of industry, its organizers of vast transportation systems, whom it has sent out to enrich the world or to defend the British Empire. Surely these men are not to be classed as infants! And yet they were born in this country and grew up to maturity under its strengthening influences. Judging from results, then, we are forced to believe that only our writers are children incapable of doing men's work in the world or of profiting from the experience of men. But it is not a question of incapacity, it is merely one of failure to derive the just measure of advantage from the experience of those who have travelled the road before. And it is here that our quarrel with our Canadian writers is chiefly engaged.

Our leaders in other lines of endeavour have built up their theory and practice upon the experiences of the past, for they have realized to the full the truth that the present is the 'heir of all the past'. Our authors alone have refused to benefit by the toils of the great writers of other countries, but have impulsively thrown themselves into the field depending wholly (or in very large part) upon their enthusiasm and native ability. We do not quarrel with Mr. King's contention that a national consciousness is requisite to a *great* national literature, but we do object to the implication therein contained that no literature worth while is possible in Canada to-day because of the inchoate state of our national feeling. We have many splendid stories to tell—and we tell them badly. We have boundless enthusiasm and rare intelligence—and we use them in the impetuous fashion of the boxer who has nothing of science to make his blows tell with the greatest effect. The restraint which is the essence of the most perfect literary art, as of all art, is wholly lacking in our domestic literary work. The productions of Hardy, Meredith, Doyle, Stevenson, Flaubert, Maupassant, Bazin, Daudet, and many others are not studied at all or are studied to no effect. We do not imply that these writers are to be slavishly imitated, for a

literature of imitation is barren; but we do say that their works should serve as models of form, for they contain the secret of perfect art. Our native authors may be excused for not creating works of great mould so far as nationally conscious content is concerned, but they cannot be excused for perpetrating such slovenly stews as too often disfigure cards of our literary banquets. Thus when one well known Canadian makes his heroine (she is supposed to have been delicately nurtured) "pump the brine" when she sheds tears, and another makes the pain at his hero's heart like that "of an ingrown toe-nail" we believe ourselves entitled to say that such writing is not literary art, but that it is merely a *Heinesque* anti-climax—and a poor one at that, for the setting lacks the genius of the great Jew.

Politically our country is an infant, perhaps, but our men and women are well educated, many of them cosmopolitan in experience, and all of them possessing the inheritance of the literary past of the world's greatest peoples. Too many of them, however, have buried their talent in a napkin—a fault punishable with confiscation and disgrace. Let our authors study their form to better advantage and when the national consciousness awakes they will be ready to express it with beauty and force.

Yours, etc.,

S. C. SWIFT.

Toronto.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

It is with considerable timidity that I am venturing to suggest several ideas in refutation of Mr. Basil King's letter as far as it deals with the prospects before Canadian literature. I doubt whether Mr. King's philosophy of literature is really so profoundly pessimistic as his letter represents it to be. If what he writes is true, every Canadian author must work under the depressing inference that it is impossible for him to attain to significant artistic work. As a humble Canadian writer I find myself in revolt against his philosophy. I believe that his position is built upon some fallacy. Such positions—and they are taken by others in our day besides Mr. King—seem to me to be the result of wrong assumptions. I have no means of knowing which is deflecting Mr. King's judgment. But I can suggest several misconceptions that lead to such errors.

I believe that the heaviest handicap to clear thinking about human life and art at the present time is the Darwinian evolutionary hypothesis, not as it is understood and qualified by science, but as it has been hastily misapplied in fields of human activity where the factual phenomena have not been scientifically collected. The coming generation will have to spend a great deal of energy in overthrowing the assumptions that have been read from organic evolution into the activities of the human spirit. That all noticeable development is slow is one of the worst evolutionary fallacies. Certainly the development of art-forms is not a matter of aeons, or even of centuries.

A great deal of the talk about national literature suffers from the assumption that in the art-of-writing national boundaries cleave like a stroke of Fate. National boundaries in art mean a great deal less than they do in politics. In a general way this has always been true. To-day, when the world has been tied up into closer union by multiplied intercommunications and by rapid transportation, this is true in a greater degree than ever. The real barriers in literature are not national boundaries but language boundaries. All the vital influences surmount even these. Canadian literature is the child and heir of all literature written in the English language. It cannot, if it would, repudiate its lineage. It is not starting afresh on a basis of no culture and no past. It starts just where any other literature in English starts in this generation. It need have no handicap that England has not also. To be concrete: there are in Canada hundreds and hundreds of people to whom the best traditions of English literature and English culture have been handed down intact. There are on the other hand hundred of people in England itself to whom these same traditions have been handed down very imperfectly. In both countries it is not to individuals of scant education and inadequate culture that we look for artistic achievements in literature: it is to those who are spiritual heirs of the great tradition with all of its ideals. Canada has such people among its citizens as truly as England has, though undoubtedly in smaller numbers. It is absurd to talk about them as if they were by some immutable law excluded from artistic achievement. If discussion of national literature involves us in such fallacies, it would be better to talk about individual writers, by whom alone national literatures can be made. The case of a journal differs only in this: no journal can maintain the necessary variety and be written by one person, as a poem can be. A great journal presupposes a group of people capable of producing work of high standard. It goes without saying that such a group is more easily to be found in a country where there is a larger number of good writers. But I, for one, see no evolutionary law restraining THE CANADIAN FORUM from becoming under our own eyes the equal of any periodical Mr. King admires. One is tempted to wonder whether the vague abstraction, 'national literature,' is worth the discussion it gets. If it means simply an output of good art, national boundaries have very little to do with it. If national literature means the subtle expression of nationality pervading a considerable body of its art, it certainly will never come by propaganda. The seeking of

personality self-consciously somehow destroys the spiritual tissues that make rich personalities possible. If Canadians will live the life of Canada in all its rich potentialities, the national flavor of Canadian literature will be inevitable, and the interpretation of national life will be of the very texture of literary expression.

Finally, I should like to point out that some of the facts of literary history are against Mr. King's expectation of slow, slow development. National maturity is not the enviable period in art, any more than it is the enviable period in a writer's life. Youth is the enviable period. History has many illustrations to the point. The greatest periods in the art of nations seem to have come in the first rush of national energy. When the flow of national vitality has set in strongly, a generation is enough to develop an art from the crudest beginnings to the utmost perfection. We think of Greek drama as the very flower of Greek literature. Turn up your histories of Greek literature and observe the primitiveness of Greek drama about the year 500 B.C. Fifty years later Athenian drama was at its artistic height. The tragedy of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides was not a slow development; it was a blaze. In the span of time measurable by the life of a venerable man Greek drama passed from very simple beginnings to astonishing perfection and started on its decline. It is similarly that literature has flowered in other ages and in other lands. Italy did not have to wait for the full maturity of Renaissance culture before its great writers appeared. Dante was writing in the first glimmerings of the Renaissance; Petrarch and Boccaccio followed hard on his heels. There are many critics who feel that the greatest age of English literature was the Age of Elizabeth. In those "spacious days" the pulsations of national life were rugged and virile, and great art came rapidly, not slowly. Does Mr. King realize that the first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, preceded Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* by little more than thirty years? English tragedy developed from a beginning to the highest point it has ever reached in less than fifty years. If conditions in the new world interest us more, notice what happened in the United States. We are not dealing with the peers of Aeschylus and Shakespeare here, but the facts are nevertheless worth observing. Inside of fifty years after the Declaration of Independence the United States had its Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper; and before they had died there had already gathered the memorable conjunction of Poe, and Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Whitman.

The inference from history is that no nation should squander its youth in sighs for maturity. Maturity may bring a wiser art, but it will also be a paler art. Canadian writers should rejoice that Canada is young. Why should we cut our nerve with the fallacious postponement of art to a flat age of millennial maturity?

All this is not saying that I look for the sudden perfection in Canada of any of the literary forms that we have at present on our lists of English masterpieces—least of all, of the novel. Literary forms seem to have periods of culmination and decline. To my mind the novel is in a period of decadence so complete that only a supreme genius could awaken it into significant creative life. I may be wrong about this. Critics and the rest of us can only guess. It seems more likely to me that Canadian literary art will reach its heights in some less exhausted field. Who can say what? Poetry is extending its boundaries and flexing its technique in ways that are inviting.

The best thing to wish for Canadian literature is neither the eating of such humble pie as Mr. King sets out, nor a commercial propaganda of nationalism; but the development throughout the whole of Canadian life—politics and business included—of an irrepressible vitality. Give us abounding vitality, and art will inevitably burst forth in some form; and it will not require generations to produce beautiful examples of achievement. Perhaps we are already entering on the first great efflorescence of Canadian energy.

Yours, etc.,

LYON SHARMAN.

Toronto.

Creative Evolution

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Much has been written these days about breaking away from dogma, becoming our own guides in life, and advancing the thought of 'adventure' as a legitimate reason for casting aside customs and creeds of our forefathers, and it is one side of the present need of the human race, but while glorying in our sense of freedom from social and especially religious dogma, which this belief has brought many of us, it may be well to pause and not rush too precipitately into wholesale condemnation of dogma.

Creative Evolution as taught by Bergson seems to explain the need of dogmas as well as to show their cramping effect upon individual development. The path of human history is strewn with dead, discarded creeds, but while we rejoice to drop our shackles beside Life's way, we must remember when first formed most dogma was but the frame some genius placed about the special bit of Truth he was endeavouring to give the world. It was not all of Truth, never pretended to be, but slowly use so familiarized the special form given a bit of Reality that unthinking followers accepted the form for the substance. Fortunately for Life as a whole, individuals here and there frequently gain some

clearer view of universal Truth than their fellows and, though sensed at first by the percipient as a flowing, indistinct whole, he slowly makes his vision more clean-cut by isolating it from the nebulous Truth surrounding it. He frames it, as it were, to better accentuate its individual force, and though too frequently the spirit of the Truth is lost in the precision of the letter yet, so long as men have as their chief means of communication the language originated and developed by intellect for man's practical use here on Earth, it would seem that dogmas, as we term these frames of Truth, have their place. The great value of Prof. Bergson's teaching to many is the light he throws upon the place dogma may rightfully hold in the scheme of things.

We may, nay we must, use dogma and creed to make sufficiently precise any Truth we glimpse if we would make our visions of social value. But if men come to realize that dogma is a means rather than an end, a guide along the road of 'Adventure', not a barrier to further advance, then in accord with the law of creative evolution, by which the past plus the present forms the character of the future, the dogmas now forming will naturally be less rigid, less deadening to growth, than those of the past.

The clear, life-giving water is not changed nor its quantity denied because we use a cup to carry the portion we need from the stream to our lips. Dogma, in the sense of a means of conveying a Truth from the seer to the individual in need of it, is as useful as the vessel that carries the water, no more, no less. Too much attention has been paid to the means of conveyance, not enough to the bit of Truth contained in all creeds. By means of past dogmas men have been climbing, have been creating themselves and will continue to do so by again using new dogmas, which, though possibly more flexible, will after all become sufficiently rigid to bear their weight on the evolutionary ladder until they can again reach the higher rung. Then as now the old steps will be abandoned, new ones reached, which in turn, having served their purpose, will give way to their successors.

The teaching of the Moderns of a greater sense of personal responsibility as the need of the hour is rousing mankind from their childish dependence upon an all-powerful God and is bringing the race into what we might term its period of Youth. Now men are feeling their individual powers which are inherited tendencies and worthy cultivation. Isn't the spiritual restlessness of the present a sign of growth, and, though we now dimly see that some of our childish beliefs were our only possible interpretations of real things at that stage, are we not perceiving also that with increased knowledge interpretations of the same Reality will always change?

If our ideas of the mode of development of Life are changed by a Bergson, or the aspect of the Universe radically enlarged for us by being told by an Einstein that our ideas of absolute space and time must be abandoned, then indeed we feel how puny our past judgments have been, only suited to children, and with renewed pride in our growth as sons of a Higher Being we turn our faces toward the opening vista and our steps along the road leading to new activities and broader visions, thanking our forbears for the creeds by which we have lived and gained spiritual strength so that the race has been enabled to reach a higher outlook. May the new geniuses and leaders of the world not discard all dogmas, for we humbler men need them to slowly, painfully follow after, but may the dogmas they use be sufficiently elastic to be adaptable to future changes and at the same time solid enough to be an aid to the weaker brethren who do not easily maintain their balance on a bending, wavering step.

The world is not only the great man's field, but belongs as well to the humbler children of Life, and steps very close together and fairly rigid and substantial are needed for the majority of us to climb to any height of spiritual discernment. As men grow, the rungs of the ladder may be slighter, farther apart, and much more flexible, for with increased knowledge and broader horizons men become less dependent on their dogmatic foundations, for now their whole being is reaching up and out to gain poise and support in a spiritual realm.

It is well that the true value of dogma be recognized, for unless advanced thinkers realize the need of the majority for a static representation of even a 'flowing' truth, a semblance at least of permanence, their visions, even if absolutely true, will benefit but the few.

Yours, etc.,

ISABEL PARSONS.

Toronto.

McGill and its Story*

McGILL University, the second in size and perhaps not second in prestige of the Canadian Universities, has just celebrated its first centenary. It is in a spirit of pure fraternity and ungrudging alliance in a great cause that leaves no room for envy—especially as that cause has been of late newly consecrated by much of our best blood on both sides—that we (I speak as a member of the University of Toronto) offer our heartiest congratulations. The centenary of McGill marks a very conspicuous point along the road of our national growth, and this book is its worthy and no doubt its most enduring monument. It is to be hoped that it will be in the hands of every alumnus of McGill, and

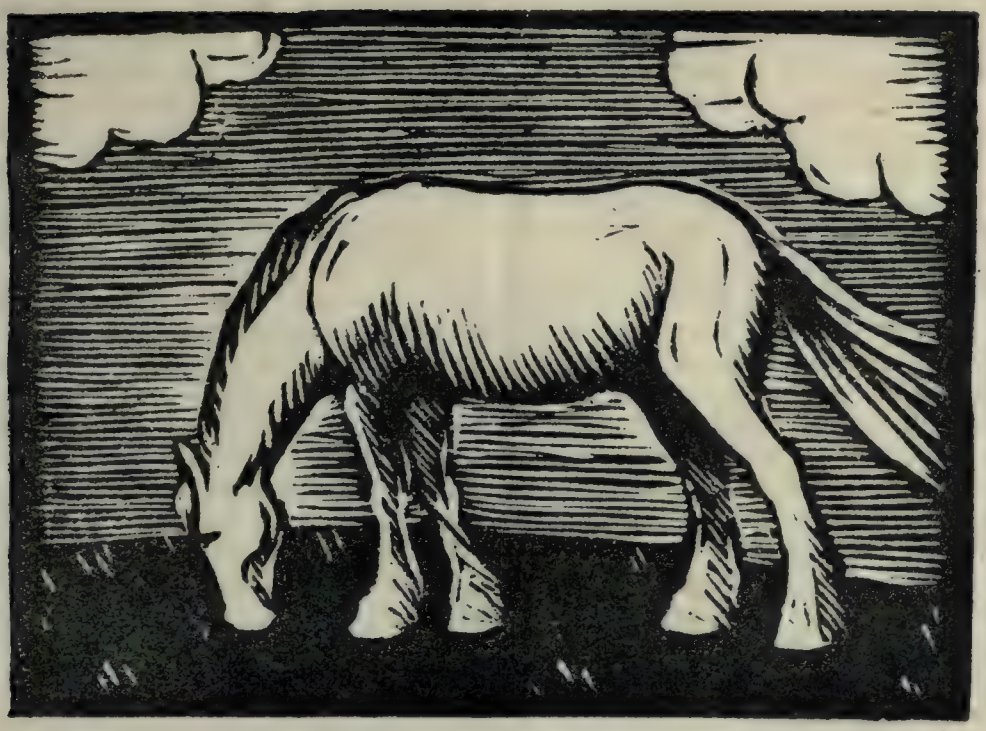
**McGill and its Story*, 1821-1921, by Cyrus Macmillan (John Lane, London, New York and Toronto).

a great deal of it inscribed permanently in large and legible characters on his mind. So far as one can see, it is no less thoroughly honest and reliable than it is clearly, interestingly, and dispassionately written. And to anyone who has the least sense of the really vital historical forces there could scarcely be a more significant section of the entire history of Canada. If the *ex pede Herculem* is true, much more can we reconstruct the whole body of our national story from this glimpse into the very heart and head of it.

It is interesting to us to note that McGill was joined from the beginning by the closest bond, that of common parentage, with the Toronto University. Like another of our cardinal institutions, the Canadian Pacific Railway (which was the work of Lord Mount-Stephen and Lord Strathcona, both from Morayshire) it had its origin in the heads of two North Country Scots. And one of these was the Aberdonian, John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, who had been a parish schoolmaster of the Presbyterian Established Church of Scotland, the father and first Principal of the University of Toronto. In 1811 his friend and connection by marriage, James McGill, one of the North West Fur Trading Company of Montreal—the explorers of the West and pioneers of Canada, perhaps the most fascinating band of traders ever born of the strange 'nation of shopkeepers' which has produced clerks like Clive—was inspired by him to make a memorable bequest. Convinced by the glowing faith of his Ontario countryman that the future of Quebec must largely depend on what had proved the source of Scotland's greatness, education in the open, and confident that the Home Government would be far-seeing enough to exert itself vigorously towards the promotion of that end (for which were available the funds at its disposal derived from the recent confiscation of the Jesuit Estates) he bequeathed by way of a lead a fine property of forty-six acres called Burnside with a good house upon it and £10,000, on condition that within ten years after his death a University should be "established and erected" there, of which one college should bear his name. Bishop Strachan was one of three trustees appointed in his will. They were to hand over the land and money to the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning (recently set up by act of the Quebec Legislature to take charge of such funds as might be devoted to English Education in the Province) who were to administer them for the purpose specified. Failing the establishment of the University contemplated, the bequest was to lapse and everything was to go first to his wife and then to Francis Desrivières, the nephew of her first husband.

McGill's hopes for the educational future of his province and the splendour of his own monument were destined to reach a fulfilment beyond his wildest dreams. But there was a long and weary delay between seed time and harvest. His sanguine forecast of ten years and his assured trust in public aid were most miserably disappointed. The Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning never had any money worth speaking of to look after except his own. Their name is no more heard to-day. They survive only—most significantly—under his own name as merged in the Governors of McGill University. The Home Authorities, too much occupied elsewhere to pay any very serious attention to our affairs, following here as usual the line of least resistance and studious to placate the conquered people whom they had not the energy to assimilate, never dared to devote the proceeds of the Jesuits' Estates to English Education and ended by handing them over to the Quebec Legislature. Instead of Anglicizing Quebec they left nothing undone to help Quebec in Gallicizing or at least in Romanizing Canada. For nearly fifty years after McGill's death little more was done except just barely enough to preserve his seed-corn alive and keep the land and money of his pious bequest from following the rest of his possessions and so exemplifying the fate of much of the fruits of British energy in that Province by sinking back into the lap of the aboriginal French-Canadian. His wife's first husband's nephew had some reason to complain of the judgments rendered by all the Courts including the Privy Council, persistently importuned by him, which interpreted (very much against what seems to be the plain sense of the context) the "establishment and erection" of a University as sufficiently covered by the Charter obtained in 1821 for the express purpose of frustrating his claims, a charter which never served any other purpose. It allowed only four professors along with a Principal and prescribed that their election must be ratified by the Crown. It set up an impossible Board of Governors which for a long time practically resolved itself into a quite impossible Principal whose eternal wrangles with the other controlling body, the Royal Institution, very nearly ran the whole business into the ground.

The indispensable preliminary to getting anything done was the practical elimination of this Charter by an amended edition, altering all its chief arrangements, obtained in 1852. It was not until 1837 that the money, by that time swollen to £22,000, in addition to the land disgorged in 1829 came at last into the hands of the Royal Institution. In the meantime an entirely self-constituted association of four Montreal Doctors, quite without endowment or charter or power to confer degrees, had been in the habit of giving lectures in connection with a Hospital in the town and had joined up as Medical Faculty with the University Charter, which was all there was of it, in 1821—thus absorbing all the available professorships in a way which afterwards proved exceedingly embarrassing, but legitimating them-



3 linoleum cuts by
Thoreau MacDonald

selves and in some degree realizing the college—and twelve years after, in 1833, McGill's first graduate was produced, William Logie, Doctor of Medicine and Surgery. There was no teaching of any kind and indeed no building in which teaching could be done till 1843. In that year what is still the Central Building of the Arts Faculty had been put up though by no means completely paid for, and instruction of some sort in really academic subjects was begun upon a roll of twenty undergraduates. Two years after the number had sunk to nine.

In short, the real birthday of McGill took place not ten years but fifty-four years after its founder's will was made, namely in October 1855 when the eye of the man that really made it first fell upon it. That was William Dawson, by origin another North Country Scot from Pictou, who with very little conception of what he was doing had just consented to be its Principal. What he saw then on the Burnside property might well have made him abandon hope and hasten back to his post of superintendent of education in Nova Scotia. Two unfinished and already ruinous buildings—they had been rendered quite uninhabitable by the blasting out of the basin for the Montreal Water Reservoir just above them on the Mountain—standing among heaps of mason's rubbish in grounds which were an unspeakable unkempt wilderness, the very trees except the tallest destroyed by grazing and wandering cattle!

That was what the new principal saw with his bodily eye. Not even with the eye of faith, strong and clear as that was in him, could he then see what he lived to see in "sober certainty of waking bliss" thirty-eight years after, when he laid down the burden of his office,—perhaps, the fairest site in the world for a University sloping up a lovely hill-side towards its crown of woods and laid out amid turf and trees with many spacious and perfectly equipped buildings, all crowded with throngs of students, many of them from England itself as well as from other parts of the Empire and every province of Canada, receiving the very best instruction from excellent, some of them even world-famous teachers in all imaginable kinds of learning. For thanks—just as in the case of the combination of Bishop Strachan and James McGill which first set the reluctant ball a-rolling—to his own vision and devotion and their blessed contagion on sympathetic individuals with the means and will to help (the Merchant Princes of Montreal, the Molsons, Redpaths, Smiths, Macdonalds) he left it not unlike what it is to-day to the eye. And yet the fine new Medical College with its annex, the Royal Victoria Hospital, and, rounding off all that, the magnificent new Campus and Stadium have been added since; so have the Royal Victoria College for women and the Conservatory of Music and, twenty miles away at St. Anne's, raised to the merry tune of six million dollars jingling out of the same pocket from which so much else of the architectural music of McGill has gathered shape, the Macdonald College for Agriculture, Biological Science and the training of teachers. For if Sir William Dawson found McGill mud and left it brick it may well be said that his successor Sir William Peterson found it brick and left it marble.

James McGill meant his handsome legacy merely as a pailful of cold water to be poured into the flaccid Government pump and start its flowing. It never did flow. As McGill began so it has continued to this day, one of the most conspicuous examples in the British Empire, which is so full of such, of that private enterprise and public spirit in individuals fostered in the English-speaking peoples and indeed forced upon them by the strange lack of foresight and imagination characteristic of their governments which in so many regions it has gone so far to redeem, nay almost to convert into a virtue. That I think is the chief moral and a very timely one of the story of McGill. The brains of the British people have always been much more in their extremities than in their official heads.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON.

A Page of Verse

The Green Tree

Snow upon the mountains,
Ice upon the stream;
Winter days are very long
And summer seems a dream.

Flowerless our garden,
Trunks are black and still;
Red and gold the sunsets are
That set behind the hill.

But I know that winter
Has not long to stay:
A green tree! A green tree!
I met with yesterday!

Not a leaf it carried,
Just one sign it gave,
The slim tree, the tall tree,
So beautiful and brave.

Now I laugh at winter,
Dance upon my way,
Because of the green tree
I met with yesterday!

AILEEN BEAUFORT.

One Day in Thy Courts

The Northern Lights, with sweeping scimitars,
All night the dark fir-fringed horizons hold.
The tense ice booms like cannon with the cold
Beneath the astounding stars.

Pale day is up. An axe's biting stroke
Across the snow a muffled echo wakes:
Naught stirs in this white wilderness of lakes
But one blue lift of smoke—

A slender-shafted column—straight and tall—
The very air is frozen, still, and bright.
The sway of some unchallengeable might
Holds a dumb world in thrall.

Here silence gives the lie to every creed—
The vague futilities mankind has wrought:
Sheer stillness numbs all wisdom and all thought:
Here are Thy Courts indeed.

BRYCE MCMASTER.

Lost

"Lost in estaurant, one palate consisting of seven teeth."
Newspaper Advertisement.

Poor luckless, mumbling, toothless chiel,
I wonder was it steak or veal
Devoured at that fatal meal
That did the trick,
So that no longer you can feel
A pleasant click.

But yet, my lad, I sadly fear
That you were drinking more than beer,
Or how was it you did not hear
The clinking sound
When your whole palate dropped out clear
Down to the ground?

So when gay lads knock at your door
To lure you out to join their corps,
Then clench your teeth until they're sore
And just say "No"——
Or put them safely in a drawer
Before you go.

R. K. GORDON.

Night

Night draws close in the hush of the gloaming
And Day the warm lover ere he depart,
Pausing aglow in the speed of his roaming,
Presses her swiftly close to his heart.

Day with his joy and heat,
Day with his fever,
Turns from the soft caress
Sadly to leave her.

Hardly her breathing stirs the faint blossoms
Nodding asleep on the warmth of her breast;
Only her whisper softly beseeches
Haste at the morn from the Isles of the West.

H. K. GORDON.

Noël de Jadis

Le ciel est noir, la plaine blanche;
L'étoile luit en clarté franche.
Des troupeaux les bergers ont soin,
Et les trois rois voyagent loin.
La terre attend, douce et rêveuse;
La neige choit, silencieuse. . . .

Le ciel est noir, la plaine blanche;
L'étoile luit, soudain se penche.
Les Mages-rois suivent, fidèles;
Un Ange aux bergers chante grêle.
La terre est émue et anxieuse;
La neige choit, silencieuse.

Le ciel est noir, la plaine blanche;
L'étoile en pleins rayons s'épanche.
Bergers et rois sont prosternés;
Sourit la Vierge au Nouveau-né.
La terre est calme et radieuse;
La neige choit, silencieuse.

BERNARD PRESTON.

A Voluptuary

THE Wabash through train swept scornfully into sight along the old Air Line, on its way from Windsor and St. Thomas to Buffalo, New York and all the great world,—and was gone. The boy stood staring long after it was lost in the blur of the November rain. Then he turned slowly and began to kick loose a pine knot, with its spongy coating of charcoal, from the huge, rotting trunk that stretched a dreary length some fifty feet along the ground. His big toe pushed persistently out of the water-softened right boot, so the boy kicked alternately with the toe of his left boot and the heel of his right. This absent-minded, spiritless motion was still further retarded through keeping perfect time to a slowly-sung monotonous ditty:

'Twas in the smiling month of May
When somethin' that I said
Tu dump tu dump to murmur, Yes
An' shortly we were wed.

He had been singing the same four lines, sometimes with, sometimes without the words, during all that afternoon.

"I bet there ain't one of them people on that train that ain't got dry pants on," he said aloud, bitterly.

Then he looked pityingly at his own wretched little self. The blouse had been of navy blue serge, but the original goods had long since ceased to be more than a recurring theme behind a medley of patches. Under it a ragged cotton shirt clung clammily to his skin. His overalls, with their wet roughness, chafed him, but the grey woollen stockings were warm down to where they disappeared into the hard, cowhide boots, deeply and permanently wrinkled. Here the holes in toes and heels, and the stiffening of mud in the texture of the wool, made them very poor protection. There were to be no mitts for him until his father had finished shingling Doane's barn. His cap was fairly good, and he pulled it down so that the tips of his ears could feel its comfort a little. He had found it beside the track one day. Some boy had stuck a disobedient head out of a car window.

The survey ended at the protruding toe, and the consciousness of its coldness became suddenly very insistent. His perfunctory kicking at the knot had ceased, and now, poised precariously on one foot, he bent over and gingerly took the chilled toe between his chapped hands to warm it, while the rain ran streakily down his exposed neck and back. The boy whimpered a little and then resumed his singing and his efforts to loosen the knot.

When somethin' that I said
Tu dump tu dump to murmur, Yes
An' shortly we were wed.

"There ain't nobody anywheres that's as poor as we are, less'n it's London, where momma talks about," he said again, aloud. Working alone out in the open, in the cornfield, in the potato patch, among the turnips, or gathering firewood, had developed in him the habit of talking almost incessantly to himself, except when he was whistling or humming.

"An' they don't have to work in the rain neither, an' it don't get cold there like it does here in Canada neither, so I guess there aint nobody poorer than we are anywheres. Here's them, they don't get any work, an' so they don't have to work, an' they're poor, an' here's me, an' I have to work, an' we're just as poor anyway."

The knot suddenly cracked and broke out, carrying with it two long slivers from the shell. With numb fingers the boy picked it up and went on. The logs with knots still attached to them were growing scarcer in the old slashing, and he had to go farther from the house for each succeeding armful. He looked wistfully back towards the group of buildings. Immediately north of the track was the barn. Then came the corn crib, the root house, the three precious, dying chestnut trees, then the house. None of the buildings were very old, none painted, none in good repair.

The slashing was just south of the railroad. It had been cut and seeded forty or fifty years before, but was still encumbered with pine stumps and rotting pine and red oak trunks. Farther back there were dismal little heaps of fungus-covered, decayed small branches, and then a petty second growth of soft maple and tagalder and basswood.

These would have done for firewood, if cut a season in advance, but there had never been time for that. That meant taking days off from earning bread. Times would be better another year, his father kept saying, and if he once got enough ahead to drain the low field,—black muck it was, and would raise fine buckwheat,—then they would be all right. Meanwhile there were the corn and potatoes and the cow. But these couldn't keep the family,—and the interest on the mortgage had to be met. So his father had to be away all week, cutting cordwood twelve miles from home, rough, twisty elm that wouldn't split with a maul and wedge, and averaging a cord and a quarter a day at fifty-five cents a cord. The boy could gather the firewood for the home. He was eleven. It was time he was learning to work, and with the corn husked and the potatoes dug, and the house banked up, there was scarcely anything for him to do after school. Next year he would have to be hired out.

There were hard and hungry years in the 'nineties.

"Why ain't we rich, like them people on the train? Ain't we got just as much right as them? They aint got no F—Fred Smith to laugh at them just because we got nothing but Chili sauce and bread every day to take to school in an old piece of paper. And them other brats with pie 'n cake. Likely them boys on the train take their dinner in gold dinner pails, silver anyways.—But we're just awful poor, poorer'n the Hortons, because Jim got new pants in the spring, an' I guess that ain't bein' poor. But poppa don't care. He wouldn't care if I froze to death right here now.—S'posin' they was to find me here, lyin' stiff an' froze, with a great big armful of knots in the morning. An' poppa an' momma warm in the house, an' me lyin' out here froze up solid, an' it dark an' rainin'. Then they'd cry. Momma would anyways."

Tears were streaming down his face as he paused in his monologue to pick up a knot, and to sob out his eternal ditty once more.

'Twas in the smiling month of May
When something dump tu dump
Had caused her lips to murmur, Yes,
And shortly we were wed.

"And maybe there was some rich woman lookin' out of that car an' sayin' 'The poor, poor little boy, with his big toe stickin' out in the rain! The poor little boy!' But no, she wouldn't. Nobody cares about me. Poppa don't, an' nobody else does, except maybe momma does.—I ain't got no friends. I might just as well freeze or get rained on to death right now. Ouch! Even that old stump hates me."

"Jimmy! Oh Jimmy!"

The boy looked back towards the railroad. A woman was standing on the first or second board of the north railroad fence. Of her clothing, only the old misshapen man's felt hat, and the man's coat, showed above the top of the fence. The rain and the slow gloom masked her face.

"What, momma?"

"You've got enough wood to fill the wood-box now, an' the house is nice an' warm an' dry. You better come in, Jimmy."

"No, I can't come in, momma. I got to work on. You go on in an' be nice an' warm an' dry,—but me, I got to work on—in the cold, an' the rain—an' the dark."

The woman went back. She would get warm and dry. But the boy would stay out. He would stay out, and gather pine knots in the rain, and after dark he would have to feel around for them, and then on toward morning, about half past eleven, he would stumble up to the house, chilled through, exhausted, faint from hunger, and with an ominous cough, and he would lie down by the stove,—and that would be the way they would find him. Or perhaps they would lock the door, and then he would crawl into the hay, all wet as he was, and they would find him in the morning by his dreadful cough. He coughed once or twice, half unconsciously, half experimentally.

> Tu dump tu dump tu dump tu dump,
> When something that I said
> Had caused her lips to murmur, Yes,
> Tu dump tu dump tu dump.

"It's awful to be as poor as we are. Now these here cracks in my fingers is hurtin' terrible, an' that big one in my heel. My, if that woman on the train, that maybe looked out an' saw me, if she could only see that there crack.—An' now I feel as if I'm goin' to have a stummick ache, too. I guess I' maybe really something awful the matter with me. But it don't matter about me. It don't matter about me. I ain't no good to nobody, except to get wood."

So for another half-hour he trudged about, mumbling, singing, crying, not taking any armfuls of knots to the house now, but heaping them up in little piles, which were tending to lose themselves almost as soon as he left them. Frequently he looked over toward the house. A light suddenly glimmered in the south window. The boy's humming had ceased, and he was groping along a log. A broader and higher glimmer now came feebly to him.

"Jimmy, Jimmy!"

"What, momma?"

"Come on in to supper, Jimmy."

"I don't want any, momma, an' I ain't got enough wood yet."

"Oh yes, you have, Jimmy. You better come in before the bread dumplin's get cold. We got bread dumplin's. An' there's sugar too."

"Oh well, all right, momma."—There was infinite resignation in the tone. Nevertheless the boy gathered up the pile nearest him and walked, slowly at first, but not without expectancy, towards the house.

J. D. Robins.

Ice-storm

THE month of January, somewhere in the early 'nineties, gave us the worst ice-storm on record for over seventy years. The trees along the Yonge Street highway were almost stripped of their branches. The destruction wrought was alone commented upon—no one making note of the indescribable beauty presented by the ice-clothed trees and shrubs.

I was looking out of the west window of my home on Yonge Street during the late afternoon, and the picture I saw impelled me to write the following:

The early morning had been cold; a light fall of snow during the night had covered the ground with a mantle of white.

At noonday the air grew warmer, and in the early afternoon the rain commenced to beat on the gauzy mantle and in a short time had pressed it into felt-like closeness.

Towards night the atmosphere again grew cold; the rain falling from a higher and warmer sphere became colder as it neared the earth. Very soon every object on which it fell became clothed with a garment of ice.

The snow was covered with a shining, glistening sheet of glass-like purity.

Every twig on every branch was covered with a shell of transparent beauty.

The cones which hung from the tall swaying pines, as they touched one against another, discoursed sweet sounds like the tinkling of tiny silver bells, or the delightfully languorous music of the water glasses.

Ever and anon, a sound like the cracking of a pistol was heard as some limb snapped asunder and fell to the ground with its burden.

The rain ceased to fall; the sun burst through the clouds, and instantly each tiny crystal became a blazing diamond.

By and by the rays of the setting sun caught the arc-like lights of the glistening ice and flooded the scene with a golden glow. A golden carpet was spread on the earth for man and beast to walk thereon.

The trees were transformed into immense candelabra with myriads of branches wrought of

pure gold and encrusted with showers of precious stones that glowed and sparkled in wondrous beauty.

The hedge of locusts that bordered the garden, drooping until the topmost branches touched the golden carpet, became a wall of jasper, and in an ecstasy of delight I cried out, "Oh the New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, and her light was like a jasper stone, even like unto a jasper stone most precious." There before my enraptured gaze was a perfect representation of the new heaven and the new earth, described by St. John in The Revelation. We talk of gold and precious stones being beautiful; why they are a mere earth-mold compared with a sun-kissed crystallized tear from the skies.

As the sun sank lower in the west the golden flood was turned to crimson, and behold the immense candelabra ablaze with light. Not an electric illumination by man at so much per hundred lights, but thousands, yea millions upon millions, of lights flung from the hands of the Giver of all light.

Lower, still lower, until almost lost to view, the sun withdrew his parting rays. One by one the lights went out until from the highest points they seemed to shoot up into the sky and I was impelled to look there for their further appearance. By and by they again shone out with all the beauty of the starry firmament, and the promise that the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there, recalled me to the glad recognition that I had been permitted a glimpse into the new heaven and the new earth. Now, when I hear anyone sneer at the possibility of golden streets and pearly gates, I pity them in the loss of knowing how that one ray of God's sun can transform water into greater beauty than gold or pearls.

Then, what of the Light of His Presence? What of the time when the City shall have no need of the sun for the Glory of God shall have entered into it and the Lamb shall be the Light thereof?

CLARA E. SPEIGHT-HUMBERSTON.

Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars for the best GHOST STORY *in not more than five hundred words.*

Answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than March 20, 1922.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition, whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Results

Four competitors were successful in identifying all the CHARACTERS IN FICTION, and we are therefore compelled to follow the usual practice of awarding the prize of five dollars to the competitor whose solution reached us first, Miss Hazel C. Wrightman, 56 St. George St., Toronto. To Miss Grace Wadleigh, 52 College St., Miss Sibyl Fair, 524 Euclid Ave., and Miss A. King Wood, 29 Alcina Ave., all of Toronto, we offer a year's free subscription to THE CANADIAN FORUM. If any of these are already subscribers we should be glad to have the names of friends or else extend their subscriptions for a further twelve months. Will they kindly notify us?

The Identifications are:

1. Lizarann Coupland: William de Morgan, *It Never Can Happen Again.*
2. Father Holt: J. H. Shorthouse, *John Inglesant;* and Thackeray, *Henry Esmond.*
3. William Crimsworth: Charlotte Brontë, *The Professor.*
4. Lydia Carew: Bernard Shaw, *Cashel Byron's Profession.*
5. Sir John Chester: Charles Dickens, *Barnaby Rudge.*
6. Bardo de' Bardi: George Eliot, *Romola.*
7. Eustace Morven: Sir Harry Johnston, *The Gay-Dombeys.*
8. Mr. Slithers: Charles Dickens, *Master Humphrey's Clock.*
9. Victor Radnor: George Meredith, *One of Our Conquerors.*
10. Zenobia: Hawthorne, *The Blithedale Romance.*
11. Seraphina Ramon: Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer, *Romance.*
12. Rose Leyburn: Mrs. Humphrey Ward, *Robert Elsmere.*

Our Bookshelf

Plays of Edmond Rostand, translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman (Macmillan, 2 vols.).

To read again these plays of Rostand is to find a corrective for many current views of French character. After having indulged during the years of war in a romantic admiration of France, often enough far removed from the truth, we have now adopted the fashion of thinking of her as utterly materialist, pursuing only dreams of imperialism, of selfish advantage, of unrelenting vengeance on a prostrate foe. To many intelligent English-speaking people the spirit of France to-day is personified in some one of her soldiers or politicians whom the accident of the moment has made her representative, —cynical where there is question of disinterested motive, sceptical of all schemes for the improvement of human relations. In all this there is, of course, a

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modicum of truth. But how far from the real truth, how prejudiced and uninformed such a view is, must be obvious to any reader of Rostand. For a quarter of a century his plays have called forth the enthusiasm of French audiences as have those of no other contemporary writers. And what is the spirit that breathes through these plays? They have all the brilliance, the *verve*, the delight in living, the intellectual curiosity, which are rightly associated with French literature. But they preach a gospel—and often very insistently—of aspiration, of disinterestedness, of devotion to the unseen good, of wholesome living, of generosity and of pity. Perhaps the peculiar charm of M. Rostand is his combination of brilliant intellectual quality with a surprising *naïveté*. Not an unconscious *naïveté*; like his own Cyrano he is perfectly willing to run the risk of being absurd in the eyes of those whose chief aim in life is to be clever and to maintain a sense of their own superiority. In his inaugural address at the Academy, Rostand declared that the truly great writer is he who gives wings to enthusiasm, and, he continued,

"Il faut un théâtre où, exaltant avec du lyrisme, moralisant avec de la beauté, consolant avec de la grâce, les poètes, sans le faire exprès, donnent des leçons d'âme! Voilà pourquoi il faut un théâtre poétique, et même héroïque!"

The function of the theatre, he concluded is to take us out of the school of life for a time in order that we may gain courage to return to it.

Rostand's idealism is that of the Romantics in general, but with a difference. There is little to remind one of Rousseau's stormy insistence upon rights, or his sentimental exaltation of the beauty of nature and the goodness of human nature. Nor does he beat his luminous wings in dream-paradises. He dwells in the very real world of his fellows. He delights in all that gives colour and variety, in poetry and in music. He loves

> Jest and youthful jollity,
> Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks and wreathed smiles;
> . . . . . .
> Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides.

But not less insistently than Milton does he hold that the true zest of life is experienced only by him who has a sober certainty of waking bliss. In other words, man can find happiness only by seeking something else,—by his devotion to something higher than himself. Cyrano stands uncovered at the name of Don Quixote. "What madness!" says his worldly friend, as Cyrano tosses away his purse of gold. "What a gesture!" retorts Cyrano, true idealist and true Frenchman. There is something lofty, according to Rostand, even in fantastic idealism, for it teaches a man to do homage to great things wherever he may find them. He knows loyalty and reverence, and these are the foundation stones of character. Chanticleer can rebuild his shattered faith, and transmute his past weakness into new strength. As long as Frenchmen applaud these plays on the stage, we may be sure that on the larger stage of world affairs they will not confine themselves to dreams of territorial expansion and reparations.

It was no slight task that Mrs. Norman undertook,—the translation of these plays, but she has attained a degree of success that constitutes a rare achievement. She has a sense of poetic values, of nice shades of meaning, that is almost comparable to that of the author himself, and her cleverness in reproducing verbal effects that almost defy translation from one language into another is a constant delight to the reader. We have space here for only a single example of her power to write charming English verse. It is chosen almost at random—from the opening lines of *The Woman of Samaria*. The phantoms are gathered about Jacob's well:

> *First Shade* (gliding toward the well)
> Borne upon the night-wind's swell,
> Vagabond till dawn of day,
> What strange power do I obey,—
> Ghost that can a ghost impel?
> I come, I glimmer, and away.
> Noiselessly my sandals fell. . . .
> Great I Am to Whom I pray,
> Who is this so ghostly gray,
> Standing silent at the well?
>
> *Second Shade* (to the first)
> White beard, in this night of dread,
> Wanderer from the shores of hell,
> Where a moonless sky guards well
> Meads that know no lily bell,—
> Art thou a spectre?
>
> *First Shade:* Thou hast said.

M. W. W.

Four Plays for Dancers, by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan).

In Preface and Notes to these plays, Mr. Yeats makes plain his aristocratic intention. He hopes for a London audience of perhaps fifty persons who will understand him. It is obvious, after reading the plays, that it is neither super-normal intellect nor supreme sense of beauty which will bind these fifty together. One is rather tempted to call it a willingness to be led by the nose, though Mr. Yeats dignifies this state of mind by calling it "a half-mythological, half-philosophical folk-belief which the writer and his small audience lift into a new subtlety." Certainly it is hard to avoid suspecting that the fifty delight in half-measures, in vague emotions and still vaguer ideas. However Mr. Yeats is not quite so bad as he would like us to believe, and even those outside the magic circle of his cult can find something to delight in in his plays. The subjects are all noble and capable of lofty interpretation; the verse is dignified and at times beautifully decorated; the stage settings are austere and within the reach of any company of players. Unfortunately the dialogue is at times obscure, not through any real difficulty in laying bare motives and passions, but

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through the heavy weight of suggestion and symbol. From time to time the noble human stories disappear beneath a mass of allusion which probably tickles the fancy of the elite fifty and makes them feel sure that 'they are the people'. But, supposing for a moment that we belong to this elite, is the literature which appeals to us by virtue of our difference from all the rest of mankind worth very much?

M. A. F.

One Act Plays, by Alice Brown (Macmillan).

This collection would probably run into many editions if there were any considerable number of amateur actors on the look out for plays dramatic enough to give them histrionic practice and not too good to be spoilt. This, of course, is equivalent to saying that they would be much played in Utopia as they have already, we are told, been played in Chicago and New York. They are pleasant enough tales on very sentimental subjects, with swift action, little subtlety, less humour, occasional lapses into bathos (witness the announcement of an operation for cancer: "It's my breast. They're going to have my breast cut off. And its where his cheek has laid. And his child's.") and more occasional flashes of imagination.

R. H.

Fiction

If Winter Comes, by A. S. M. Hutchison (McClelland and Stewart).

It is half-pitiful at times to see a man in revolt against an institution, way of thought, or environment, and yet in his protest against the thing unable to clear himself of it. It may be accounted righteousness unto him that he rebels, but what if his rebellion is stamped with the very spirit of the thing he loathes?

This thought recurs on reading *If Winter Comes*. Violence, unreason, newspaper headlines, the Salvation Army drum of propaganda, are not these the things that have wounded the author sorely? Is not restraint the prime virtue of his hero? But there is not sufficient restraint in the author himself to allow his book to be a work of art. He is violent in his contrasts, violent in his emphasis and his iteration. Many of his pages, with their truncated sentences, suggest the pyramid headlines of a newspaper. Exaggeration marks most of his characters—we are not convinced by the extreme hardness of Mabel; Tybar is incredibly a villain, the Farguses are mere caricatures. The catastrophe is beyond the *ne plus ultra* of art. It is perhaps saved from being too painful to read, just because the illusion does not altogether carry us away.

Now it may be worth while to point these things out, and to revert once again to the principles of art, as laid down, say in Lessing's *Laocoon*, because there seems to be growing in the minds of some of the critics the idea that *in certain cases* the rules of art do not apply. Why show restraint, they seem to ask, in describing so unrestrained a thing as the war, or the emotions that it caused? Not that the war brought this about—Mr. Walpole's *Fortitude* appeared before the war, and is an example of the same thing, and was much praised by 'the critics'. Now, Mr. Hutchison in one place speaks of his pages as a bit of "Life itself". And, "Life itself" is, as many of us know, violent and irrational, stupid, sordid, cruel and horrible almost beyond imagining, until we come actually to the experience of it. If then the book is "Life Itself" does it not follow that there is no extreme of the violent or the horrible that may not be written? But to call a book, or a chapter of it, "Life Itself" is merely to use a figure of speech; it is not argument, and no argument can be based on it. Life is not Art, Art is not Life.

What Art is, and what its principles are, need not be told here. Allusion has been made to Lessing, and that, or allusion to Coleridge, or Matthew Arnold, or Aristotle must suffice. Perhaps the 'critics' just mentioned would not quarrel with any of the principles there stated. What they seem rather to think is that *in certain cases*, as we last said, the rules do not apply, or at least that an occasional lapse from them is pardonable. If a novelist opens up a vein of thought which is new to them, or if he very powerfully delineates characters or tendencies, they grant him the privilege of doing so in his own way, and if that is an inartistic way they still acclaim his novel a 'work of art'. Mr. Hutchison's work is unusual, indeed his insight into certain sides of character is remarkable, as is his discernment of how little changed character is by external cataclysm. But with all this, and with the struggle against the weaknesses of his contemporaries apparent in his pages, he has not succeeded in being an artist.

C. W. S.

The Heel of Achiles, by E. M. Delafield (Hutchinson, London).

This is a very disappointing book as coming from the author of *Zella Sees Herself*, *Pelicans*, and *The War Workers*. Miss Delafield is working with her old methods but without her old zest. Surely the pleasure that we get from reading about the follies, vanities, and idiosyncrasies of characters in fiction lies in the fact that we have our malice free and experience a pleasurable glow in evading the payment usually exacted in life in the form of either irritation or boredom. That is what made Miss Delafield's earlier books such good reading, but in the *Heel of Achiles* the material for our jeers is a little flat and insipid, and, ironically, most readers will pay even for their half-hearted satire a small price in boredom.

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The story covers the life of the heroine from childhood to late middle age and has, I suspect, been written backwards. The imaginative seed of the book lies in the final portion dealing with the impotency of parents to control the destiny of their children. The earlier and longer portions are an instance of the unfortunate propensity of modern novelists to show their characters in all preliminary years from birth onwards.

Incidentally this novel is the third of recent ones 'featuring' an egotist. It is odd that a century supposed to breed egotism does not produce more novelists who treat egotists subjectively. Neither Miss Delafield's Lydia, nor Miss Sinclair's Mr. Waddington, nor Everard of the anonymous German authoress, add anything to our knowledge of the psychology of egotists. R. H.

The Golden Fleece, by Padraic Colum (Macmillan).

The monopoly in myth-telling should be given to-day to Irish writers. The most magnificent re-creation of ancient myths in our day, perhaps in many days, is surely to be found in Lady Gregory's two great books *Gods and Fighting Men*, and *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*. And a worthy name to mention soon after hers is that of Padraic Colum. He has the gift of the myth speech, simple, direct, but withal suggestive and imaginative, and he has the gift of the mythic heart which can believe and convince.

This book is not a mere recapitulation of old Greek legends. It has three or four very valuable characteristics of its own. One is the great charm of its poet-author's style; another is its arrangement as a connected whole, which make it one of the most logically coherent books of its type; a third is its power of appealing alike to children and adults, without a sacrifice of thought on the one hand or of simplicity on the other. The book is splendidly illustrated and well put out. R.

Political

An Empire View of the Empire Tangle, by Edward O. Mousley (P. S. King & Son. 87 pp.)

Ever since the elastic, changing, and often illogical process that is still known as the British Empire began to emerge from the complete and comprehensible system that drove the American colonists into rebellion, Imperial reformers, under one name or another, have not ceased to complain of the danger of continuing to drift on without form or system or constitution. This little book brings the complaint up to date. The author, a New Zealand barrister practising in London, is impressed by the fact that the more technical precepts of international law make no provision for the inclusion of the British Dominions in the League of Nations. Confronted with this obvious danger to the unity of the Empire as well as the principle of sovereignty, he suggests the appointment of an Imperial minister —a sort of reincarnation of old Mr. Mother Country —charged with the co-ordination and supervision of Dominion foreign policy. He supports his argument by a collection of press cuttings, which, if the Canadian ones can be regarded as typical, present an almost totally false impression of public opinion in the Dominions.

Canada at the Cross Roads, by Agnes C. Laut (Macmillan, $2.00).

Armed with an abounding self-assurance and a deplorably copious supply of by no means inaccessible statistics, Miss Laut careers for nearly three hundred pages among many of the graver and more intricate problems that confront our country to-day. Labour and democracy, oil-fields and immigration, naval strategy and the League of Nations, Bolshevism and paper mills, world-power and Empire—these are a few of the subjects upon which she touches, always with facility, usually with prejudice, and seldom with discrimination. She is enchanted by a vision of material prosperity, the sort of prosperity that will produce increasing, and therefore thoroughly satisfactory statistics. She has a very warm spot in her heart for that almost extinct species, the Empire-builder; and she has an aversion, so pronounced that it may be said to constitute her guiding political principle, to organized labour in any shape or form. Bolshevism, and indeed socialism—for she includes most of central Europe in the indictment—is "a cesspool of lust and murder". The best one can say for the book is that, in spite of its blatant nationalism, it urges the maintenance of friendly relations with the American people and is unexpectedly tolerant of French Canada. After all it is impossible not to sympathize with such self-confident omniscience. There must be moments of bewilderment and disillusion. E. H. B.

Shorter Notice

Canada: An Actual Democracy, by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan).

This little volume derives an added interest as the last published observations on Canada from the pen of the late Lord Bryce. It practically consists of the chapters on Canada from *Modern Democracies*. The book suffers somewhat from being part of that general survey, and, as such, not intended originally to stand alone. With the general lines of comparison between the constitutions of Canada and the United States we are familiar. Although most of the information, in fact, should be familiar to us, it is probable that the majority of us can learn a good deal concerning the workings of our own democracy. The general observations are of course both shrewd and illuminating, such as, for instance, the stimulating discussion of the inevitable opportunism in Canadian statesmanship.

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Trade and Industry

	Oct. 1921	Nov. 1921	Dec. 1921	Jan. 1922	Jan. 1921
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	161.5	160.0	161.9	158.4	212.6
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$22.01	$21.60	$21.49	.....	$25.30
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	90.0	88.5	81.6		90.5
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	105.9	108.6	105.6	105.6	109.9

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE ruling conditions of December and January show more and more clearly that it was a false dawn which brightened the skies in the closing months of 1921. We have still to wait for better times. Commodity prices are lower than ever; employment remains at a low level. The markets are still waiting for something to turn up; conscious that in Canada the process of readjustment is still far from complete.

In at least one respect, however, the continued fall in prices is making for stability. Time and again on this page it has been insisted that so long as the level of prices in this country remains higher than that prevailing among our neighbours to the south, the Canadian dollar must continue to be quoted at a discount on the exchanges, and its value be subject to great uncertainty. The point has been driven home by a lucid series of charts in a recent monthly letter by the Canadian Bank of Commerce. While our prices are higher than American prices, the purchasing power *at home* of the Canadian dollar is less than the purchasing power *at home* of the American dollar. It is impossible under such circumstances that they should exchange at par in international transactions. There must be an approximate equalization of the purchasing power of the two currencies before trade between the United States and ourselves can be conducted on a permanently stable basis.

The continued fall in Canadian wholesale prices indicates that at length this approximation is beginning to be made. For there has been an undoubted rise in wholesale prices during the last six months in the United States. *Bradstreets'*, for example, records an increase of about 7% between June, 1921, and December. Canadian commodity prices, as measured by Professor Michell, have fallen since mid-summer last in almost exactly the same degree. Both of these index numbers are extremely sensitive to changes in market conditions, and it may be that each of them exaggerates slightly the changes it records. But there has been an undoubted convergence between them, and there is no reasonable doubt that the domestic purchasing power of the Canadian dollar is very much nearer to-day to that of the American dollar than it was six months ago. Inevitably the premium on American funds has been considerably lessened; and this process, which must have occurred in any case, has no doubt been hastened and strengthened by the sale of American funds against recent Canadian flotations in New York, which amount to $40,000,000.

The present movement of American commodity prices appears to be slightly downward. But we may be thankful for these developments of the past half-year; and if in the months ahead of us the level of wholesale prices in this country moves in fairly close accord with the movement of American prices (instead of lagging behind, as in the first twelve months of deflation), we may hope that the present exchange position will at least be successfully maintained.

But we need more than a stable exchange to bring back our old prosperity: and it must be confessed that our internal readjustment to the new conditions is painfully slow. It is a commonplace that the fall in the prices of farm products has crippled the purchasing power of the farmer. But it may be questioned whether the extent of the discrepancy between the prices of farm products and of other things is at all adequately realized. *The Labour Gazette* presents its own index number in such detail that a rough comparison between them can easily be made. The number of items on which the December calculation is based is 262; 51 of them specifically products of the farm. A comparison between the changing price level of the farm products and that of the 211 items in the larger group is suggestive but not encouraging. The level of December, 1913, is in each case taken as 100.

	Dec. 1913	Dec. 1921
51 Canadian Farm Products.....	100	123
211 Other Commodities.....	100	183

It is clear that at present the farmer cannot purchase from the cities on more than about two-thirds of his pre-war scale. So long as high freight rates absorb an unduly large proportion of the price of his produce, he cannot even do so much. The situation is serious, and will remain so. Not till manufacturers and wholesalers adjust their price lists to the situation can they hope for a sustained revival of activity.

G. E. JACKSON.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. II TORONTO, MARCH, 1922 No. 18

REPORTS from Russia indicate that the famine in the Volga district has now reached the most terrible proportions. A member of the Society of Friends relief unit at Buzuluk writes that scarcely a day passes without one or two corpses being found in the street, while the dead bodies, stripped of clothing and piled up in the cemetery awaiting burial, can be seen a quarter of a mile away. Another, who has just opened a relief centre about forty miles away from the first, observes that it is necessary to begin feeding children immediately upon entering the district, in order to prevent all the infants of the neighbourhood from being brought in and abandoned at the depot. Whatever the cause of the famine, the millions of people who are now faced with starvation can hardly be held responsible for it. In normal times they are more than self-supporting. Meanwhile the world-price of grain has sunk so low that a part of the corn harvested last autumn was actually burned for fuel, while some farmers in western Canada and the United States are giving up their farms in despair. Food is so cheap that, according to Colonel Mackie (who has just returned from Russia) five dollars will keep a Russian child alive until the next harvest. We appeal to all our readers for contributions, which may be sent to Mr. Charles Gordon, at the Head Office of the Dominion Bank, Toronto, and should be marked "Russian Relief". They will still arrive in time, and the responsible Canadian organization is in a position to guarantee that they will be applied to the purpose for which they are given.

* * * *

THE recent visit of Mr. Fielding to Washington has been made the occasion of great headlines and voluminous despatches in the daily press. At the time of going to press Mr. Fielding has made no statement, nor has the government of which he is the Minister of Finance. The absence of official information, however, has not deterred the press from assuring the public that a revival of the reciprocity pact of 1911 is the distinct purpose of Mr. Fielding's visit to Washington. For ourselves, we learned more than a month ago that reciprocity was in the air at Washington: the Americans are nothing if not thorough-going; and when once the disastrous effect on foreign trade of the Fordney Tariff had become apparent, nothing was more natural than a swing in the opposite direction. It is not known, however, whether Mr. Fielding has entered into negotiations on an informal invitation or simply of his own motion. At any rate he will find the people of Canada more ready to receive the doctrine of reciprocal trade than they were ten years ago. Canadian farmers now generally realize how badly they are shackled by the tariff, and many Canadian business men have come to see that they may flourish for a season but cannot hope for permanent prosperity while agriculture languishes. Even as an election cry, we venture to assert that 'No Truck or Trade' has ceased to be effective. The bogey fades before the stern reality of unemployment in the cities and inability to buy in the country.

"I HAVE no message but the message of Liberalism". Such was the first momentous deliverance of the newly elected leader of the Liberal party of Ontario to a wildly cheering convention. Worthy of the great convention was this stirring message. From North and East and West the champions of Liberalism had gathered. For two days they had talked and cheered and cheered and talked in turn—men and women, members of parliament and private citizens, one in mind and heart. No need here of keen debate; no need to explore the depths of political philosophy or to search for an application of basic principles to trifling questions of Education and Social Welfare and Economic Freedom. A definition of policy on a certain costly ditch will suffice. Why should those who hold to the great principles of Liberalism worry their heads? The business of the rank and file is not to reason why. The important thing is a leader, a leader who knows how to travel North by South and East by West, always keeping true to the compass points of Liberalism. No surrender to the fiction of agrarian flirtation; no failure in devotion to nebulosity; no progress save by the primrose path—is this a program which satisfies the liberal thought of Ontario?

THE meeting of the Ontario Section of the Canadian Labor Party held recently in Stratford again calls attention to the efforts of the industrial workers to make progress in the political field. The party is not yet many months old. It was designed to link up all workers of Canada for political purposes, whether they labour principally with hand or with brain. The machinery to be used was the already existing unions, guilds, leagues, and associations. Reports indicate that the builders of the new structure are meeting serious difficulty, perhaps inherent in their method of procedure. Some years ago an Independent Labour Party was formed. It was a totally new association and was open to all workers. They joined as individuals. This party does not look too kindly upon the new organization. This feeling is likely to be intensified by a decision reached at the Stratford convention to sanction the formation of local branches of the Canadian Labour Party in any city. These branches will be nothing more than local clubs. They will compete with local branches of the Independent Labour Party. The party, rather than the basis for the party, is almost sure to become the outstanding attraction. The experience of the first few months of operation suggests that the incentive for organization came prematurely and did not spring from the right source, since certain high officials were the active force rather than the individual units who must supply the funds and form the basis for the new party. United action by these basic units will come when each realizes that the results of independent action are very limited. The Canadian Labour Party is as yet a "voice crying in the wilderness" but such a voice has more than once presaged far-reaching results.

AT the time of writing, the latest announcement is that the breach in the Coalition ranks has been healed, and that Mr. Lloyd George is able to count once more upon the loyal support of the Unionist party. It would, however, in view of the bitterness of feeling that the last few weeks have revealed, be obviously unsafe to assume that the Prime Minister's feud with Sir George Younger has been finally composed, much less that the more extreme section of the Tory party has definitely abandoned its determination to whittle down the Irish settlement and restore the Lords' veto. It is much more likely that, in spite of the Tory Die-Hards, the occasion has failed the Unionist party, largely because of the disinclination of any of its recognized leaders to accept responsibility for the destruction of the Coalition. Sir George Younger must be credited, too, with the realization that his objects will not be achieved simply by ditching the Wizard. Each of the antagonists is, in fact, in the uncomfortable position of being, for the life of the present parliament, dependent upon the other. Were it not for the cloud of unpopularity that overhangs the Coalition, this would, of course, be a ground for believing that some more or less permanent agreement had really been reached. But it is probably the very prospect of a present compromise with the Die-Hards, turning in a few months into a death-like embrace, that, more than anything else, keeps Mr. Lloyd George from yielding on the question of Ireland and the Lords. Perhaps the most that is to be learnt from the whole incident is that the sands of the Coalition's life are running out more swiftly than its enemies thought or even hoped.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S own position seems to grow steadily weaker. If the outlook for an election was black two months ago, it is blacker still to-day; for the Coalition Liberals would be a fatal remnant with which to face the country, while the price demanded for Unionist support would make defeat hardly less certain. Unless, therefore, he is able to perform the miracle of creating a new grouping of parties, resignation seems to be the only course open. But neither Mr. Lloyd George's resignation, nor the general election which would soon follow it, contains any real promise of political stability in England. Labour is hardly ready for its great political effort; and free Liberalism, though it shows unexpected signs of returning vigour, still seeks a leader and to some extent a policy. Moreover the possibility of a combination that would embrace the parties of the Left has not been improved by Lord Grey's extraordinarily unsympathetic attitude on foreign affairs. Indeed it is safe to say that unless he considerably modifies what is in this respect almost a reactionary point of view, Labour will hold aloof so long as he remains a possibility for the Liberal leadership. The familiar project of a centre party under the leadership of Lord Grey and Lord Robert Cecil may be ruled out if the present movement in favour of a return to party politics continues. Unless, therefore, something unexpected occurs within the next few months, the only decisive result of a general election will be the defeat of the Coalition, or at least of what remains of it. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mr. Lloyd George's chief preoccupation will be to see that something unexpected does occur.

AFTER what happened at Washington there cannot be much cause for surprise in the fast-accumulating evidence of M. Poincaré's intention to wreck the Genoa Conference. His first move was to secure a month's postponement: his second, to bar in advance the discussion of all vital subjects. The result is that the Conference, if it meets at all, will have to contrive the economic restoration of Europe without touching upon reparations or, indeed, upon any matter of a political nature. These trifling alterations in the original scheme have been made,

it is announced, with the full approval of Mr. Lloyd George. The familiar formula of complete agreement has even been revived in their honour. One point only remains to be settled. M. Poincaré has not yet decided exactly what conditions he will attach to Russian representation. The forecast is that they will be adequate. It is just this sort of mockery that has preceded each one of the allied crises during the last two years; so we must rest content with the probability that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré are moving in their own mysterious way towards a first-class row that can scarcely fail to bring Europe a little closer to a resettlement.

THE truce between the two great sections of the Church of England in Canada was suddenly broken last month, when a theological college representing one party published an indictment of the other party; the *casus belli* being a service held in a Toronto church thirteen months before, on New Year's Day, 1921. The evening newspapers of Toronto published the indictment, with quasi-editorial comments and sensational head-lines, and began a series of articles and interviews on the subject of Anglican theology, ceremonial, and ecclesiastical law, which is still current at the time of going to press. Briefly stated, the situation is as follows: The Low Church party, champions of Anglican Protestantism, claim that the High Church party, representing Anglo-Catholicism, are following illegal practices subversive of the doctrine of the Church of England, and condemned by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Anglo-Catholics claim, on the other hand, that rubrical and canon law is on their side, and in recent years case law. Both parties are agreed that a decided movement towards Anglo-Catholic ideals has been taking place in England during recent years, but the interpretation of this movement and the desirability of its extension on this side of the Atlantic is naturally a matter of dispute. Three hundred and fifty years ago people burned their friends in the cause of religion; a hundred years later they were content to cut off ears and noses; fifty years ago vengeance had degenerated to brickbats and eggs; to-day one writes to and is interviewed by the press.

PAXTON HIBBEN, describing the Moscow railway station in a recent number of the *New York Times Book Review*, says that "filling the wall over an extent as great as that of the main stairway of the Pennsylvania Station is an immense painting, excellently done in a symbolic way, representing the relation of all phases of economic life. . . It is as fine a thing of the kind as I have seen anywhere. In all of the larger stations, throughout Russia, there are excellent mural paintings". Nearer home the Trustees of the National Gallery of Canada have something to tell about art in their annual report: "Art in Canada at the present time is in a more critical condition than at any other time since the pioneer artists began to paint the country of their adoption. . . The Trustees wish to express the conviction that the support of art is not an *aesthetic luxury* but an *economic necessity*. All commerce, in the last analysis, is largely dependent upon successful design and design is dependent upon art". What a study in contrasts! Bolshevist Russia decorates its railway stations with no economic end in view—for what have mural paintings in a railway station so do with buying tickets, unless indeed as a means of escaping from the paintings?—and in our own country a National Art Gallery, perhaps for the first time in history, is driven by public inertia into the despairing and ridiculous paradox that the support of art is an economic necessity and not an aesthetic luxury. Everyone knows, who thinks about it, that the value of art always lies in its utter uselessness. It would seem as if Russia were starving her body and feeding her soul, while we starve our souls and feed our bodies.

THE recent visit to Toronto of Mr. Albert Mansbridge, on his way to deliver the Lowell Lectures at Harvard, and the prospect of his return in April, should do something in Ontario to stir up interest in Adult Education. The Workers' Educational Association is now completing its fourth year in Toronto, and more has been accomplished than some of us suppose. This year there are in successful operation seven tutorial classes in Toronto, and several others in London, Hamilton, Ottawa, and the West. The Frontier College has done noble work in the lumber camps and in the bunk houses. The Library Association, in co-operation with the Provincial Government, does much to make good literature accessible even in the remote corners of the Province. But Adult Education in Canada has so far lacked its Hot Gospeller. The Universities have been timid and the Trades Unions suspicious. The visit of so vivid a personality as Mr. Mansbridge, with his whole-hearted belief, both in Education and in Labour, should do something to bring them together. His speech was admirable; so were his replies to his hecklers. The ease and racy humour of his style masked, but did not conceal, his moral earnestness, and we hope that on his return a larger audience will be given the opportunity of listening to the prophet of Adult Education.

MONSIGNOR RATTI was dressed in black ten years ago, little more than a priest, seated at the Prefect table, between the two windows of the Reading Room in the Vatican Library. Below him was silence—only broken by the noise of the few people reading, turning the pages of the parchment manuscripts. Sometimes a maronite monk with long hair and beard chanced to sneeze, and holding up his great blue handkerchief, stopped reading the Syriac text for a while. Sometimes two benedictine *bollandos* made a little noise as they approached one another to compare the versions of two manuscripts on the Lives of the Fathers. Beside them a solemn Jesuit, roasted by tropical suns, incessantly turned the pages of some *cartaceo codex* perforated by the acid of the ink—a report on Abyssinian travels. An hour before noon two *garçons* of the *Ecole Française de Rome* went outside on the gallery for a recess and a smoke. At noon the American episcopalian, busy from nine o'clock on the comparison of calendars of the tenth century rose and, arranging his papers, started the exodus for lunch. Monsignor Ratti without moving from the table was writing, writing, in the midst of the silence, his mind occupied by the twenty-five or thirty habituals of the Vatican Library—always the same, the places so fixed, that his nearness to the window marked the antiquity of the rights of each reader.

At two o'clock the place was empty, and Monsignor Ratti took his papers in his turn, and silently went upstairs by a little door, to a *mezzanino* above the reading room where the Prefect of the Vatican Library had his dwelling. There he had a frugal meal alone with his *servo* . . . After the *siesta* and at four o'clock he would go down again to the reading room, and perhaps with another Monsignor in charge of the new catalogue, would go through the magnificent halls where the manuscripts are stored, to see a special *codex* difficult to catalogue. The marble resounds softly as they walk, the Prefect Monsignor Ratti and his assistant, two black figures lost in the immensity of the galleries. The place is getting dark, the rebel manuscript is taken to the reading room—their work for the following morning! After opening the door of the court-yard, where day and night the fountain plays, and taking a breath of fresh air, they remark on the beauty of the day and the approaching summer—the terror of the Romans . . . . The rest of the evening in the *mezzanino* . . . . . letters, revision of proofs, and the rest.

Just two years ago Monsignor Ratti was dressed in red—he was the latest appointed of the cardinals of the conclave. To-day Monsignor Ratti dresses in white. At the Vatican guards kneel as he passes; millions of people all over the world look to him as the nearest to the Almighty. He holds the keys of heaven, to bind and to loose. Nevertheless, Monsignor Ratti, Pope Pius XI, your best time, which was it, now or then? In his time, Anselm wondered too.

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Wanted—An Immigration Policy

A CZAR with a taste for epigram said once upon a time that the greatest of his generals were January and February. An invading host might defeat all his other commanders; but none of Russia's enemies could out-manoeuvre them. General February vindicated his master's confidence by saving the country for him; but in doing so he killed the Czar.

In a like mood it may be that the new Prime Minister of Canada, without in any way belittling his followers and allies, would admit that the most effective of all his political agents has been the Trade Depression. He might indeed pursue the parallel. There is food for thought in the reflection that the Russian monarch was destroyed by his trustiest servant; for no man knows better than Mr. King himself that the strongest of election agents now threatens him in turn.

In Canada the Golden Age is ended. For half a generation before the war began the world was at her feet. It insisted on lending her the money she needed for development. It supplied in vast quantities the labour without which no great development was possible. It eagerly purchased her products as fast as they reached the seaboard. It furnished the shipping to take them overseas. It sought out her statesmen and genuinely liked them. It flattered and ennobled her captains of industry. If the twentieth century did not belong to her, she was at least encouraged in a hundred ways to claim it. Everyone was knocking at her doors; and in the ten years following the Boer War, her growth in wealth and population was exceeded nowhere else.

In those good days her new responsibilities were gaily worn. She was not deeply conscious of any pressing problems. Other countries were troubled with labour unrest, or concerned with unemployment. Other countries suffered from the festering of city slums, and were embarrassed by the persistence of a "submerged tenth" in their population. But a continued wave of prosperity, which floated her upon its crest, lifted Canada from strength to strength. What else should she do, but be carried with the tide? *Laisser faire, laisser passer*—did wisdom counsel otherwise?

We know now that much of this was based upon illusion. We know that of her vast immigration, perhaps not two-thirds remained to settle in the country. As railway contracts were finished, those immigrants who did remain began to flock to the towns, which broke all bounds in their expansion. Since the newcomers were men for the most part, a growing numerical discrepancy between the sexes intensified the social problem, and kept the birth-rate down. Meanwhile the progressive depopulation of certain rural districts was gradually depriving certain of the native-born of those amenities of civilization, which only flourish

in communities; and beneath the great wave of prosperity there was a persistent undertow, which carried with it some of the best of our native stock—though their emigration was unnoticed at the time.

The French have produced a compact phrase—*l'urbanisme*—which describes this process not inaptly. The remoter consequences were serious, though their emergence was comparatively slow. Canadian borrowings on capital account involved a payment of interest abroad, which grew with each new liability. To finance these interest payments, a continually growing export trade in wheat was one essential. So long as the growth in the wheat crop kept pace with Canadian development generally, the conditions of economic health were well maintained. But under these circumstances, it is evident that a relatively slow rate of agricultural development, whenever it should appear, must be regarded as an unhealthy symptom. The growth of the towns, stimulated in part by rural depopulation, and in part by the herding of immigrants into the larger centres of population, was very rapid. Neither of these tendencies made for a balanced economic expansion. During three years, 1911, 1912, and 1913, the wheat production of Canada remained stationary. The value of her field crops as a whole declined by millions of dollars. The consequences of an unbalanced expansion became evident quite suddenly.

The climax of industrial activity was reached in March, 1913. In the months that followed a serious situation steadily developed. Unemployment was rife in every city. Suffering was general, and starvation not uncommon. Meanwhile, the flowing tide of immigration, which in the past four years had brought a million strangers to the country, continued to bring them in even greater numbers. In the sixteen months from the beginning of the depression, till war was declared in August, 1914, (during a time when the volume of employment was steadily shrinking) almost half a million immigrants arrived, to flood an already congested labour market, intensify the suffering, and paralyse the bodies which were trying to relieve distress.

Almost eight years ago, the bankruptcy of the old immigration policy was thus established. The recasting of it was an urgent problem. Never again must such conditions be permitted to develop. But before it could be recast, or even fully reconsidered, the War (by reducing to small proportions the volume of immigration) relieved the pressure on the labour market. Public attention was at the same time inevitably diverted to matters of even greater moment. Not till the combined effects of the War and the Peace had culminated in general disaster, was it possible to consider in detail the problem of revision; and by this time another industrial depression was reproducing closely the stress and suffering of 1914.

As it deals with these conditions, so will the new Government at Ottawa be judged. It may thank its predecessor for breathing space in which to think: for if a former Minister of Immigration had not wisely decided to require all immigrants (other than farmers and domestic servants) to produce $250 at the time of landing, there is little doubt that the number of immigrants, as well as the extent of suffering, would be far greater than at present. Even now this restriction is by no means carefully enforced; and the knowledge that the Department has sometimes failed to maintain its own regulations warrants a prompt enquiry. Moreover, there is a disquieting rumour that the shipping companies, hard hit by the fall in ocean freights and anxious for a maximum of steerage traffic, are bringing pressure to bear on the cabinet to lower the barrier once more. We hope that it is baseless or exaggerated; for to do this at present, or even in the near future, would be not only to betray the hundreds of thousands of workers in this country who cannot now find regular employment, but also to cause great and certain hardship among the poorer class of immigrants, and greatly to increase the cost and effort of relief. Nothing would more certainly produce a public outcry.

A first and absolute requisite of any policy must be the strict maintenance of the $250 rule, until reviving trade has absorbed the workers at present unemployed. Meanwhile, the government of Mr. King is confronted by two necessities. Any future immigration policy must aim at bringing men and women as nearly as possible in equal numbers to make their homes in Canada; and must at the same time give them a positive inducement, not only to settle on the land, but also to remain there. Failing these our present troubles will return upon us.

Newspaper reports of February 18th forecast a development of great importance; and it is noteworthy that this is said to have been planned by a private corporation. The projected settlement of some thousands of the recently demobilized Royal Irish Constabulary, *with their wives and families*, on irrigated lands belonging to the Canadian Pacific Railway, is an attempt to fulfil both of these conditions A similar plan, nation-wide in its conception, might conceivably meet with obstacles that could not be surmounted. But it deserves the most serious consideration, for this is as full of promise as the scheme of Soldier Settlement to which, indeed, it affords an interesting parallel.

As we go to press, we learn that the British Government is preparing to put before Parliament a comprehensive scheme of emigration from the British Isles. It may be wide in its scope, and effective in its provisions, or merely a return to the vague but hopeful policy of 1918, which was abandoned like a foundling on the table of the House of Commons. It is perhaps premature to conclude that the problem of the British emigrant is now to be handled in a

statesmanlike fashion. Nevertheless, in so far as the new plan permits of co-operation by the Government of Canada, through some widening and adaptation of existing plans for Soldier Settlement to the needs of immigrants in general, its possibilities are worth exploring. Such an enterprise must in any case be costly. We have learned from experience how futile a cheap immigration policy can be. At a time when there is overwhelming need for retrenchment in every direction, any project for fresh expenditure will meet with no lack of unfriendly critics. But if it will make for a balance in national expansion, we may find it an investment well worth while.

Unrepresentative Government

THE recent Federal General Election has given results which invite several critical enquiries. Its first effect has been to displace an administration which was essentially a stop-gap. Has the election given us anything more positive? There is now in office an administration which represents neither a majority of the members elected nor a majority of the votes cast in the election. On certain issues it may well be argued that the country has spoken definitely by rejecting one policy, but it is by no means clear that in all instances another policy is endorsed. Can it be the fact that the country also is in a stop-gap mood?

The first and most striking fact is the apparent indifference of large masses of the electors to the whole affair. In view of the sensational appeals which were made, especially to the city electors, the response is disquieting. Look at the percentage of voters who went to the polls in the different cities:

Winnipeg	82	Ottawa	62
Montreal	76	Vancouver	60
Calgary	67	Hamilton	47
London	66	Toronto	35

The last two percentages are so very low that they suggest a possible inflation of the voters' lists. As a matter of fact, the present act makes fairly good provision for enrolling new names, but the removal of names is quite another matter. During the recent prohibition referendum the prohibition organization found no less than 7,000 persons who had registered at one address in one part of the city but who wished now to register in another district where they now resided. There is reason to believe that in most of these cases the names were added to the new lists without being removed from the old ones. This would give for the cities in which there is considerable migration from one part to another, an inflated list, and the facts concerning rural and urban returns suggest that something may be said for this point of view. If we regard the three York constituencies which are largely composed of suburbs of Toronto, we find that only 43 per cent. of the votes were polled, while in North York, which is rural and detached from the city, we find 85 per cent. of the votes were recorded.

But no such consideration alone can begin to account for the extremely small vote recorded in the two cities of Toronto and Hamilton. One is forced to suspect that in these cities, which are counted so strongly Conservative, electors in large numbers were profoundly dissatisfied with the record of their own party but unable to seclect any satisfactory alternative. The shafply defined issues presented at Winnipeg on the other hand brought out an extraordinary percentage of the voters. In Winnipeg the candidates had character. Both Mr. Hudson and Mr. Jackson in the South were men who commanded to a quite exceptional degree the respect of the community. In the Centre, Mr. Woodsworth, an outstanding man of clear cut convictions, was successful in a field of five candidates. While Mr. McMurray in the north secured the first place with 3,809 votes, it is acknowleged that the decisive factor in beating the previous member, Mr. Blake, was the onslaught made by the late strike leader Mr. R. B. Russell, who secured 3,094 votes, thus coming second only to the successful candidate. Can it be denied that the lack of a belief that a genuine issue was before the electors in Hamilton and Toronto does much to explain the contrast between the indifference of those cities and the interest in Winnipeg?

Quite reasonably then it may be argued that the lack of a clear mandate in the composition of the House of Commons reflects the lack of a clear mandate in the minds of the people as a whole. In other words the nation has not made up its mind to anything, but is only in process of forming a general will. Would the facts be otherwise if there were another method of registering the electoral decision? This question cannot be avoided by any serious student. Proportional Representation invites criticism on the ground that it presupposes constituencies so extended as to be unwieldly. But a modification of the plan by means of a single transferable vote in single member constituencies, that is to say, the indication on the ballot of a second or third choice, would surely have given a different result. What that other result would have been is by no means clear. There are no data on which to base an opinion. But there are data for pressing for an early modification of our electoral machinery to meet the new needs of the poeple.

Quebec province returns a solid delegation of Liberals, but they represent just 70 per cent. of the votes cast. Saskatchewan and Alberta are almost as unanimous for the Progressives, but in each case the elected Progressive delegates represent just 60 per cent. of those who voted. In Manitoba, where outside the city the voting was light, the Progressive delegation claims only 48 per cent. of the ballots. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where the Liberals

had almost a clean sweep, they represent less than one half of the ballots. When we turn to the House of Commons as a whole we find that the parties represent the following percentage of votes cast:

Liberals	41.5	Progressives	25.
Conservatives	31.	Labour	2.5

The Liberal delegation approximates more nearly to a majority of the House than does the Liberal vote to a majority of the electors. But by either test we have a minority government.

However the votes be interpreted it is evident that there is no clear mandate to either party. When we turn to political ideas are we any better off? It is futile to point as some do to the solid Quebec. To begin with Quebec is not solid. Even within the delegation which represents only 70 per cent. of the votes cast, two quite different shades of opinion are represented, perhaps, by Sir Lomer Gouin and Mr. Ernest Lapointe. The latter has spoken strongly on behalf of friendship with the Progressives and the former is currently regarded as sympathetic to those Conservatives to whom Mr. Meighen's western leanings to public ownership are unwelcome. The political opinion of the Maritime provinces also strongly contrasts with that of Ontario and such Liberalism as exists west of Ontario.

The whole situation would have been clearer had each elector been allowed to record a second choice failing the election of his first choice by a majority of the votes. How far reaching this need is may be seen by observing the results in Ontario alone. That the tenure of power by the elected members is extremely uncertain appears from a comparison of the numbers of members elected by each party and the number of each which was elected by a majority of the votes cast. We find:

Conservatives	37 elected, 12 with majorities
Liberals	22 elected, 8 with majorities
Progressives	23 elected, 12 with majorities

Only thirty-two out of the eighty-two seats in Ontario were filled by the decision of a majority of the electors who recorded their choice. This, more than ever before, leaves the task of interpreting public opinion upon the shoulders of the ministers charged with carrying on the King's Government, and also demands from the citizens at large a careful and discriminating effort to ascertain what is the actual policy which is indicated by this rather inchoate mass of electoral results.

Another factor in the situation invites consideration at the hands of the serious student of politics. The sharply defined sectional boundaries of different political parties is not a matter of delight to any but partisan minds. The single transferable vote, if it had been in force, would certainly not have altered the prairie results to any appreciable extent. It probably would have changed Ontario's delegation considerably. Quebec too would, perhaps, have

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remained unchanged. But it is quite obvious that had the election been based on large areas each selecting not less than five members, as provided by Proportional Representation, then we would not be confronted with the solid Liberal delegation from Quebec and the solid Progressive delegation from the Prairie. Surely the promotion of national unity, the healing of the still open wounds left by war time controversies, and the creation of a really national public opinion would be definitely furthered by the adoption of Proportional Representation in accordance with the platforms of some of the now dominant factions in political life.

But a more fundamental question emerges and will receive special consideration in the party which recently has most avoided it. What is the basis of parliamentary representation—numerical majorities or living interests? We find that each Liberal member now represents 11,100 voters, while each Progressive member is credited with 11,800 supporters, and each Conservative has behind him 18,400 voters. This is bound to awaken discontent within the Conservative party. Some of their number already claim that the representation of rural voters is now excessive. They wish increased representation of the cities. We shall make little progress towards the determination of this issue while obsessed with a desire for party advantage. We must face the question whether parliamentary government is most vital when its members represent aggregations of persons or when they represent more or less permanent social groups. It is by no means certain that the recent emphasis on numerical majorities will not yield to the more fundamental realities of national life.

ERNEST THOMAS.

The Transition in India

AN unfortunate phrase, derived from a forgotten theory of history, expressed for many years the idea that the East was more or less perpetually asleep. This "sleep of the East" grew from a mere phrase to an indisputable theory; it corroborated the equally truthful view that all persons east of Suez are distinguished by a disproportionate endowment of philosophy.

Where did the idea come from? To whom did it apply? If we think of the forces that opposed Alexander, of the wealth and prosperity which existed in the classical period, of the Mohammedan invasions, the Moghul Empire, the Mahratta insurrections, the irruption of Dutch, Portugese, and English invaders —if, in fact, we glance over a long and turbulent history we find hardly time for a nap, to say nothing of the "sleep of the spirit."

Another familar fallacy is the belief that India enjoyed great prosperity until the conquerors came and destroyed it. This convenient fable can be used by all parties, but it is especially useful to those who imply that the conquerors were always British. The myth of a golden age of self-government and contentment can be made very convincing to a people ignorant of their own history and susceptible to all forms of suggestion. But no one seriously denies that the past century has been a period of security and progress never before known in the land. It is because that century made possible a continuous growth and an immeasurable accumulation of strength that we have to-day so many problems. There is need of much understanding if these problems are to be solved. No sane man is anxious to prophesy. It is well to believe that anything *may* happen, because then there will be no confusion between an attempt to estimate the present situation and a belief that any attempts of this kind actually fix the ultimate results.

One of the best ways to estimate the expansion of Indian political life is to watch the progress of the National Congress. It was created by the energy of an Englishman (which is itself a significant fact) and for a time made little impression. Its first difficulties were from within: no policy could satisfy Hindus and Mohammedans at one and the same time: nor could any common basis be found for other differences of opinion such as were brought to light by attempted social reforms. The organization slowly gained ground, attracted more delegates, and became more decided in its programme.

During the earlier period, from 1885 onwards, the Congress was really equivalent to the Council of a non-official liberal party. It professed a deep and sincere loyalty, combined with a belief in progress only to be achieved by internal development, education of the people, and coöperation with the British Government. On its part the Government officially declared its neutrality and left the movement to work out its own salvation. Unfortunately circumstances were adverse. Famine and pestilence made the people restless, and agitators employed every means to convince the masses that these things were due to British rule.

The reason for calling some of the Indian leaders "agitators" is that the persons in question either had very doubtful aims or employed very undesirable means when the aims were truly patriotic. As late as the year 1900 the leaders of the anti-British movements were regarded as aiming to restore one or other of the earlier kingdoms in India, and there was no clear prospect to aim at except the supremacy of Brahman or Mahratta or some other type of rule. At the very best it was not clear how any form of self-government could work out to the equal advantage of two hundred and forty million Hindus and sixty million Mohammedans! At least it was never clear to the Mohammedans. But since 1900 there has

been an important change in this respect. Whether the unity of India to-day is as complete as it appears, or really more akin to those alliances which break down after the common foe is destroyed, cannot be satisfactorily decided. In any case the diversity of interests is sufficient to maintain the demand that Mohammedan interests shall not be swamped by numbers: in other words, there must be a scheme of representation which gives one fifth of the population as much representation as the other four-fifths.

Apart from Congress, which is here regarded as the best sample of the genuine forward movement, and the agitators who come and go on a scene of conflicting aims, there is the yet more fundamental factor of positive reforms as carried out from time to time by the Government. The first and most fundamental of these was the general reorganization, usually associated with the name of Lord Macaulay. No critic of Indian affairs should ever forget that, with all the risks before them, Englishmen did not refuse to give India the language and literature of the West. The ignorant and the sentimental are now complaining that the ancient literature was crushed, while political leaders express astonishment at the kind of education which is given to Indians. All this is nonsense. The Government has always maintained Oriental studies and often Oriental Colleges: critical orientalists do not come from India but from Great Britain or Germany: and in any case, apart from the hypocrisy of the Anglo-Vedic politicians, no one supposes that popular education can be limited to Sanskrit in India any more than it could be limited to Anglo-Saxon in England. If everything else is forgotten the British should never forget or repent what was essentially a liberal policy, understood as such even when it might have been evaded with a good excuse and thrust aside for a policy of repression tempered by hypocrisy.

The results of this decisive step were seen in Queen Victoria's famous "charter" and the definite promise to associate in the government of India such natives as from time to time appeared fit for responsibility (1858). It is more than probable that the next quarter of a century was a period of division: the British government endorsed the policy, but the Indian government was required to make it effective, and at close quarters it seemed less easy and less desirable actually to place power in the hands of natives. Some of the natives could always be "consulted", but that was not sufficient. Another difficulty arose from the fact that the competent men belonged to a new class. British officers, civil or military, could recognize the ancient Indian nobility, as for example the ruling chiefs or the great Mohammedan leaders. But the people who actually came into prominence were a new and manufactured article. As late as 1906 it was possible to see a Council meeting attended by six Indian members, of whom one sat with the Europeans because the other Indians would not go within a prescribed distance of his person. The full recognition of mere "ability" was therefore difficult, and the centre of trouble was the group of graduates, editors, orators and progressives who had left their own people behind and not yet "arrived" anywhere else. Yet the British steadily supported the democratic movement which produced and justified these men. Lord Ripon was acknowledged in India to have been a champion of nationalism (1884): from him began definitely the process of building up from the bottom; local and municipal organizations were to be the means of training men who could rule, with the prospect of admission later to provincial government and finally to a share in the supreme government. From Lord Ripon's day there has been a sequence of events all tending to the same end. Curzon, Minto and Morley, Hardinge, Chelmsford and Montagu,—these names alone would be enough to prove that the British have little cause for shame or repentance. Mistakes have been plentiful, but we hardly know to-day whether the errors were in excess of caution or excess of generosity.

The general outcome is very complex. The features of the present situation are, mainly, a great increase in the number of people familiar to some degree with Indian political problems; a similar increase in the value of public opinion in India (though that "public" is still a very small part of the total population); a great increase in the opportunities offered to Indians for obtaining positions as administrative officers, judges, or military officers; and a marked advance in the general principles of government. The climax of the progress made since Lord Ripon's time is seen in the scheme for establishing dyarchy in India. The essence of this plan is to provide two parallel lines of government in all divisions, districts, and provinces. One line runs from the inferior local administration as far as, but not into, the supreme government. All along this line the sphere of duties is so defined as to put in the hands of elected or nominated representatives all power over all those questions which are regarded as not vital to the maintenance of British control. The purpose is to create a kind of government under tutelage: as time progresses the duties of this branch of the government can be increased and consequently the "home rule" which it implies will be gradually expanded. The other line practically keeps the present administrative system which runs from the humblest "collector" through the ascending ranks to the provincial Lieutenant-Governors and thence to the Supreme Council. Technically the body and the head are not joined, though increased native representation on the Supreme Councils and the co-operation of the Council of Native Rulers makes the supreme government decidedly an Indian

government and not a mere outpost of the India Office in England.

There the matter now stands. Those who accept this as the best means for educating India up to fuller self-government adopt the policy of co-operation. The out-and-out Home Ruler will not co-operate. He sees in the tutelage a form of slavery. He maintains that India was a civilized country before Britain was born, which is true also of the Hittites and quite irrelevant. He is uncertain as to what he has done or is doing, but quite sure as to what he can do, which is not a convincing attitude. He has just grievances in matters of economics (the cotton trade), in some cases of political action (repressive legislation and sedition acts), in immigration (Gandhi's work began in South Africa and righteous indignation), but there are few people without grievances and the most aggrieved are not necessarily the best advisers. Much remains to be said on this subject, but space is not assigned to it. The war still troubles the whole political world and gives the Mohammedan question a peculiar colour. At the present time it seems more than likely that history is repeating itself: the extremists will create troubles like the Moplah outbreak, in which (be it remembered) an alien Arab population resumed their traditional right to massacre Hindus: these things will show that religious fervour is not the same as good government; and those vast masses of people whom we so vaguely see in the background of tragic episodes will justify the moderates. In that case the dominant political ideas will be present co-operation, continuous expansion of privileges and Home Rule—when?

G. S. BRETT.

A Letter from Vienna

TO most people in Canada, Austria and her troubles seem afar off, but to anyone who has recently visited Vienna they are very real indeed. After reading the accounts of the rioting of December 1st, I went to Vienna expecting to see disorder and violence. I was surprised to find a very orderly population; yet, quite obviously, many people are on the verge of starvation. One must admire the stoicism with which suffering is accepted, but it is indeed sad to see the "laughter-loving Viennese" so devoid of hope. Just as Vienna was noted in pre-war days as a centre of art, of music, and of surgery, so are her people proverbially patient. Among any other people similarly situated bread riots would have been far more prominent.

In the old days of the Dual Monarchy, Vienna was not only an educational and artistic centre and the capital of a great Empire; it was also an important commercial distributing base. With the Peace Treaties this has been greatly changed. Austria, now reduced to less than a quarter of her former area, is too small a state to support a capital the size of Vienna—at least without a considerable and difficult period of transition. Whether these difficulties will be surmounted or whether Vienna, like Venice, will become a city of the past, is a matter for speculation.

By the creation of new states, such as Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, various national aspirations have been realized, but no less certainly a complete and highly organized economic unit has been destroyed. Prague, Budapest, and Belgrade have become new distributing centres, and, of course, the very large *intelligenzia* of Vienna have lost the support which formerly they derived either directly or indirectly from those portions of the Empire now included in the Succession States. The evils necessarily attendant on such a change have been aggravated through the erection of tariff barriers by the new states, and, of course, reprisals all round. Fortunately there are signs that the futility of such a policy is becoming generally recognised, and a trade agreement has already been concluded between Austria and Czecho-Slavokia. With freer trade, conditions cannot fail to improve. Austria, nevertheless, remains in the position of a child born with an excessively large head—Vienna.

To walk through this beautiful city is heart-rending. On every hand are magnificent buildings, art museums, parks,—the very streets are as sculpture galleries—and in the midst of all this splendour a populace close to starvation. The professional and teaching classes—those with fixed incomes—are suffering the most. Owing to the inability of the government to increase their salaries as the krone falls in value their plight is extreme. Instances could be quoted of university professors who have actually starved to death. In comparison the workmen are well off. At present, a workman earns on an average about three times what a professional man does. One of the current jokes of Vienna is the story of how a doctor was reduced to begging a crust of a shoemaker; and of how the latter replied "Why did you not *learn* something, then you would not be in this way?".

With the fall of the krone the savings of the Austrian people have vanished into thin air. In Vienna I took rooms from a woman whose husband was formerly a prominent physician in the hospital. On his death, before the War, she was granted a monthly pension of 60 kronen. At that time this amounted to about $15.00 which would keep her from starvation at least. Since then this pension has not been increased and 60 K. will now purchase one slice of bread! Thus it is that all people with fixed incomes are finding the greatest difficulty in getting enough to eat. Prices have been rising almost

daily, owing to the depreciation of the currency by constant new issues.[1]

With the New Year the Government, tired of waiting for outside assistance, instituted drastic financial reforms. It was determined at all costs to break the vicious circle of ever-increasing currency and consequent ever-rising prices. The policy of food subsidies was abandoned, there was a readjustment of the system of taxation, and control of the foreign exchanges was restored (as a check to speculation). As a result, the hardships of the people of Vienna have been increased to breaking point, the krone has fallen to half its value of even a month ago[2] and the Government in a panic has appealed to Britain for aid in the form of a loan of £2,500,000 which, it is to be hoped, will have been granted by the time this appears in print.[3]

In Vienna and throughout Austria the American Relief and the Friends have been doing excellent work. Bad as conditions are now, they would have been infinitely worse without the aid given by these organizations. One is safe in saying that the average person in America has no conception of the tragedy which is being enacted in Europe at the present time. The evils I have described in Vienna are multiplied many times in Constantinople, and the tales Dr. Nansen has brought back from the famine areas of Russia form a chapter of horrors by themselves. After personal contact with some of the plague spots of Europe one realizes how petty our newspapers are, with their Bolshevist bogies, their insistence on full payment of indemnities, etc. One is inclined to wish that the New World, if it will sit calmly before the spectacle of European civilization being destroyed, would at least not sit with its hands folded over its pockets.

ROY V. SOWERS.

[1]Feb. 5th. The present quotation in Vienna is 10,000 kronen to the dollar. Pre-war quotation 4 kronen to the dollar.

[2]Beggars are everywhere in Vienna, and nowhere have I seen such old clothes and rags. At the same time there is the contrast of the luxury of the exchange profiteers. The riots of December 1st were a protest against this display and were directed chiefly against the more expensive restaurants. The class of people one sees occupying the best seats at the Opera now are disgusting.

[3]The Canadian newspapers of February 18th announced that an emergency loan of £2,000,000 was being provided immediately for Austria by the British Government.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

French Policy

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In your recent editorials, and in certain articles published on European questions, you appear to me to have misrepresented the spirit and motives which have prompted the French Government in their present policy. In recent years France has endured two most destructive attacks upon her soil from the Germans. During these invasions she has borne the burden, principally for herself, if you will, but in a large measure for the rest of Western civilization.

There appears to me to be a danger that in England, in the United States, and in Canada, publicists may forget that France is, and must continue to be, the real buffer between the ambitions of Germany, Russia, and Continental Europe on the one hand, and England and America on the other. France is not militaristic. France desires and must have peace, as much, if not more, that any other European nation; but she is at Germany's door and very close to Russia, and if these two nations, or one of them, should go mad again, she would be the first to suffer, and would suffer most. This point of view, I am afraid, has been overlooked, with injustice to France, who is simply seeking adequate safeguards against a repetition of the sufferings and losses of the past.

Centuries before Christ the Germans began invading France and they have since repeated the operation more than thirty times, to be exact, thirty-three times, and on every occasion completely destroyed or pillaged everything in their way. The Germans will do it again—and as soon as they can—and that may not be very far away.

The Great War has cost France 4,000,000 men, the flower of her young manhood; one and one-half millions were killed, three-quarters of a million mutilated and about two millions gravely wounded.

At the Armistice she had expended the sum of over $33,200,000,000 in resisting the invasion.

Between 1914 and 1918 the Germans destroyed 2,600 towns and villages with all their schools, churches and public buildings (550,000 houses), devastated an area of 6,300 square miles, whose population in 1914 was 4,700,000 and at the time of the Armistice less than 2,000,000. Within this area were to be found the richest farms, over 4,000,000 acres of arable land, and the most important industrial establishments of France, such as steel and rolling mills, linen mills, chemical plants, iron foundries, collieries, mechanical and electrical plants, and these were nearly all destroyed. The coal mines were pillaged and finally wrecked. Four million acres of farm lands were damaged, 33,000 miles of highways, 2,500 miles of railroads were destroyed, 670 miles of canals submerged, including 450 bridges and 115 locks.

And yet some people wonder at France's apprehensiveness—and others call her militaristic or imperialistic—because she insists upon protecting herself—*and others*—against a repetition of such outrages. The New York Tribune speaking the other day of the regular troops of the French army, 600,000 men, maintained at France's expense on the Rhine to compel the Germans to fulfil their treaty obligations to France and to

others—said "that picked body is not simply the agent of France, but the agent of all the nations that helped to defeat Germany."

If Great Britain and the United States will not share the burdens and perils of defending western civilization for them as well as for her, the very least they could and should do is not to deny her what she absolutely needs for her security. It was only the other day that Viscount Grey said:

> "The fact that France had not that feeling of security was at the bottom of a great deal of the political troubles there had been in Europe since the Armistice. He also believed—though it might not be realized so much at the moment as it would be perhaps in a few years—that the fortunes of France and this country (Great Britain) were so bound up together that if one of them fell it would involve the fall of the other.
>
> "Recent controversies raised by France should not be judged singly. At Versailles France thought she had got securities in the Franco-American and Franco-British treaties, but they had both disappeared."

In 1870 Great Britain failed to measure or even sense the peril for herself in allowing Germany to throttle France. Apparently the Great War, so Lord Grey tells us, has failed to impress this truth upon the people of the Mother Country.

How long is it going to take England and the United States to realize that "the fall of France would involve the fall of England?"

Whilst England and the United States are, it is hoped, learning the lesson which ought to be obvious to them, is France to be expected to neglect those precautions so essential to her own security and safety; and, if she choose to carry the burden of insuring this safety for herself—and others—should not the world endeavour to understand and justly appreciate her spirit and motives as well as her policy?

Yours, etc.,
N. A. BELCOURT.

Ottawa.

Canadian Culture?

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

I thank you for the copy of your January issue. My sympathies are all with Mr. Fairley. I do not think Mr. King's letter at all meets Mr. Fairley's article, and I do not think Mr. King, or anyone supporting him, capable of writing one which would meet it, for whereas Mr. Fairley obviously reads books from the same standpoint as that from which an artist writes them, it is equally obvious that Mr. King's own books are not written from the standpoint of an artist.

This is no reflection on Mr. King, though, I am sorry to say, he is likely to think it is, for it is seldom that one who writes as he does, primarily to promote the conduct of life, is content to be honoured for his practical services, and does not aspire to recognition as an artist who, as an artist, has no such concern.

The phrase "conduct of life" is perhaps somewhat unfortunate. It arose simply because Mr. King is patently concerned with it, and it will in all probability provoke the reply that I have in the back of my head the doctrine of "art for art's sake." Let me remove this bugbear at once.

Neither Mr. King nor anyone else will object to the observation that the history of a poet is one thing, and the history of a historian another; the world of the imagination one thing, and the world of fact another; and whether the writer of a historical novel is to be thought of as an artist or as just giving a different mechanical form to history depends entirely on whether he has regarded his history as a convenience or as history. Between art and writing up anything in fiction form there is a great and qualitative difference. The artist does what he likes with his history. The transmogrifier always has his eye on the world of fact. I observe that Mr. King always has his eye on the practical world (in his case conduct and not historic fact) and therefore I say he does not look at things from the standpoint of art.

The artist of course deals with reality, in the popular sense, but never as reality; and art thus not being of the practical world, it cannot be served by a practical conception, such as that of nationalism. There can be no question of the benefit to be gained from the discussion of art, that is, of art in general; and such discussion is furthered by the multiplication of societies and periodicals devoted to that end. Furthermore, due to practical considerations, it is well that there should be a *Canadian Bookman*, as well as an English and an American Bookman. Nevertheless, it is idle to advise our present-day writers to "be Canadian" in their writing, idle for this very good reason: If anyone of them happens to be a poet, he may write of anything—a Grecian Urn or an Ancient Mariner. If he be a novelist, there is more likelihood of his writing with a Canadian "setting." But *of what* he writes is purely accidental so far as *art* is concerned. I could take a number of poems, plays, novels (perhaps having to change the "settings"), from English, American and Canadian literature; and neither Mr. King nor anyone else could, if he did not already know them, tell the nationality of their different authors. Poe is generally conceded to be the greatest poet America has produced, and where is the "Americanism" of his work? Miss Pickthall is the greatest poet Canada has produced, and where is the "Canadianism" of her work?

Certainly, when we are confronted with a body of finished work, it may exhibit certain salient characteristics (e.g. "Russian pessimism"—though it might well be argued that this is a popular fallacy); but it is not possible to say what these characteristics are until there is such a body, and even then it is impossible to counsel a Russian, "Write pessimistically, and become a Russian artist," for art is not born of the will. A "national art" cannot be "made"; it just grows, and the whole trouble with Mr. King and the Canadian Book Week lies in the presumption that it can be made.

Art, generally speaking, can be encouraged by organization; and the result of that encouragement will in the process of time become, naturally, the "national art". But to presume there is such a thing as "the national art" which the Canadian writer can achieve by "trying", or by using Canadian "settings", is to betray ignorance of the real nature of art.

My concern is not for "Canadian art", but for the place of art in Canada. The crying need of Canada at the present time is, to my thinking, a first-class literary magazine—with all due respect to THE CANADIAN FORUM, though it has the distinction of being the only Canadian critical work which, on the whole, starts off from the proper place. But there are matters of fact and matters of opinion, and a first-class paper will never be wrong on matters of fact. I have in mind the reviews, in the January issue, of Bliss Carman's poetry and *The Masques of Ottawa*. As to the former, I think there might be a difference of opinion. It was refreshing after the usual flap-doodle over Bliss Carman's work by Canadian "boosters" (needless to say, not R. H. Hathaway); but I think it erred in losing sight of such a big poem as "Behind the Arras." As to the latter, I cannot understand a tenth-rate imitation (of *The Mirrors of Downing Street*), not even decently written, being noticed appreciatively. The first review was written by someone who knew his business. The second review does not even notice the most important fact about the book in question, that it is an imitation.

I am aware that this state of affairs is largely due to material conditions, to the fact that there is no money in reviewing, so that those capable of doing it have, perforce, to sandwich it in with other work, and leave much to others less capable; but until this state of affairs is remedied I see little hope for art in Canada. It will not, however, be remedied by a movement

more concerned for "Canadian art" than for the place of art in Canada; and while it may be granted that such a movement does not debar anyone from reading what he chooses, it does encourage just such reviews as the latter of the two cited, and lessen the influence of such reviews as the former.

Mr. King does not appreciate Mr. Fairley's position. Mr. Fairley does not complain that Canadian literature is in its infancy. He does complain (and I agree with him) that the strident accentuation of "the national note" is connected rather with the purely practical matter of Canadian publishing than with any earnest desire to foster in Canada the appreciation of the best art, no matter whence it comes; and the growth of that appreciation is the first step towards the creation, or better, the growth of a "national literature."

Finally it may be remarked that Canadian art was more promising in its earlier infancy, the hey-day of Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, C. G. D. Roberts, etc., when there was much less solicitude for its welfare, and the artists themselves had to go elsewhere in order to live. This is not new—a spiritual ferment giving rise to unhonoured poets. Such was the fate of Shakespeare in his own day.

Yours, etc.,

ALFRED GORDON.

Montreal.

The Allward Memorial

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

It is some months since the result of The Canadian War Memorials competition was announced. These are impressions formed after some recent discussions on the subject.

The Allward design was really *hors concours*. It went beyond and above anything the framers of the competition conceived of. He ignored the restrictions the other competitors accepted. After seeing his design one feels there should have been no restrictions and not that he should have worked within them.

Then, as there is to be one dominant memorial, the other memorials should be designed in relation to it. The second prize design bears no relation to the first, fine as it may be by itself. When one tries to form a conception of the Allward monument and the four or five replicas of the Clemesha monument along the battle line one is acutely conscious of discord.

Bronze tablets set in stone, briefly describing each engagement and the divisions employed and conforming in style to the central monument, would seem to be the better way of denoting the other battlefields.

As the competition was not strictly adhered to in awarding the first place there seems to be no reason why a dignified and orderly scheme should be lost by adherence to the second award.

Yours, etc.,

A. Y. JACKSON.

Hatley, Quebec.

The Swimmers

[*The truth of this story is not guaranteed by the Associated Press.*]

IT was a high rock-bound coast, indented by many long narrow inlets cut off from each other by the depth of the water at the lowest tides and by the strength of the currents that swept round the out-jutting points of the sundering rocks. Most of these inlets were deserted of life, though many of them showed signs of early seafaring enterprise in the form of rotting piers, bare ribs of dismantled boats, broken oars, and rusted anchors.

In one of them, however, there was movement. On an ancient pier, overgrown at water-level with seaweed and covered with barnacles and clustered mussels, stood two men at the head of a dangerously rotten ladder. At the foot of the ladder, rising and falling with the swell, a boat was moored to a rusty ring.

The boat was very old, water oozed through the seams of its starting ribs, its oars were worn and frail. An old patched skin of wine and a cask of mouldy bread were stowed away in the bow.

The appearance of the two men offered a curious contrast. One of them was naked. A heap of clothes which he had just cast off lay at his feet. In his face was a mingling of gravity and eagerness. As he spoke there was a touch of impatience in his voice, as of one whose mind was made up to an adventure, and could ill brook delay. The other was clothed with many strangely assorted garments. They were ragged and patched and thin, and of a quaint mediaeval fashion. A life-belt in a poor state of repair surrounded his waist. In one hand he held a compass whose needle would not move, and in the other a lantern in which a single candle guttered down to the socket.

In his face fear and anxiety joined with the pressure of a task that might not be shirked. He was speaking in a slow monotone, urging his impatient companion to consideration.

[*How I came to be present at this interview, to hear what I heard and to see what I saw is my own secret.*]

"My friend," he said, "I beg of you to be warned by me. Many generations of sea-faring experience are behind me. I have the only chart of these perilous waters, the only compass, the only light in the dark night. There are bread and wine in my boat. You cannot live a day in these strong currents. Put on your clothes and come with me in my boat."

The other looked at the crazy boat, the mouldy bread, the fixed compass, the flickering candle, and smiled. "Fear is an ill guide," said he, "the sea is my mother, her life is in my veins. She will bear me up. I shall see the splendid stars by night, and I shall reach the Happy Isles."

As he spoke he dived swiftly and I saw him soon swimming strongly into the West.

His much-clothed companion shuddered and wrung his hands. Then slowly in fear and trembling he crept down the decrepit ladder into his boat and reluctantly loosed her from the mooring-ring.

[*How I heard what I heard and saw what I saw is my own secret.*]

Meanwhile the swimmer fared on his westward way. Night fell. Clouds hid the stars. The strong currents tugged at his limbs. Crested waves broke over him in a blinding smother of foam. Strange things from the deep jostled his naked body. His breath began to come and go in quick gasps. But

slowly as he forged on strength from the sea flowed into his limbs. It bore him up and on. He floated easily. Sometimes he dived and found the creatures of the deep beautiful and friendly. The clouds cleared, and "intense bright frosty stars burned over him."

As he breasted a wave he saw his companion in the boat, not far away. Fear was in the boat with him. The candle had gone out. The eastern oar had broken, and he was sculling desperately with the remaining oar. The wine skin had burst. At intervals he stopped sculling to bale furiously.

But as he neared his swimming companion once more he lifted his mournful monotone and implored him to abandon his perilous enterprise and to enter the boat and be saved.

"My good friend," said the swimmer, "I think you would be wiser to follow me. You will have to do it before long, for I am sure your boat will not float many more hours."

"*Retro Satanas*," cried his friend, "tempt me not to my destruction. The boat is my only hope, and I have the maker's guarantee that it cannot sink." The swimmer swam on. The boatman baled and sculled alternately. In his frenzied efforts to keep the boat afloat, his frail and antique garments became more rent and tattered and began to fall away from him. One decuman wave smote the labouring boat, there was a cry of despair, and as the swimmer looked behind him nothing was to be seen but the floating oars. But quickly a head rose and flurried arms began to flail the water. The swimmer waited, floating easily, until struggling, gasping and groaning, his friend now naked as himself crept up behind, calling at intervals breathlessly, "All is lost, I shall be drowned." "Be of good cheer," said the other, placing one hand under the struggling man's chin, "you will soon gain strength from this very sea that you fear."

So, for awhile, he patiently bore up his despairing friend. Before long the latter also began to make the delightful discovery that his arms were better than oars, that his body was more cunningly built than his ancient boat, that his expanding lungs were more buoyant than his worn-out life-belt. Fear, for so long his companion, sank like lead into the depths. He forgot his chart, his compass, and his lantern. Side by side with his companion he swam and dived and floated with ever increasing strength and delight, tasting the new joy of adventure. From time to time they fell in with other swimmers and exchanged news of discoveries, of things learnt in the depths, or from the wandering sea-birds, of the stars and constellations.

They are swimming still, nothing of them will fade, but will suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange.

[*I know what I know because I was the man in the boat*]. S. H. H.

Early Days in Canadian Art

THIS spring the Ontario Society of Artists will hold its fiftieth Annual Exhibition, and as these exhibitions were for many years the only ones at which professional artists could with any self-respect exhibit their work, or the public enjoy the pleasure and education good pictures should give, the writer, a prentice hand who worked on the foundation, thinks it seasonable to give in rambling narrative a short account of how the Society came into being. A brief glance at the conditions art laboured under in Ontario at the time is necessary for a right understanding.

With the exception of Paul Kane, Upper Canada had not produced a native artist. The residing artists were all from Europe—England mostly—and they worked in the manner of the schools they had been trained in. With the exception of the portrait painters few painted in oil, and the landscapes, marines, etc. were nearly all water-colours of the English School—at this time at its best. But, although the style was suitable to the conditions of the old land, it was not, when rigidly adhered to, adequate to convey the breadth and light and other qualities of this country. The critics and art lovers, having been brought up under English influence, failed to detect or point out the lacking qualities. So advancement had to come from without, and did, in this way.

Toronto was growing in wealth and induced Montreal artists to make it their home. Also after the Civil War there was a greater intercourse with the United States, but the most important thing of all was the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia with its grand exhibition of French Art. This opened the eyes of many to the fact that they were very much behind the times, and led our young men to take advantage of the admirable system of education the schools of Paris afforded. Some of the practical results, perhaps the most important, arising from these causes were the increased enthusiasm and growth of the Ontario Society of Artists, the parent of the Royal Canadian Academy which now governs the official art interests of the Dominion.

In 1867 William Notman of Montreal opened a photographic studio in Toronto and sent, as manager and junior partner, John Arthur Fraser, a young man of Scotch and Danish descent, who had studied art in the Royal Academy Schools with Du Maurier as a classmate, and also in the studio of F. W. Topham, supporting himself, while doing so, by painting portraits. His father, Alexander Fraser, was a London tailor of advanced liberal ideas, and a strenuous supporter of the moral force Chartists. His principles did not render him popular, with the result that he failed in business and emigrated with his family (including John and his young wife) to Canada, where they

settled in Stanstead, Eastern Townships. This was during the Civil War in the States, and times were very bad. Young John did anything he could to support the family. He took a contract to paint kitchen chairs, but as he painted them altogether with oil paints, instead of priming them with a size white-wash, he lost money on it. Next he tried land-scapes on omnibuses, cutters, and waggons. These pleased and sold the goods. Between-times he made sketches of the beautiful Eastern Townships, mostly in water-colours. They were done in a style of his own, very direct in method and quite a departure from the English School in which he was educated. In colour they were strong; the general effect was on the hard side and objective. His oils were not so good, partly owing to his materials—carriage painters' colours and brushes, taken in trade.

Fraser's talents soon became noised abroad with the result that William Notman, already famed as a photographer, invited him to come to Montreal and try his hand at painting photographs. This invitation he accepted and he revolutionized the doubtful art. With his dexterity in handling water-colours, he painted over light prints on drawing-paper, succeeding so well that it was difficult for even artists to detect the photographic base, and in the case of his miniatures they resembled in every way the real thing done on ivory, with rich back-grounds, broad draperies, and clean flesh colours. They were a pleasure to behold, and resulted in becoming one of the principal features of Notman's business, and the artist's room, the academy from which several of our leading Artists (e.g., Sandham, W. Lewis Fraser, John Hammond) graduated.

The same success followed him when he came to Toronto, where he was assisted by Eugene Nice, Horatio Walker, the present writer, and afterwards F. McG. Knowles. Nor were his gifts confined to the painter's art. Blessed with a fine tenor voice, he sang "My Queen", "Ruby", "The Message", "My Pretty Jane", and other songs of the period so well that the great Brignoli deigned to sing with him at concerts and complimented him highly. It is to be regretted that he (Fraser) appreciated his talents at their full worth. Once, when greatly elated, he exlaimed, "A man that can paint like that should wear a gold hat". (This was before the day of the Colonial.) In consequence of his florid self-appreciation he was disliked by many, but all appreciated his art.

When in Montreal he had been a very active member of the defunct Canadian Society of Artists, and he occasionally exhibited. One of his pictures in New York, *The Right of the Road*, caused him to be elected a member of the American Society of Water Colors. In Toronto he missed the excitement of the politics, the exhitibitions, and the meetings of an Art

Continued on page 562.

The Hanging

"It has been decided that the law must be allowed to take its course"—*Daily Paper.*

THE LAW SPEAKS:

I bind the Soul that fathered me;
I Am the Law, and resolute
Against the changing of the Soul,
I hang, behead, electrocute.

I take my course. How fine the day!
And all are here by duty stirred,
Hangman and prisoner, warden and press,
And Jesus with the Holy Word.

I Am the Law. May order rule!
My warrant let the warden read,
Then all with proper decency
Will to our lifted stage proceed.
How fine the day! The happy sun
Beams into corridor and square
To cheer our prisoner and bless
The purpose of our altar there.

Our footsteps on the sunny stones
Beat to the pulse of earth and star;
The law that drives yon budding tree
Condemned our prisoner at its bar.

Let Jesus hold his trembling arm
And stand beside him to the end
(He loves these opportunities
To function as experienced friend).

Now, hangman, use your cunning well,
And hide his face that none may see
The anguish of his tortured soul.
I take my course, let these things be.

Come, Jesus, speak your little prayer
And, when "Deliver us" is said,
Then, hangman, draw the gliding bolt
And give our brother air to tread.

"Our Father", sound the gracious words,
"Thy will be done"—and all the rest—
(I hope our poor delivered friend
Had time to note the subtle jest).

He shoots into the opened dark,
His soul is torn through narrow ways.
I take my course: I only see
A straightened rope that trembling sways.

I bind the Soul that fathered me;
I Am the Law, and resolute
Against the changing of the Soul,
I hang, behead, electrocute.

J. E. H. MACDONALD

Society, and soon took steps to fill this void. He consulted with Daniel Fowler, who was one of the few men he really admired, and also with Marmaduke Matthews, whose work he did not admire, about the formation of a Society. At first he met with very little encouragement as the local artists were very jealous of the rapid popularity his work had obtained, but in time these lesser lights were led to a proper frame of mind, largely by the persuasive talks of James Spooner and George Gilbert, the art critics of the day.

Critics have always been with us. They are necessary as the retarders of the self-opinion of artists, and certainly these were two fine examples. To mention one at a time is necessary to give an idea of their personalities, but they were as one in their wish to secure the best works of the best artists at the least possible price. George Gilbert, teacher of art at Bishop Strachan's College came from Australia some time in the 'sixties. In person he was impressive, tall, and fair, always well-dressed, and a fluent talker on any subject. He was a high churchman, and a confirmed spiritualist, supporting his faith by remarkable stories. His house was at the N.W. corner of Gerrard and Church—a neighbourhood more fashionable then than now. In it were many interesting art objects, including testimonials to the Professor, and in the afternoons he held art classes for young ladies of fashion. Mrs. Gilbert came from Australia with her husband, and being a very fascinating woman and a good musician, her speciality being the harp, the concerts she gave were always a success. These gifts, especially her lively nature, caused Gilbert many an unhappy day; so much so, that for periods they lived separately, but Gilbert was kept in touch with her doings by his friends from the other side.

Spooner, the other critic, was a matter-of-fact person. His schooling had been sadly neglected, but in the ways of the world he was well educated. 'Tis said he was an English game-keeper, and came to Canada with the Duke of Newcastle. Anyhow he had a fine kennel of Pointers and Setters in the yard of his tobacco shop (where the King Edward Hotel now stands). In the rear of the shop was a small picture gallery, and the dogs and pictures together with his fine cigars and picturesque conversation caused Spooner's to be the rendezvous of the bloods about town and the artists who enjoyed hearing that Mrs. Gilbert visiting his shop (no doubt she smoked), during a period when relations with her husband were strained, met him there and "gave him a look like a balasilk, sir". This, with the art gossip, brought much business. He claimed, so did Gilbert, that his advice had done much for Fowler's painting—not without reason. Be this as it may, Fowler certainly did profit by his appreciation; for whenever he sent a roll of water-colours to be framed and sold, Spooner and Gilbert quarrelled over them like dogs over a bone. These competitions generally took place in Hood and Laird's, the most important Art dealers and picture-frame makers of the town.

After these great authorities had somewhat paved the way for the undertaking Fraser had in mind, he called a meeting at his house, 28 Gould St.. This was on the evening of June 25th, 1872, and those invited were Charles S. Millard, T. M. Martin, James Hoch, Marmaduke Matthews, J. W. Bridgeman, and the writer. Fraser laid before them a plan to form a Society of Artists similar to the Canadian Society of Artists of Montreal, and he was requested to draw up a constitution and rules and submit them at a meeting to be held at the residence of Charles S. Millard, Wood St., on July 2nd. To this meeting, in addition to the artists above mentioned, came H. Hancock, an architect and painter, who acted as secretary, with Fraser in the chair. Fraser read the draft of the constitution which after some alterations was adopted. Fraser was then appointed Vice-President, H. Hancock Secretary, and H. J. Morse (a coal merchant) Treasurer. William Holmes Howland was appointed the President of the Society. The first business was to provide for an Art Union on similar lines to those conducted in London and Glasgow. This was very successfully done and the First Annual Exhibition was held in a new art gallery built by Notman and Fraser on part of the site now occupied by the King Edward Hotel. It opened with a private view on Easter Monday, April 14th, 1873.

After a lapse of fifty years it would be difficult to give any reliable criticism, or even description, of the pictures, but as the gallery was only about 50′ × 30′, and it contained 252 works, the majority must have been small. By the titles, our predecessors were more romantic. For instance, *Storm at Daybreak, Flashes of Light in the Darkness, Glint as from Flint and Steel, Winona's Home*—also with poetry; *Despair of Medea, Virginius and Virginia.* It is a lesson to us to learn that none of the artists whose works are highly thought of at present, Fowler, Creswell, Millard, or Fraser, used poetry. L. R. O'Brien and G. Harlow White were introduced to the public at this exhibition and the total of sales made $3,935, a large sum in those days.

R. F. Gagen.

Musical Cries and Folk Songs of the British Peoples

THOUGH it might be considered a quaint conceit of the gentleman who said "Let me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws", he knew, at all events, that warm sentiment is stronger and more lasting than any amount of cold logic. And most people would no doubt agree

BOOK STAMPS

Used plain and in gold, for the decoration of the leather covers of illuminated addresses, etc.

DESIGNED BY
A. SCOTT CARTER

with him thus far, that cries, as for example, "Scotland for ever", "Victory or Westminster Abbey", "England expects every man—", "Kiss me Hardy", "Thank God I have done my duty", "God for Henry and St. George", "Ould Ireland", "Up, Guards and at 'em", and especially "Auld Lang Syne" have done more for the British race as a whole than the political cries of the hustings. These cries, no less than the musical street cries and the peoples' songs, refused to be killed by evanescent "popularity"; they are in the true sense the cries and songs of the people; for the shocks of nations and armies, the theories of theologians, the philosophical exactitudes of science, pass over them. The sentiments of generations of human beings are always of more importance than geographical units and the ingenuity of the few, and a cause only prevails when it expresses the instincts of humanity which are never far wrong as guides in the progress of life. In these songs and cries, we have, after all, the true expressions of humanity the world over.

The lanthorne man sings of light; at the back of *the tooth-drawer's* cry is the only real enemy of mankind—pain; in *the beggar's* cry is the eternal appeal to charity, as he sings "for Jesus' sake"; and when the *cooper* sings, "I am married to as pretty a wench as ever God hath made", he instinctively makes his wife a part of his craft, and the barrel he mends is as important to him as Whitman's "vast rondure, swimming in space". Everything that is for utility is, in these cries, made amazingly human. We have also the *lavender crier* who reminds us to buy his lavender to sweeten our bodies and our clothes, and become "sweet and blooming". *The sweep crier* says he'll make the soot fall like sin lest your porridge-pot should be defiled. The British race, is, at its core, saturated with healthy sentiment, humour, pathos, and the comic spirit, but it is rarely gloomily tragic. Such tragedy as is thrust upon it, it turns to romantically, as the poor woman who could not feed one child said God had blessed her by sending her two. While the present generation has the facts of peoples and places placed before it, the sentiments of their fathers, the human sentiments which have made the search for facts possible, are far too seldom reverted to.

J. CAMPBELL MCINNES.

The Giant

ONE of the distinctive features of this age, and of this continent in particular, is the abundance of great men. They are to be found in every walk of life, and most of them are on the walk or on the run all the time. They are itinerant giants who never remain in one place long enough for people to discover that they go on stilts.

The giant is usually attached to some great movement that takes in the entire stellar universe as its parish. He is a man of mighty self-assertion, whose addresses begin and end in a big "I". His very bearing, as he is ushered reverently into a room, strikes awe into the hearts of an assembly of simpletons, who rise automatically and greet him in breathless silence.

After the simpletons have been duly fed, and even before some of them have finished their victuals, the chairman, who is usually one of the local giants, wipes his greasy lips, takes a drink of water to steady his prodigious nerve, staggers to his feet, raps on a tea-cup, and announces that the oracle is about to speak.

"Gentlemen!" he begins, in a voice that trembles with excited expectancy, "the big moment has now arrived. We have with us to-night, I make bold to say, one of the mightiest men of this northern hemisphere!"

A storm of cheering prevents the chairman from proceeding, and he draws himself up and strikes an attitude which is intended to indicate that he himself is one of the same race of giants.

"I have a vivid recollection of my first meeting with the great man who is our honoured guest this evening", he proceeds. "That was twenty-five years ago in the city of Noo York. I shall never forget the tremendous impression we made upon one another that day, and how we embraced each other in the midst of the traffic of Broadway and resolved that, not excepting Julius Caesar, we were the mightiest things that had ever struck the planet".

Another outburst of applause definitely endorses this sentiment, and the chairman proceeds, humbly, as follows:

"I leave it with you, gentlemen, to judge whether that resolution was justified. I have, in my own way, tried to do a few little things (applause and laughter). Yes, I may, without presumption, lay claim to have done some things—", renewed applause, and cries of "You're a wonder" halt the chairman's self-depreciatory remarks.

"But you have not come here to listen to me", he goes on, "you have come here to-night to see and hear a man whom I am proud to introduce, not only as my bosom friend and fellow-worker, but as one of the greatest statesmen of the universe."

Having thus effaced himself, the chairman calls upon his fellow-superman, who rises deliberately to his feet amid tempestuous cheering. He stands for a moment with the detached air of a Colossus, surveying with a general gaze the Lilliputians who sit between his legs. His lips begin to move to the following effect:

"I am profoundly moved by the reception you have accorded me, and the generous words of your chairman have penetrated to the depths of my very being. As he spoke, my heart expanded and throbbed

with that brotherly love and affection—that love which is higher than the loftiest skyscraper, deeper than the most unfathomable oil-well, and broader than the United States (subdued applause). I am not ashamed to say to you to-night that I love your chairman as I love no other man alive at this present moment. He is not only a great man himself, he is also a discerner of greatness in those who discern greatness in him, and in this bond of mutual discernment we have throughout all these years been inseparable friends and shall so continue as long as we have the power of self-appreciation!"

During the stupendous applause that follows this introduction of himself, the great man clears his gullet with half a glass of water and then proceeds thus:

"I venture to affirm that we are living in the most momentous period in the history of the world. Things are happening to-day that have never happened before, and I make bold to predict, will never happen again (wild cheering). The peoples and the nations are in a state of flux—they are on the move! We have just emerged from the furnace of Armageddon, and mankind is molten—not moulting (a laugh). As I said at a meeting in this city three years ago, mankind is molten, it is fluid, and will soon be set like the plaster on the wall!" (Cheers).

"What are you going to do about it?"

This question is thrust with swift and searching emphasis at the Lilliputians, some of whom are surreptitiously finishing their meal and are not quite prepared for the interrogation. The questioner, however, does not expect an answer, and, lest some impudent Lilliputian should put the question up to him, he at once changes the subject and lapses into a reminiscent mood.

"I recall a conversation I had with my friend Mr. Millionmacher on the saloon-deck of the *Mightimania* while crossing the Atlantic a few years ago—I have, by the way, crossed the ocean about five hundred times in the last twenty years, and have in that time encircled the earth at least forty times—and I wish at this point to record my stupendous admiration for that aggregate of emancipated nations known as the British Empire! (Loud and long applause.) Never in the history of the world, yes, I would go further and say that never within my own experience and recollection have I seen such an empire as that over whose wide territory the Union Jack floats like a negro's washing on an illimitable clothes-line!" (Wild and cyclonic cheers greet this picturesque and lurid passage.)

After refreshing himself with another drink of water, the mighty orator plunges into a graphic outline of his pet scheme for the Americanization of the entire human race. He does not actually say that the lowly Nazarene was an American, but he does infer that if the Lord came a second time to Bethlehem He would emigrate and take out naturalization papers in the United States, and very probably become a millionaire, or a bosom friend of these gentlemen.

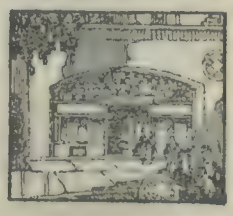
"But to return to that conversation with my friend Mr. Millionmacher", he continued, "a man whom I regard as the Croesus of Christianity, who has given thousands of dollars for the salvation of Mongolia—a country which, I believe, will within the next decade be either a menace or an emancipator of humanity. I have travelled over that country forty-three times, and, from my personal observation of the people, I am convinced that if we do not Americanize the Mongolians, the Mongolians will Mongolianize us!" (Some scattered cheers and mutual head-wagging greet this statement.)

He concludes:

"I am sorry that I have to curtail my speech as I have to catch a train for Chicago, where I am to address one of the biggest conventions of the Middle-Aged Men's Mongolian Movement ever held since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock. The very mention of that rock reminds me of the close kinship that exists between the two nations that are separated by those three thousand miles of invisible boundary-line, upon which not one single gun has been fired for the last hundred years—with the exception of a few recent encounters with bootleggers—and we are at this present moment at Washington arranging for the complete disarmament of the world and the ushering in of an age of universal peace."

Amid the volume of cheering that follows, the great man is escorted out of the room and driven off to the depot in a palatial limousine. His audience wend their various ways with full stomachs and windy noddles.

J. Lewis Milligan.



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Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars for the best PADDLE SONG, *the poem not to exceed fifty lines.*

Answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than April 20, 1922.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name or pseudonym, and address of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition, whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Results

A prize of five dollars for the best essay, not exceeding five hundred words, on HOW SANTA CLAUS VISITED A DRY CANADIAN CITY AND WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

No entry of sufficient merit was received for this competition to warrant us in awarding a prize. That submitted by Captain Stevens, 61 Dover St., Chatham, Ont., was amusing but scarcely up to the standard of previous entries.

Our Bookshelf

History

A History of the Great War, by John Buchan. Vol. 1. (Thomas Nelson & Sons; pp. 552, $7.50).

This volume is the first of four that will constitute a revised edition of the author's already well-known Nelson's *History of the War*. Although much of the earlier work has been rewritten, the general plan and the scope remain the same. Colonel Buchan's aim is to produce, not a source book or compilation of authorities (he even omits footnotes), but a comprehensive and balanced narrative that will, without sacrificing the vivid sense of immediate contact, anticipate as far as possible the final detachment of history. To succeed even partially in such a task would be a considerable achievement, and Colonel Buchan, judging from the first volume, succeeds at least partially. The book covers, with a completeness that is extraordinary when one considers its scale, not only the causes of the war and the actual operations, both naval and military, in all parts of the world down to March, 1915, but also the principal political and economic factors that affected the different belligerent nations during the opening period. Problems of strategy are illuminated by many references to military history, and the discussion of political questions almost invariably shows an extensive and accurate knowledge of events.

In dealing with such an immense mass of material there is always the danger of becoming immersed in a drab flood of detail, but Colonel Buchan's powers of description and his sense of proportion enable him throughout to avoid this danger. The foremost place is naturally given to the British Army, but this is an intentional departure from strict proportion that will not be regarded by English-speaking readers as a defect. The book as a whole does, however, disclose some grave short-comings. In spite of its great scope it lacks depth and insight. The standards are too often the conventional standards of the old-fashioned military history. The spirit and method that sufficed to interpret Wellington's campaigns are not sufficient here; and obviously patriotism is something of a disqualification to an historian, when the most it can concede to the enemy is a fairness in dealing with facts. The truth is that remnants of the old mists of propaganda still rise from many of Colonel Buchan's pages. He simply refuses to admit, for instance, that any other nation but the German harboured its war-party. In his eyes Russia, even, was thoroughly pacific; yet he must have heard of M. Poincaré's friend, the late M. Isvolsky. The real trouble is that Colonel Buchan, for all his sincerity and his vast fund of information, remains in political matters the slave of traditions and prejudices that cannot possibly be reconciled with that final detachment of history to which he aspires.

Industry

The Settlement of Wage Disputes, by Herbert Feis (The Macmillan Company, 1921; pp. xv, 289).

In Kansas they have set up an industrial court before whose jurisdiction disputes between masters and workers are brought and whose decisions are enforceable by rigorous penalties. The idea of an industrial court is one which naturally occurs to everyone who contemplates the waste and the confusion of industrial strife, but generally the idea is dismissed because of the formidable difficulties which further reflection reveals. Nor has the experience of those lands of free experiment, New Zealand and Australia, been such as to encourage the adoption elsewhere of the idea. But in Kansas they are not easily deterred, and the Kansas Industrial Court now stands before the bar of history.

There are two great obstacles to the successful establishment of an industrial court. In the first place, how can it secure the indispensable condition of the impartial judge? Can we assume that members of the regular judicature possess the balanced sympathy and the absence of class bias which are so necessary in this new sphere? It is taken for granted in Kansas, but the history of the American court in relation to labour questions raises a legitimate doubt. In the second place, where is the code in terms of which decisions shall be given? Unfortunately it does not yet exist. In the struggle for standards and the conflict of interests it has still to

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be evolved. And in its absence is not the establishment of a court entrusted with the extremely wide powers of industrial regulation and control assigned by the Kansas act somewhat premature?

Such are the questions one would expect Professor Feis of the University of Kansas to answer in his very appropriate book on *The Settlement of Wage Disputes*. But it cannot be said that Professor Feis really attempts to answer them. He gives a competent statement of the principles determining actual wage-standards in the semi-competitive, semi-trade-unionized world of labour. The magnitude of the step from that method to the determination of wages by an industrial court he hardly realizes. He sets out a few very general principles, such as that of the standardization of wages through a craft or industry, but when we ask how this is to be accomplished we are given such edifying but unhelpful statements as the following: "that level of standardization should be chosen, which it is believed will produce more good and less harm than any other level that might be chosen". Unconsciously, by resort to such banalities, Professor Feis reveals the greater difficulties of the problem which he undertakes to solve.

Poetry

The Veil and other Poems, by Walter de la Mare (Constable).

Mr. de la Mare is by now one of the most securely established of the poets styled Georgian. Only Mr. W. H. Davies has a stronger position. Those who care for good poetry will, therefore, provide themselves with *The Veil* and digest it at leisure. There does not seem to be any considerable change in Mr. de la Mare's outlook since his las volume, *Motley*. Perhaps he depends less in this volume on the paraphernalia of Coleridge's "Christabel". There is less moonlight, and fewer owls and belfries and yew-trees and ancient doorways. And perhaps there is rather more reflection, a closer grip on life, and a less tenacious hold on dreams. The poem "Awake!", both by title and content, stands out from its context. It is more open-eyed and vigorous han anything we can recall from Mr. de la Mare's pen.

> Why hath the rose faded and fallen, yet these eyes have not seen?
> Why hath the bird sung shrill in the tree—and this mind deaf and cold?
> . . . . . .
> O self! O self! Wake from thy common sleep!
> Fling off the destroyer's net. He hath blinded and bound thee.
> In nakedness sit; pierce thy stagnation, and weep;
> Or corrupt in thy grave—all Heaven around thee.

Collected Poems, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan).

In this volume are united thirty years of uncommon poetry. Seldom does one come upon a volume of verse which so confidently defies easy analysis; one would like to suspend judgment. But as that in itself involves a judgment, one cannot stop there. Mr. Robinson is first of all quite unlike any other American poet. In style he seems to combine the laconic tradition of New England with the conversational bias of contemporary poets, and so he writes sonnets which end with

> And there shall be another tale to tell
> Not knowing it would be for the last time
> Say less of rats and rather more of men.

In attitude he recalls Browning whom he follows in his fondness for monologues—there is one from Ben Jonson, another from John Brown—and in his perplexing psychological approach to his subjects. What he lacks or suppresses is the quality called temperament, which it is hard to dispense with in poetry. Our age has been widening its notions of poetry in many ways. It has again and again succeeded in finding poetry in unsuspected places. Mr. Robinson seems to suppress his temperament as other rebels in poetry suppress the grand style. The result is perplexing but not without a strange fascination. One's final impression is of a stealthy, disappearing, but not unfriendly, haunter of great cities (New York, no doubt), who is bent on making things speak for themselves. There is a strange poetry distilled in "A Song at Shannon's". To those who find an attraction in these lines we recommend the volume for it is full of such things, though not usually so well expressed.

> Two men came out of Shannon's, having known
> The faces of each other for as long
> As they had listened there to an old song,
> Sung thinly in a wastrel monotone
> By some unhappy night-bird, who had flown
> Too many times and with a wing too strong
> To save himself, and so done heavy wrong
> To more frail elements than his alone.
>
> Slowly away they went, leaving behind
> More light than was before them. Neither met
> The other's eyes again or said a word.
> Each to his loneliness or to his kind,
> Went his own way, and with his own regret,
> Not knowing what the other may have heard.

White Lilac, by Beatrice Redpath (S. B. Gundy, Toronto);

The Secret Way, by Zona Gale (The Macmillan Co.).,

One is reminded by reading the title poems of these two volumes that much modern verse is like a series of experiments to signal Mars. The poet is fascinated by the friendliness or kinship of exterior nature, the sky, the moon, a lily or a lilac, and at the same time being deeply conscious of his own mind, he muses upon the teasing objectivity of things which his mind seems so fully able to encompass. Such thoughts are not likely to be very exciting for

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the reader until he realises what the poet is about, and remembering day-dreaming efforts of his own to move in worlds half-realised, he finds peculiar interest in observations which must otherwise seem quite banal,—even such a line as Beatrice Redpath's

> White lilac laid against a silver sky gives curious wings to thought.

In Zona Gale's verse one finds support for the comforting view that distinction of mind can be recognized in any guise and that any expression of the author of *Miss Lulu Bett* must give evidence of exceptional talent and intelligence. One recognizes ina series of character sketches entitled *News Notes of Portage, Wisconsin*, additional types of naïve intelligence ready to assist Mother Bett, Miss Lulu, and Winona to make further contribution to the gaiety of nations. One finds too that the convincing satirist of sophisticated and sentimental complacency never bows the knee to the Baalim of American and Canadian writers, connubialism, humanitarianism or namby-pambyism of any sort; and that her poetry is detached, sincere, and especially when she writes informal verse, inevitably correct. Only one poem entitled "Contours" may be quoted.

> I am glad of the straight lines of the rain;
> Of the free blowing curves of the grain;
> Of the perilous swirling and curling of fire;
> The sharp upthrust of a spire;
> Of the ripples on the river
> Where the patterns curl and quiver
> And sun thrills;
> Of the innumerable undulations of the hills.
> But the true line is drawn from my spirit to some infinite outward place . . . . .
> That line I cannot trace.

Fiction

The Singing Captives, by E. B. C. Jones (Cobden-Sanderson, London).

Taine's view, that English literature seldom rises above interest in morality to interest in psychology, would have to be considerably modified in the present day when studies of psychology written in the form of novels are becoming more and more common. *The Singing Captives* belongs to this class. Its interest is purely psychological, and what plot there is lies in the gradual change in point of view of the heroine. In Caroline we have a very delicately etched study of a modern type of hyper-sensitive ego-centric girl of an analytic cast of mind, whose natural bias has been intensified by the shocks of the war. There is hardly enough matter for the length of the book, especially as the intellectual interest is its sole substance and no attempt is made, even gingerly, to touch, far less to stir, the emotions of the reader.

E. B. C. Jones is a young member of the School of Henry James and Edith Wharton. She delights in fine subtleties of meaning, ransacks the dictionary for words, usually selecting with discrimination, but occasionally giving way to the lure of the recondite. Despite the audible rustling of leaves those who feel the lure will thank her for bringing some rather pleasing words to light. With a little more asceticism in this direction and a surer mastery of her style Miss Jones would be a writer of distinction.

Belles-Lettres

Saturday Papers, Essays on Literature from the Literary Review of the "New York Evening Post" (Macmillan Co.).

"Divine discontent" permeates these essays on American literature. The authors point out the low level of American fiction and poetry and find the causes primarily in the dull sense of beauty on the part of the majority of American readers, and, following upon this, in the commercial spirit actuating both publishers and authors to make quick pupils by providing solely for the majority.

Ironically, conviction of the truth of the indictment is implicit in the essays themselves. Their sincerity of purpose rather disarms criticism, but it is curious to find a plea for more serious art expressed at one moment in high-flown artificial, precious sentences and at the next in commercial terms. Phrases such as "large-scale production", "investing your reputation", "standardized output", "quantity basis", "machine-made", and the like as applied to books certainly point the charge that in the States writing is looked upon as a "business" rather than an art. A similar sense of incongruity is caused by the use of words such as "sensitized", "seine", "transmogrified" side by side with "yawp", "buncombe", "pap", "slushy" and "sloppy".

Incidentally one essay puts forward a suggestion so happy that we are constrained to quote it in the hope that this review may meet the idea of some movie magnate. It is that the movie offers an excellent field for the production of magical and fantastic literature such as would overtax the mechanical resources of the legitimate stage, as for instance the work of Poe, James Stephens, Wells, Anstey, Coleridge, and Barrie.

Travel

The Friendly Arctic, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson (Macmillan Co. of Canada, $6.50).

In this aggressively utilitarian age objection is frequently raised to the unpractical nature of the results obtained by many hazardous and costly expeditions, especially those into the great polar and upper mountain regions. This objection cannot be maintained against the work of our most eminent living Arctic explorer. For, while Stefansson is a scientist, and an adventurer in the best sense of that decayed word, while his expeditions have made important contributions to pure knowledge, he has

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a very definite economic propaganda. The very title of this book indicates it in two of its aspects. We have been accustomed to regard the great Arctic regions as of only sentimental value. They ministered to our megalomania; they made us bigger than the United States. They contributed area, but nothing else. They have always been the "Barren Lands", devoid of vegetation and climatically hopeless for civilized human habitation. But Stefansson maintains that the Arctic is capable not only of sustaining abundantly the life of its own inhabitants, but of producing huge surplus meat supplies for the other parts of the world. When he insists, moreover, that the climate is really a very salubrious and comfortable one, we can see how thoroughly he believes the Arctic to be friendly.

This book, however, is not primarily concerned with the climate and the food possibilities of the Arctic terra firma, which have been more definitely discussed in other writings, notably in *My Life with the Eskimos*. It has a still more audacious thesis, convincingly presented, that the Arctic Ocean is as capable as the Arctic land of supporting generously those who trust themselves to its great ice floes. The most important and fascinating feature of the book is the engrossing story of an expedition across the Beaufort Sea, undertaken, against all experience and tradition, without food or fuel supplies.

Stefansson is doing good service to Canada (he has been thanked by Parliament) in revolutionizing current ideas of our Far North. He tells of luxuriant pasture valleys, of an unimagined wealth of flowers, of great heaps and beds of coal on far-flung islands, of lands and seas that teem with animal life. The book is well illustrated by means of maps and photographs and is replete with valuable anthropological and geographical data. Nevertheless, it is as a recital of splendid and successful endeavour that it will find its greatest appeal.

Ave Roma Immortalis, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan Co. of Canada, $3.00).

A guide book de luxe written by a novelist, the ardent, lingering passing of a lover's hand over the august features of a mistress whose infinite variety is only enhanced by age and custom, a series of glimpses at the history of a mother of histories, the outlines of a hundred historical romances,—it is these, and more, this splendid tribute of Marion Crawford to Rome. It is almost twenty-five years since it came out in the original two-volume edition, and it is delightful to find the book's deserved popularity warranting the finely illustrated and worthy revised edition that we have before us. If one has been in Rome, if one hopes to go to Rome, or if one does not hope to go to Rome, one should read it.

Shorter Notices

The Novels of John Buchan. Uniform Edition (Nelson, $1.25 cloth; $1.75 limp leather).

We are glad to hear that Mr. Buchan has achieved the distinction of a uniform edition, especially at so reasonable a price. *Greenmantle*, the first published of the set, appears next May and is to be followed at monthly intervals by his other novels. Most of our readers will remember the genuine excitement they enjoyed while reading his three romances of the war, and they will welcome the reappearance of his less known books—notably of *Prester John*, a rarely adventurous yarn from Africa. The value of reprinting two earlier stories, *The Half-Hearted* and *A Lost Lady of Old Years*, is more doubtful, but Mr. Buchan's psychological analysing in the first is an interesting contrast to his later objective style in the novel. It would be welcome news to hear that the set was to be extended to include his poems, essays, and short stories, many of which portray an entirely different aspect of his versatile mind.

Dominion Home Rule in Practice, by A. Berriedale Keith (World of To-day Series: Oxford University Press).

It is essential that Canadians should have a very definite knowledge of what Dominion Home Rule means in practice, especially in the other self-governing parts of the Empire. Canada is the pivot of Imperial relationship. The conditions under which Sir Robert Borden goes to Washington are vital to the South African Union, in the clear eyes of Jan Smuts. Professor Keith's little volume explains "what self-government actually means in Canada, Australia, . . . and details the laws and customs which regulate the relations of these Dominions with the Motherland". Every Canadian should know all these things, should study their implications, and find his reaction to them.

The Treaty Settlement of Europe, by H. J. Fleure (World of To-day Series: Oxford University Press).

An attempt is made by Professor Fleure to outline some of the geographic and ethnographic aspects of the treaty settlement. Unfortunately, the extraordinarily wide range of the subject, and the effort to touch on practically every frontier and ethnological problem involved, have enforced, in the small compass of the book, a very sketchy and pamphlet form of treatment. Perhaps the best service it will render is to indicate these problems, stimulate interest in them, and direct the reader to sources of more complete information. The tone of the book is moderate, where, as often occurs, the author indulges in comment.

The Backward Peoples and our Relations with Them, by Sir Harry Johnston (World of To-day Series: Oxford University Press).

The name of Sir Harry Johnston, with his long proconsular experience as administrator of the affairs of so many of these "Backward Peoples" warrants a respectful hearing for his remarks, and guarantees an interesting presentation of the subject. In the space of only sixty pages, he gives us a remarkable survey under three captions: Who are the Backward Peoples? Why are they Backward? Our Relations with Them. Stimulating, practical, liberal, certainly accurate in so far as one's own knowledge can test it, and with three maps and a valuable bibliography, this volume compels us to see, not local difficulties, but a tremendous world problem confronting us. It should help us to correct the short-sightedness of provincialism that still afflicts so many Canadians.

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Trade and Industry

	Nov. 1921	Dec. 1921	Jan.1922	Feb. 1922	Feb. 1921
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	160.0	161.9	158.4	159.1	198.7
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$21.60	$21.49	$21.52	.....	$24.85
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	88.5	81.6	80.6		89.0
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	108.6	105.6	105.6	108.1	110.3

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

FEBRUARY has witnessed another upward movement in the prices of Canadian securities, in which C.P.R. has taken the lead. The movement in commodity prices has been confused and uncertain. There has been a rise in Professor Michell's index number (quoted at the head of this page) of rather more than half a point; a change in the general level so trifling as not to matter. But an analysis of the general movement reveals an interesting undercurrent. Broadly speaking, the prices of foods have risen somewhat; and the prices of manufacturers' goods have fallen nearly but not quite to the same degree.

This is perhaps the most interesting of the changes that occurred last month. It will be remembered that in the February number of this journal a comparison between the prices of Canadian farm products and those of other goods in general showed a divergence between the two classes, during the great upheavals of the last eight years, amounting to sixty points. So long as this gap remains unbridged, the farmer's inability to purchase from the cities will maintain the distressing conditions with which two years of stagnation have made us familiar. Before we can hope for a return to normal activity, there must be, either a considerable rise in the prices of Canadian farm products; or a further considerable fall in prices generally; or, (and this is the consummation most devoutly to be wished), a simultaneous upward movement among farm products, and downward movement of general prices, till the purchasing power of the farmer, in terms of commodities, has been restored. Only in so far as this convergence is occurring, are we warranted in expecting better times.

The double movement revealed by Professor Michell's index number suggests that this process is at least under way. The rise in the price of wheat for May delivery, which, of course, does not appear in his calculations, is another reassuring sign: though it may be questioned whether the farmers of the West still held enough of their 1921 crop at the time when the rise began, to reap more than a small share of the possible benefit. In any case, however, we must expect adjustment to be fairly slow. The road to be traversed is a long one, and winding. Prudent readers of billboard advertising will accept at rather less than its face value the boldly reiterated statement that "Prosperity is just round the Corner".

The type of optimist who whistles to keep his courage up is in these days at a discount. He cherishes the belief that a sort of inane cheerfulness can take the place of sober judgment and bring back real prosperity, with a devotion worthy of a better cause. We have suffered him long enough. There is nevertheless good ground for cautious optimism in recent informed expressions of opinion. Even his fiercest enemies admit an intellectual respect for Mr. J. M. Keynes—whose forecasts have a most uncanny knack of coming true. In his latest book, *A Revision of the Treaty*,[1] which will be widely read, he says frankly that the present depression is unique in its severity. But he regards the worst as over. "The patience of the common people of Europe", he writes in an interesting passage, "and the stability of its institutions have survived the worst shock they will receive. . . The communities of Europe are settling down to a new equilibrium. . . .The organization, destroyed by war, has been partly restored; transport, except in Eastern Europe, is largely repaired; there has been a good harvest, everywhere but in Russia, and raw materials are abundant. . . . There are indications that the worst point is passed"

Our welfare inevitably hangs on that of Europe. The poverty of the Old World has crippled our export industries; in particular, the farming industries. If Europe has indeed passed her crisis, we may look for a general recovery. But in proportion to the weakness of the patient, convalescence is inevitably lengthy.

G. E. JACKSON.

[1]Recently published by Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. II TORONTO, APRIL, 1922 No. 19

IT is generally held to be bad parliamentary practice for a new member to make himself much heard in the debates of the House. As a matter of fact there is a very real danger that the new member shall permit himself to be so oppressed and constricted by the atmosphere of the place that he forgets his greater duty to himself and his constituents. Mr. Irvine, the Labour member for Calgary East, has earned the gratitude of Canadians just because he did not hesitate to bring the Minister of Labour to task for his handling of the dispute between the miners of Nova Scotia and the British Empire Steel Corporation. He moved the adjournment of the House to consider the matter, with the result that an instructive and fruitful debate engaged the House for a whole day. Mr. Murdock based his defence of a policy of inaction merely on the fact that Mr. J. D. McLachlan, the Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers had advised the miners to restrict their output to keep pace with the reduction in wages. The whole distressing and dangerous situation was freely discussed. Able speeches were made, not the least of them that by Mr. Meighen, who was definitely favourable to the case of the miners. Mr. Crerar also favoured the reopening of the case by appointing for a second time a Board of Conciliation. Confronted with an unanswerable argument and with a possible union of Progressives and Conservatives against him, Mr. King was compelled to reverse a decision of the previous day and concede the point urged by Mr. Irvine. The new member has done well.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we deal with the general question of the propriety of Cabinet Ministers holding directorships in corporations, and refer to Mr. McMaster's part in the discussion a year ago. Since writing the article we have noticed a Canadian Press despatch from Ottawa which states that Mr. McMaster is going to renew his demand this session, contenting himself, however, with asserting the principle rather than prohibiting the practice. The proposed resolution is said to make a distinction between larger and smaller companies. It is doubtful whether such a distinction can rightly be maintained. Petty profiteering under unwarranted tariff protection forms an evil to be dealt with no less strongly than the larger abuses which may proceed from the undue influence of a powerful corporation. Mr. McMaster will do Canada good service by a policy of 'No Surrender'.

YET another Canadian government has gone to the —farmers. Again the two-party system has yielded to the onslaughts of the new idea in politics. In Saskatchewan, however, the revolution has been accomplished by peaceful penetration. The assassins did not wait for a general election, but the government was decapitated in the midst of its term. The late premier was a man of discretion, a man, too, who was a Liberal in fact as well as in name. For some time he had followed the policy of associating with himself leaders in the farmers' movement, and several members of his Cabinet were prominent members of the Grain Growers' Association. All went fairly smoothly until the recent federal elections, when he took the platform for the Liberals and against the Progressives. Since then his end has been merely a matter of time, or rather, we might say, a matter of finding a convenient place of burial. The Legislature of Saskatchewan has informed the federal Minister of Justice that an additional judge is needed for the Court of Appeal of Saskatchewan, and Sir Lomer Gouin has informed the federal parliament of this request, and the federal parliament has read a third time and passed a bill increasing the number of *puisne* judges of the Court of Appeal for Saskatchewan from three to four, and Mr. Dunning has become premier of Saskatchewan and reorganized the Cabinet to suit himself and the farmers. It is all very neat. Mr. Martin should make a good judge, and Mr. Dunning a good premier, and what is the use of being unpleasant about a job that has to be done?

A NOTABLE step in provincial activity was taken a few weeks ago when the first branches of the Province of Ontario Savings Bank were opened. Many thousands of dollars were received on deposit immediately, while a bitter attack was made upon

the whole scheme through a pamphlet purporting to be sent out by the Canadian Bankers' Association. The pamphlet stated that the Government plan must be regarded as political rather than economic, that it is put forth to 'catch votes', that it is a piece of class favouritism calculated to benefit farmers only, and that it runs a grave risk of failure. To this the Minister of Agriculture, who is responsible for the step, made reply that very few pieces of legislation benefit all classes equally, that Hydro and Housing Schemes which have required so much provincial assistance benefit urban centres almost exclusively, and that exception should not be taken to Provincial Savings on that ground. He further replied that, while undoubtedly risks were involved, the recent happenings in the Merchants Bank, with a loss 'to the people of Canada of upwards of twelve million dollars', should restrain the bankers' ardour in defence of present banking practice. He concludes with the warning that the banks should 'not forget the source and purpose of their power. They derive their authority from the people for the purpose of rendering service to the people, not for the purpose of creating arrogant millionaires'. Clearly both sides were feeling strongly on the matter, and if the attacking party used emphatic expressions, they were paid back in kind by the Minister. Some two weeks later a number of prominent bankers waited upon the Government and asserted that the pamphlet had not been authorized by the Bankers' Association. It is an indication, however, that amongst bankers there is a strong element bitterly opposed to Provincial Savings. In view of the peculiar needs of agriculture, particularly at this time, it is to be hoped that if the banks, on the basis of their undoubted experience, have criticism to offer they will advance it not in the spirit of the pamphlet, but with the idea of establishing a sound institution.

MR. GEORGE having billed himself exclusively for the role of principal reconstructor at Genoa, it was not unnatural that the House of Commons, when called upon at the last moment to choose between confirming him in his part, and virtually cancelling the performance, should have decided almost unhesitatingly to adopt the former course. It is only in this very limited and temporary sense, however, that the vote of confidence is to be regarded as confirmation of Mr. Lloyd George's pretensions to indispensability. The fact is that those pretensions have begun to wear very thin. For one thing, this is not the first time that Mr. Lloyd George has been given a chance to play his favourite part. Indeed, in a furtive, hesitating way, he has been playing it at every important international conference, with one exception, since the armistice. The Washington Conference had to do its best without Mr. Lloyd George, and the result was a series of unpleasant incidents that culminated, not in complete agreement, but in a certain very definite measure of success. It has often been said that Mr. Lloyd George's unique qualification in foreign affairs is his ability to enter a room full of suspicious, grasping delegates and in a few hours or days to discover the compromise that had been declared impossible. No person will deny the advantages of such adaptability in negotiation, but it must not be allowed to lead, as it has led so often during the last two years, to meaningless formulae. We may as well face the fact at once that if Genoa is not to be a repetition of the inanities of the Supreme Council, the French government will have to be dealt with in the firm, out-spoken manner in which it was dealt with at Washington. The forces are fairly evenly matched; the deciding voice lies with Mr. Lloyd George. This may be, for some time to come, his last appearance upon the European stage. Will he throw the whole weight of Britain upon the side of peace and resettlement, or will he dally once more with a formula? At this stage a compromise will be more harmful than a definite break with the chauvinists.

IN spite of all that is being written about Genoa and there storation of Europe, we shall spare ourselves some needless disillusionment if we reflect that, as in the case of Washington, this conference can, at best, result in no more than a qualified success. Its objects, thanks to M. Poincaré, have become too restricted for anything more; while the absence of the United States, due largely to these very restrictions, constitutes an additional handicap. It is, in fact, clear that Genoa cannot, under the existing limitations, even begin to compass the reconstruction of Europe. When nearly every economist of standing points to the indemnity as the chief cause of the continued fall of the mark, it will, to say the least, be a task of some difficulty (as the American note bluntly suggested) to attempt any stabilization of the exchanges, let alone general economic reconstruction, with the whole question of reparations ruled out, and, one might add, with the Reparations Commission solemnly seizing the moment to demand a resumption of payments by Germany at the old ridiculous rates. The truth is that Genoa cannot be regarded as primarily an economic conference. It is actually, in spite of the French disclaimers, a political conference with the readmission of Russia to the society of nations as its chief problem. On this head there seems to be some real ground for hope, as it will probably be found to be impossible to obscure failure by the familiar method of complete agreement. Either means will be devised for the recognition of the Russian government—for that is what it involves—or they will not. That, more than any nebulous plan of European reconstruction, will be the real test of success.

BUT if Europe seems doomed to wait a little longer for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, the Near East has already been granted its deliverance from the Treaty of Sèvres. The Turks are to regain their 'homelands'—and the international control of the Dardanelles is, it seems, to be relinquished in favour of some sort of demilitarized zone. While no one is likely to regret the abandonment of the unwise and provocative policy that was embodied in the Treaty of Sèvres, liberal-minded opinion everywhere will be shocked by some of the provisions of the new settlement. The Turkish Nationalists have clearly shown themselves in their relations with subject races to be capable of the worst Sultanic excesses; while their belligerent record is hardly likely to inspire any confidence in their pacific undertakings. The real trouble with this settlement arises out of the spirit in which it was accomplished. The Treaty of Sèvres, designed in the supposed interests of Greece with British backing, was so far regretted by the French government that the struggle of the Turkish Nationalists to upset it was crowned eventually by what amounted to a separate treaty with France—the Franklin-Bouillon agreement of a few months ago. Faced with this accomplished fact, fearful of the reaction of a continuation of the struggle upon opinion in India and Egypt, and possibly pressed to find some *quid pro quo* for Genoa, the British government seems virtually to have handed over to the Quai d'Orsay the resettlement of Turkey. So what was probably the least objectionable, and certainly, from the point of view of European well-being, the least onerous of all the treaties has been the first to be revised, and by the very government which stands out most obstinately against the slightest modification of the Treaty of Versailles.

IT is more than probable that the Genoa Conference will be followed by a general election in England. The parties are already making preparations, and among them the Labour Party is securing a strong position. We may judge of the state of its finances from the fact that it has promised to put four hundred candidates in the field. The forecast has been made in a responsible quarter that it will secure one hundred and fifty seats in the next Parliament. But an even stronger asset than its increased voting power in the House will be the calibre of its leading representatives. A list recently published in *The Labour News* includes the names of Brigadier-General C. B. Thomson, Mr. R. H. Tawney, Lt.-Colonel Lang Sims, the Warden of Toynbee Hall, Mr. Sidney Webb, Commander Hope, Mr. Norman Angell, Captain Bennett, and Mr. C. P. Trevelyan. The strength and statesmanship of Mr. J. R. Clynes and Mr. J. H. Thomas are already proven. But their present following is not endowed with an abundance either of intellect or imagination. The new recruits will provide them with a welcome accession of strength. In England, it seems that adherence to the Labour Party is fast becoming a mark of high respectability.

THE Little Theatre is now establishing itself on the prairie. The Winnipeg Community Players were organized last fall and have already produced Galsworthy's *The Pigeon* and three one-acters. The movement has clearly taken hold and promises to develop in an interesting way. A correspondent writes: 'At a largely attended meeting of the Players early in January many active and service members were added and fresh interest was given to the movement by the formation of "group players". Each group, under competent direction, will prepare a one-act play, which will be presented in a drawing-room or a small hall before only the members of the Society. Interest among those with ambition but little experience will thus be stimulated, and in addition the casting committee will have an excellent opportunity to discover the talent which doubtless lies dormant or at least unknown in the hearts of many drama-loving citizens'. We have not heard of any such experiment being tried in other large centres and we believe that in addition to awakening talent and interest it will also help to correct the unfortunate tendency towards exclusiveness that seems to beset the Little Theatre. The chief danger for 'community players' is that they will isolate themselves too much from their community. We shall look forward with much interest to see what success attends these groups.

WE hear from a Quebec correspondent that the Province of Quebec has recently set aside some thousands of dollars for the provincial archives and appointed M. Roy as archivist. It is intended to link up the University of Laval with the archives by having a member of the Laval History Staff connected with them. The aim is to develop historical research in such a way that Laval graduate students will be able to carry on their researches under the direct control of their professors in the Provincial Archives, and to remain in Canada for their work. An alternative is to allow our advanced students of history to complete their work in other countries. At present between thirty and thirty-five Canadian graduates are reading for their doctorate in history in American Universities. This number represents Canada's full complement in relation to the number provided in the subject by the population of the United States. It is appropriate that the Province of Quebec, with its strongly Canadian impulse, should have been the leader in a development of this kind. Quite apart from the intrinsic worth of knowledge and of intellectual training, history has, as the war showed countless times, an immense practical value.

THE Home and School Association of the Brown School, Toronto, has already contributed something to the liberalizing of Ontario education. Its technical defeat recently at the hands of the School Board on a French language issue was a moral victory, the positive effects of which are assured. Another of the Association's enterprises is less controversial, but it establishes a fine precedent and should not go unnoticed. An exhibition of Canadian pictures was held a few weeks ago in the main hall of the school. Money was spent liberally by the Association on improved lighting so as to make the hall permanently suitable for exhibitions. Some twenty local artists were invited to exhibit and the works sent represented progressive as well as traditional styles. The pictures were kept for some time under the daily eye of the children, who were offered prizes for essays on their favourite picture. Both parents and teachers had the opportunity of observing that pictures which, to their adult intelligences, were distasteful and even repugnant, were frequently a source of simple enjoyment to the child. The venture was a real success. If it is copied in other schools, as it deserves to be, we shall be appreciably nearer to breaking down that unnatural distrust of home-made pictures which we have yet to outlive. The Association has given a splendid lead and done a real service.

WE hear occasionally of copies of THE CANADIAN FORUM not reaching subscribers. Our copies are mailed in a perfectly regular way and we are powerless to correct these errors of delivery unless the said subscribers will in all such cases notify us. Duplicate copies will be sent immediately.

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Subscribers should notify the Business Manager of any change of address.

G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman.*

C. B. SISSONS, *Political Editor.*

BARKER FAIRLEY, *Literary Editor.*

H. MEEN, *Advertising Agent*

Serving Two Masters

DURING the past session of the Federal Parliament a Bill was introduced by Mr. A. R. McMaster of Brome providing that members who accepted portfolios in the Cabinet should, within fifteen days, resign all directorships previously held by them. Mr. McMaster is a Liberal—a Liberal who knows and stands for Liberal principles while talking very little about Liberalism. The proposal met with support from the Liberals and the Farmers, but was defeated by the Government and its supporters. Mr. Meighen and his followers have now been relegated to the Opposition benches. The Liberals are in power, though by a precarious majority. The Progressives have declared their willingness to support the Government on measures with whose principles they are in agreement; and while they have not committed themselves as a group on this question they embodied a kindred principle in their platform when they called for publication of the sources of campaign funds. The Government is thus in a position to give effect to Mr. McMaster's resolution. The people of Canada will have an opportunity of seeing how the shoe fits the other foot.

In many ways the standard of political morality has improved in the last half century. Direct bribery, whether of electors or of legislators has become exceptional in our public life. Other dangers, more insidious, if less tangible, have arisen. When great natural resources in lands or forests or mines are in the control of the Government, when tariff concessions can directly be turned into dividends on stock, when monopolies can be created or dissipated at the word of a Minister of the Crown, the pressure which is brought to bear upon Parliament, and especially on individual members of the Cabinet, is such that only a mind single to the public interest can be quite immune from contamination.

Two cases in point may be cited from the records of the late Government (we omit that of the late Minister of Marine). On July 14, 1920, Mr. R. W. Wigmore was installed as Minister of Customs in the Government of Canada. Six months later the following letter was sent out on the paper of his department:

Ottawa, Jan. 13, 1921.

French Purchasing Commission,
Care of French Embassy,
London, E.C., England.

Dear Sirs:—I am informed that your Government will have quite a few French steamers taking grain from the Port of St. John, N.B., Canada, this winter.

The firm of Nagle and Wigmore, of which I am a member, are very anxious to secure this business. We are the largest firm of shipbrokers in St. John, and have done a very large amount of business along these lines.

We have our own tow-boats, tend to all stevedoring, and all matters in connection with the general brokerage business.

As you are no doubt aware, I am Minister of Customs

and Inland Revenue in the Canadian Government, and I spoke to Sir George Foster, my colleague in the Cabinet, who has just returned from England, being Canada's representative at the League of Nations' Conference which has just been concluded in Geneva, and he advised me to write to you.

We are in a position to handle your business to your satisfaction and would refer you to the Bank of Nova Scotia as to our financial ability.

We are agents for the Canada Steamship Lines Ltd., Compagnie Canadienne Transatlantique Limited, the Fracanda line and the Acadian Shipping Co. Ltd.

I would very much appreciate your giving us your business.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) R. W. WIGMORE.

Commenting on this letter, Mr. Lemieux, now Speaker of the House of Commons, spoke as follows:

It is a matter of public interest whether a Minister of the Crown has the right to act in this way, using his position to promote the business of a firm with which, until a few weeks or months ago, he was connected. My object in bringing the matter before the committee is to ascertain whether or not the Hon. Gentleman admits that he wrote the letter. I would like to have an answer from the Hon. Gentleman.

All comments are unnecessary, Mr. Chairman. In all the annals of British parliamentary government either in Canada or in the Mother Country, I challenge anyone to find such a glaring example of personal interest mixed with the administration of public affairs. No Minister of the Crown, either in Canada or in the Mother Country, would ever dare to mix his own personal business with the public business. I dare say that if the Rt. Hon. Minister of Trade and Commerce knew that his name had been mentioned in this letter he would at once have disowned the author of it. It is highly improper for a Minister of the Crown to boost his own private business whilst using the Royal Coat of Arms and the official paper of the Government. It is improper *per se*; then it is improper so far as it affects his competitors in the city of St. John. *It is also improper because the Hon. Gentleman was competing with the Government, of which he is a member*, because they also have a merchant marine which can perform the business which the Hon. Gentleman is seeking for his own firm. Besides he was practically writing to a foreign Government, and that, indeed, is a sad feature I find in this matter.

Another and allied question of propriety, if not of ethics, has arisen through public ownership. The Canadian National Railways are not directly managed by the Government. While the Board is not directly responsible to the people, the people are responsible for the deficits incurred, which amounted last year to some $70,000,000. Mr. Kennedy, now Minister of Railways, raised the following questions when in opposition.

1. What are the names of the gentlemen who compose the Board of Management of the Canadian National Railways?
2. What is the salary of each, and what amount did each receive as expenses during the past year?
3. Are any of these gentlemen also directors of joint stock companies doing business in Canada?
4. If so, of what company, or companies, are they respectively directors?

The refusal of the Government to give detailed answers to these questions did not satisfy the House, and a spirited debate ensued, which contained some interesting observations on the question of public ownership. In the course of the debate it was shown —again by Mr. McMaster—that the Board, with one exception, was composed of men who held directorships in other companies. Mr. King did not disguise his indignation. In his platform campaign he was at pains to denounce what he described as "a system of interlocking directorates." With him, we feel that the situation is at least anomalous; and now that he finds himself at the head of the Government, he has an opportunity to make an end of it.

It is, perhaps, neither necessary nor desirable that private members of parliament should forego their connections with business. With a Minister of the Crown the case is different. Can he, without impairing his capacity for public service, devote himself to private interests? Can he sit on Monday with a Board of Directors, whose business, if not with the Government, is at least affected by legislation, and on Tuesday with the Cabinet which rules the destinies of Canada? The British House of Commons is very sensitive on this matter. It will be recalled that less than ten years ago a British Attorney-General was severely criticized only for telegraphing his congratulations to a company directed by his brother, which had just received a contract from the British Government. Under the name of "The Marconi Scandal" the whole transaction has gone down to history. The fact that one or two other ministers made money, by purchasing shares in an allied company, was regarded as a blot on the Commons' honour, and on the dignity of public life.

Canada has inherited the same tradition. Her ministers flout it when they retain directorships. The country must suffer when members of the Government divide their attention between the public business and their own. Their proper course of action is plain—could not, indeed, be plainer. Sir Lomer Gouin has, at the time of writing, made a good beginning by resigning his directorship of the Cockshutt Plow Company. It may mean financial sacrifice for a prominent man of business to undertake a portfolio. He will find his reward in public honour, and in the knowledge of public work well done. If the Government is to command the respect of the people, it must remember that no man can serve two masters.

Grain Growers' Conventions

THE past year marked the end of a chapter in the history of the organized farmers' movement in this country, and a new chapter was opened with the annual Grain Growers' Conventions

on the prairies during the months of January and February. In many respects the life of the organized farmers of the western plains for the past twenty-one years has been part and parcel of the development of the western country itself. To-day the United Farmers of Manitoba, the United Farmers of Alberta, and the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association bulk larger in the affairs of their respective provinces, and in whatever might constitute western affairs in the federal field, than at any other time in their history. At the same time, in the very prominence of this position with its attendant responsibilities, lurk certain dangers which, within a very short period, might easily disrupt the entire farmers' movement as it is now known.

Twenty-one years ago the Grain Growers' Movement, now described nationally as the United Farmers' Movement, was started on the prairies out of twenty-cent wheat. That was the price which scores and hundreds of producers were offered for their wheat at country points in the West twenty years ago. Bad marketing conditions enabled the owners of country elevators at that time to take advantage of the pioneer grain grower, and, of course, the grain grower finally rebelled. For six years the organization of Grain Growers' local societies and district and provincial associations swept like fire across the prairie plains of Saskatchewan and Manitoba and up into the foothills of Alberta. That was the first stage in the growth of the movement, the founding of the provincial associations. The chief work of the early Grain Growers was to improve facilities and regulations governing the marketing of grain to country points. This they did through provisions secured in the old Manitoba Grain Act, which was later amended and known as the Canada Grain Act.

The sole object of the Grain Growers in the early days was to overcome injustices and inequalities in the marketing of grain. After six years of thriving organization in the rural districts, they began to centre their efforts upon securing direct representation on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. The establishment of the Grain Growers' Grain Company marked the second phase of the movement—the entry of the farmer into the field of practical business. The Grain Growers' Grain Company was later amalgamated with the Alberta Co-operative Elevator Company, Limited, and became known by its present name, The United Grain Growers Limited, of which Hon. T. A. Crerar is President. In Saskatchewan the Grain Growers were instrumental in starting a very successful elevator company, which is known as the Saskatchewan Co-operative, and it also has direct representation on the Winnipeg Exchange. The United Grain Growers, Limited, with its head office in Winnipeg, and the Saskatchewan Co-operative, with its offices both in Regina and Winnipeg, while products of the same great agrarian movement, have become keen business rivals, and have developed a spirit of competition between a large section of the Saskatchewan farmers on the one side, and the Alberta and Manitoba farmers, who are represented in the United Grain Growers, on the other side. This rivalry between the two great companies, which alike had their origin in the bitter struggles of the pioneer Grain Growers of twenty years ago, is one of the regrettably weak spots in the movement at the present time. Incidentally, the lack of sympathetic co-operation between these companies is not unrelated to the present eager demand from Western Canada for the re-establishment of the Canada Wheat Board, to which reference is made in a later paragraph.

Undeniably, the creation of the farmers' companies which are now doing business on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange under the same laws and regulations as a hundred other companies, effected an improvement in the conditions of the grain trade throughout the whole western country in a way that suggests a marked contrast with the prevailing conditions of fifteen or even ten years ago. But for a considerable period the two farmers' companies have made no further headway in reforming the system of marketing grain, or even in becoming, to a greater extent than they are now, truly co-operative institutions in the work of marketing grain. There is an increasing tendency on the part of the organized farmers throughout the prairie provinces to press their companies to make progress more rapidly along the road of co-operation.

The third and most recent stage in the evolution of the organized farmer relates to political action. There is no need here to philosophize about the fact of the farmers organizing to take direct political action. They have done so, first federally, and now provincially. Suffice it to say that, despite the popular notion about politics in the West being largely a matter of economics, it would puzzle the most intimate student of Western affairs to discern whether the farmers are now in politics for strictly economic reasons, or in economics for strictly political reasons. For example, the part played by the farmers in the recent federal election resulted in the return of 65 Progressive members to parliament from six different provinces. These sixty-five members will be known in the House and throughout the country, for a certain time at least, as Progressives, representing all classes in the community. In the three Middle Western provinces, however, the same organizations which were instrumental in returning almost a solid *bloc* of Progressives to Ottawa, are now, without exception, committed to try to elect straight farmers' governments in each of the provincial fields. That is the interesting decision which was made at the annual conventions this year in Manitoba and

Saskatchewan—Alberta, of course, having come to the same conclusion two years previously. In other words, the Alberta idea, advocated by Mr. H. W. Wood, has been adopted this year, in connection with proposed provincial political action, by the United Farmers of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association. The natural question arises: what will be the attitude of these three associations towards their so-called Progressive members in the House of Commons? Will Mr. Wood's and Mr. Morrison's idea of group organization animate the Progressive members at Ottawa in the way in which it has animated the farmers' conventions in the West this year?

The discussions on grain marketing and provincial political action overshadowed everything else in the recent annual conventions in the West. In a very real sense they marked the opening of a new chapter in the history of the organized farmers. All three conventions agreed to petition the federal government to re-establish the Wheat Board as a measure of temporary assistance to the grain-growing industry. There was evidence in the discussions at all three conventions, however, to show that the farmers look forward to doing for themselves what they now ask the Government to do for them through the Wheat Board. They expect eventually that their two companies, the United Grain Growers and the Saskatchewan Co-operative, with a combined equipment of over six hundred country elevators in the three prairie provinces, and two large terminal elevators at the head of the lakes, will join forces and make a beginning in the way of an independent grain pooling organization. The future growth and development of the whole Grain Growers' Movement will depend upon the progress that is made in completing the co-operative systems of marketing grain which it founded two decades ago, and whose chief work up till now has been to regulate and improve conditions of storage and purchasing in the rural districts. The great problem of controlling the flow of grain to the Winnipeg market, and of so distributing deliveries over the whole crop season as to secure the very best possible return to the farmer for his product, remains to be solved. In the meantime, because financial and commercial conditions are abnormal, the organized farmer asks Ottawa for temporary relief in the form of a national grain marketing agency such as the Canadian Wheat Board.

The influence of the example of the United Farmers of Alberta over the conventions in Manitoba and Saskatchewan in their decision to enter the provincial political field as farmers' organizations was the most interesting feature of this year's annual assemblies. After having stoutly refused for two years to be drawn into provincial politics, the vast majority of the delegates in Manitoba and Saskatchewan finally turned over and made the decision to take the plunge unanimously. In Manitoba, the convention took the time to endorse a sane and safe provincial platform, but in Saskatchewan they took no such precautions. At the Saskatchewan convention particularly, the influence of Alberta's experience of the past year was quite apparent. The U.F.A. had gone through two big election campaigns, one resulting in the capturing of the Provincial Administration, and the other in a solid representation to the federal parliament, and at the same time had increased its membership list during the year by over ten thousand. In all the other provinces where the organized farmers were established, the membership lists had actually declined in numbers. In Saskatchewan, where up till last year they could always boast of the largest organization on the prairies, the Grain Growers' Association showed a loss of considerably more than ten thousand members. The federal political organization in Saskatchewan, which was entirely separated from the Grain Growers' Association (although brought into existence by that Association) and known as the New National Policy Political Association, was the real cause of the loss in membership to the Grain Growers. The main interest of the country was in the federal political campaign, and the farmer, not desiring to support two organizations, joined the political association. Therefore, the natural thing for this year's convention to do was to take a leaf out of Mr. H. W. Wood's book and consolidate all interests in one organization, and the result is that the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, like the United Farmers of Alberta, has consolidated all its affairs, economic and political, under one head. The New National Policy Political Association is still theoretically the custodian of the political interests of the farmers, or Progressives, if you like, in the federal field.

The chief danger for the farmers' organizations in engaging in political action is an inevitable division of thought and energy between their important problems of economic reform, and the absorbing problems of human nature connected with politics. After all the impelling desire for improved economic conditions in the agricultural industry has been the mainspring of the Grain Growers' Movement for over twenty years, and unless political action is accompanied by an improvement in the material welfare of the prairie farmer, a reaction in due course will be bound to follow, and affect in no small measure the character of the new era upon which the organized farmers of the West have now entered.

RED RIVER.

The Labour Movement in the West

IN order to gain an intelligent idea of the Labour Movement of Western Canada it is necessary for the outsider to rid himself of the grotesquely false conceptions gained from the press reports of the Winnipeg strike of 1919.

For years among labour men, as among farmers and business men, the Western outlook and spirit have differed somewhat from that of the East. In labour circles the protest against the dominance of the Eastern ideals became so strong that at the Trades and Labour Congress, in 1918, the Western delegates met by themselves and decided to call a convention of the Western delegates to discuss specifically Western problems.

This conference was held in Calgary early in 1919. Among many resolutions introduced was one urging a new type of organization. There had been a growing feeling that policies were too much under the control of the headquarters of unions situated in Eastern American cities. More serious than this was the fact that the development of industry, while breaking down the old craftsmanship, had built up a strong centralized management. It was realized that, to meet the newer and more effective forms of capitalistic organization, labour must effect a closer organization. Radical enthusiasts proposed to call this the One Big Union. It was decided to submit the proposal to a referendum vote of all members of trade unions in the West and, if possible, in the East; and a provisional committee was appointed to carry on the educational propaganda, to take the vote and to give effect to the decision, which it was considered would be overwhelmingly favourable. After passing other resolutions, including a fraternal greeting to the Workers' Republic in Russia, the conference adjourned. A verbatim report of the proceedings was published in a special edition of the Winnipeg *Tribune*. No special indication in all this of a secret conspiracy to overturn the Government of Canada by force!

In May the Winnipeg General Strike broke out. It arose from a local dispute affecting the Metal Workers and the Building Trades, and was concerned with wage schedules and an interpretation of a principle of collective bargaining. It differed from other strikes, however, in the unanimity with which it was supported by the whole trade union movement. All offered to 'down tools'—even to the policemen.

This exhibition of solidarity thoroughly frightened the citizens generally. The Board of Trade, backed by the associations of employers, opposed itself solidly to the organized workers. Hysterical reports were skilfully used to play upon the nerves of a people still unstrung by the strain of the war. Russia still connoted the nationalization of women, even though the *canard* had already been exposed. The demand for a new social order was translated to mean a bloody political revolution.

In this novel emergency the authorities seemed helpless. Finally the Federal Government took action, and, disregarding even constitutional forms, clubbed the workers into submission. A Citizens' Committee, an extra-legal body, had been formed at the Board of Trade. Volunteers were enlisted, by whose authority is not clear. Legislation was rushed through in the Federal House, depriving citizens born outside Canada and not naturalized, including British-born, of the right of trial by jury. Provincial rights were overridden by the appointment of a Federal Deputy Minister of Justice in Winnipeg. The strike leaders were arrested at midnight and rushed in high-power automobiles to the Federal penitentiary. In an effort to prevent a suggested parade of returned men, the mounted police were ordered out and in the rioting that ensued shot into the unoffending and flying crowds whom curiosity had drawn to the scene. The labour paper was suppressed without adequate grounds, as the subsequent trials showed. Houses were searched, including Canon Scott's room, on general warrants, and lawyers selected papers and books that they thought might later prove of value in the prosecution.

Contrary to the general impression, the strike was not a One Big Union affair. The One Big Union had not yet come into existence. The voting on the principle of One Big Union organization had not yet been completed. The strike was called by the Trades and Labour Council. The Chairman of the Strike Committee was, and is, a strong American Federation of Labour man. The Secretary of the Strike Committee was, and is still, the Secretary of the Trades and Labour Council of the American Federation of Labour. The wonderful solidarity of the workers of Winnipeg was attained under International forms of organization.

At this juncture, however, it seems as if the authorities adopted the policy of "divide and conquer." A bitter campaign was begun against the One Big Union, the organization of which had just begun after a favourable vote was reported. The officials of the American Federation of Labour in their eagerness to maintain their organization against the One Big Union secessionists lent themselves to this policy. In the Crow's Nest, for example, we had the outrage of the check-off. The American Federation of Labour officials joined with the coal operators and Government commissioner in forcing the miners who wished to have the One Big Union form of organization to pay dues to an American organization. The Minister of Labour, an American Federation of Labour partisan, in official documents published the most unjustified attacks on the One Big Union. An intensely bitter factional fight ensued in which the One Big Union as an organization has, outside the city of Winnipeg, been almost wiped out. The American Federation of Labour unions, weakened in numbers and morale, are now being successfully attacked in their turn.

The One Big Union failed to attain its objective not merely because of outside attacks but because it was forced into precipitate action. The enthusiastic

leaders over-estimated the readiness of the rank and file for class action. In my own union, Vancouver International Longshoremen, the vote went two to one in favour of the One Big Union principle. After the general strike had failed, the men, fearful of losing their jobs, or of having trade diverted to the port of Seattle, revised their vote, going two to one against going over to the One Big Union.

Further, the One Big Union policy oscillated between a thorough-going Industrial Unionism and an organization capable of 'mass-action.' This, with personal quarrels, led to the split between the Loggers' Industrial Union and the One Big Union.

The One Big Union in Winnipeg to-day is simply like the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees, a rival of the American Federation of Labour. The Street Railwaymen, whom you may see wearing a One Big Union button, are the same men and have much the same general ideas of life as they had up to the day when by a majority vote they decided to affiliate with the One Big Union instead of remaining affiliated with the American Federation of Labour.

The divisions in the industrial field have been more or less reflected in the political effort of labour. The eddies and cross-currents within the labour movement are so complicated, and the situation is subject to such kaleidoscopic changes, that any detailed description would be likely to baffle the general reader. Even an outline of development in a single city may be difficult to follow, but may afford a general idea of the forces at work.

Several years ago there was organized in Winnipeg the Manitoba section of the Dominion Labour Party, which latter never existed even on paper. In the municipal elections of 1920 the bitter antagonism between the members of the American Federation of Labour and the One Big Union led to a split in this organization. It was claimed that the Trades and Labour Council officials tried to dominate the political organization. The Independent Labour Party was formed by those who held that under existing conditions the political end of the movement must be entirely free, and the membership open equally to Internationals or One Big Union men.

The Socialist Party of Canada, numerically weak, maintained its teaching of doctrinaire Marxianism and its policy of non-co-operation.

At the last Trades and Labour Congress held in Winnipeg there was formed the Canadian Labour Party. Each province was left to work out its own form of organization. In Winnipeg an attempt was made to secure, through this new body, at least co-operation between the Dominion Labour Party and the Independent Labour Party. The partisan feeling, however, was too strong and the effort failed.

In Centre Winnipeg the Independent Labour Party nominated its candidate, who was unopposed either by the Dominion Labour Party or the Socialist Party of Canada—hence an overwhelming victory. In North Winnipeg, 'Bob' Russell was nominated by the Socialist Party of Canada. His personal popularity, notwithstanding the weakness of his party, would probably have carried him to overwhelming victory, had it not been for the opposition of a small Communist group, who insisted on affiliation with the Third International. Ironical, surely, that Russell, sent to penitentiary on the charge of attempting to set up a Soviet government in Canada, should go down at the hands of a Communist group!

In South Vancouver, Tom Richardson, nominated by the Federated Labour Party, an organization similar to the Independent Labour Party of Winnipeg, was opposed by Jack Kavanaugh, who was nominated by the Socialist Party of Canada but ran as a Communist.

In Calgary, William Irvine was nominated by the Dominion Labour Party and, receiving the endorsation of the Progressives in the rural part of his constituency, was elected.

Since the election there has arisen the new Workers' Party. The left-wing socialists have been mostly members of the Socialist Party of Canada. Under the rebuke of Lenin and in accordance with the action of the Red Trade Union International, the 'left-wingers' have decided to become less academic and uncompromising and to participate in rank-and-file movements.

This change of front is leading to some curious results. Secessionist movements are admitted to have been a mistake. Converts to the new policy now discount the One Big Union, which recently they championed, and denounce their former colleagues in the Socialist Party of Canada. Whether or not the new organization will carry out the policy of 'a united front' or, in its efforts to dominate, simply add one more to the existing political factions remains to be seen.

Unity was never so sorely needed as at present. But while organizations, industrial and political, are so chaotic and impotent, the movement itself goes steadily forward. Education proceeds apace. The workers in Canada were never so class-conscious as to-day. Wise leadership or a great emergency will readily weld together the scattered groups.

J. S. Woodsworth.

A Letter From Russia

BY contrast with home, we live the Spartan life, but it is luxury to what we see about us. Scarcely a day goes by but there is one (or more) dead body lying on the way or in the market, and three days ago four together—father, mother and children dropped in the snow together. At night there are cries and pleading at the station entrance, but no one may go in except to wait for trains—the next morning dead bodies must be carted away from

the entrance as well as from the chilly crowded station. The cemetery itself is a ghastly place where bodies are piled up like so much cordwood—the naked bodies make the simile all the truer. Piles of bodies now visible a quarter of a mile away. Clothing is always stripped off for it is too precious to leave a thread. Worse even than the dead bodies left often for days lying frozen in the snow are the walking skeletons who totter about from house to house, hoping for enough to live another day, the children with bare skin showing through in spots as they trot on, weeping with the cold. There are not crowds of these, but always a few, and each morning we wonder which of them may be stark on the roadside, in the market, or along the mile of road between the town and the station and warehouse.

D—— W——, who is still at the first outpost which she and M—— K—— opened forty miles south of the B.R., wrote us in Moscow. Her letter was illuminating as to the necessity of starting feeding at once, on arrival, to prevent all the infants in the district from being carted in and abandoned on your doorstep. Horses are dying so fast that they cannot get the food carted out fast enough, so are trying for camels which eat less and are therefore becoming fairly common here, where before the famine they were rare. Their humps are usually flabby and empty of the reserve strength they carry in them, and they complain bitterly over cold, work, everything. D—— W—— begs to have some one come swiftly to help, but adds, 'Send some one without a heart, for it is a cruel task.' She came up here this week for further supplies, conference, etc., and reports that even cannibalism has begun there, an old woman and a child of nine having followed the cats and dogs already consumed.

Please do not be alarmed at our safety for we are well looked after, V—— T—— now having charge of supplies for personnel, and she is a level-headed person who knows that enough nourishing food is not self-indulgence, but absolute necessity, considering ourselves as machines which can give maximum service only by being in condition, that being the best economy in the long run. We bring in our own flour and make our own bread rather than take any of the scanty bread of the country—this means also a saving of energy in the readjustment of stomachs to this stuff. It is colder here than in Moscow, most of the week about 30 degrees below zero Fahr., but is dry and bracing, and we all thrive under it, once every one has clothing enough. Equipping the interpreters has been a task but thanks to drawing on relief bales a bit they will get on. Didn't take us long to adopt the custom of the country and sleep with doors and windows shut and fire on. We are learning to smell an open door several rooms away, just like a Russian. A mile between house and warehouse and office seems most inconvenient at times, but it has the advantage of forcing us into the open, and when an office and fire are added to the warehouse so there is some relief from the present arrangement of working all day in the bitter cold, work here should be fairly comfortable. The six hours of sunlight are of brilliant beauty, the snow plains stretching away like the sea to the south, and to the north a lovely line of hills, foothills of the Urals, and the wide, generous streets of the city itself—it must be a really charming place in ordinary times.

How I wish you might really see it all for yourselves, for it takes a keen imagination to get the picture at this distance; but rest assured that all we can do on both this and the home field, is not just making people more comfortable, but turning to the hopeful side the very slender balance between life and death. For the more you send us here the more of these desperate people have the chance to live.

B. A. HURLEY.

Buzuluk.

[Cheques should be sent to Mr. Charles Gordon at the Head Office of the Dominion Bank, Toronto. *He gives twice who gives quickly.*]

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Point and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who are requested to limit themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

Musical Cries

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In your last issue there appeared a contribution from the pen of Mr. Campbell-McInnes on 'The Musical Cries and Folk-songs of the British Peoples.' It was a thought-provoking article—that is to say it provoked thought in me. I read it the morning my FORUM arrived, just in time to enliven my solitary breakfast, and, as I mused on the romance inherent in our nature which inspired and has preserved in the Old Country those ancient street-cries, there burst out in the road below a harsh and strident howl, rapidly rising from *moderato* to *crescendo*, 'A peck o' potaters fer only a quahter! Only a quahter, a *quahter*, A QUAHTER! A PECK o' potaters fer only a *quahter*!' And I cursed the miserable hawker who cried his wares with such cacophonous bawling. Hardly had his cries died away into a subdued roaring around the corner when there arose a high, shrill scream beneath my window, 'Aieee de banan, de banan, de bananaaa-yeeip!' and a moment later the raucous shout of a rag-and-bone man, clamouring—of all things—for bottles, rent the yet quivering air. I swore again; and then, as Mr. McInnes' article once more caught my eye, I realized that it needed only the good-will of the City Council and the applied genius of a gifted instructor like, say, Mr. McInnes to change these peculiarly offensive noises into tuneful and melodious calls

that would add a touch of bright colour to life in our cities. Let the City Fathers appropriate a few thousands for the subsidizing of a 'School of Expression and Harmonics for Street Hawkers,' make a certificate of graduation a necessary qualification for a license to hawk, and something will have been done to bring back into our drab and materialistic existence that warm sentiment, the passing of which Mr. McInnes so rightly deplores.

The idea first intrigued, then enthused, me. Why stop there? For some time past there has been a movement on foot in England for 'A Brighter London.' Why not 'A Brighter Toronto," beginning with its streets? True, it is hopeless to expect those capitalists who could afford it to dress in purple and crimson and drive in limousines of silver and gold—they would like to, of course, but they daren't. They're afraid of intensifying class consciousness and provoking class war; and perhaps it is as well that it is so for although I, personally, am all for brighter streets I think you will agree that lamp-posts decorated *à la Commune* are so ultra rococo as to verge on the crude. But there is still a wide field left open. If we cannot start on the limousines why not develop the idea of brighter street-cars? The present situation is grossly unfair. Why should the denizens of Yonge Street be gratified by the sight of chariots of a splendid scarlet while the aesthetically starved inhabitants of Rosedale have to be content with perambulating trams of a dull and dreary drab? And I am certain that street-cars of vivid and exotic colouring would bring joy to the hearts of those who stagnate in the suburbs no less than to those who exist in 'The Ward.' The 'Kings' and 'Queens' should be of a royal purple; those on the 'College' route blue and white, and so on, while the elusive and erratic 'Belt-Lines' might be camouflaged like troop-ships and so spring suddenly upon one occasioning even more pleasurable surprise by their belated, appearance than they do now.

And our policemen! Why not introduce a little variety into the uniformity of their garb? By all means let the patrolman retain his time-honoured blue, but why should not the 'Traffic-Cop' be clad in a tunic of flaming vermilion and those on the 'Morality Squad' go clothed in chaste and appropriate white?

These are only one or two of the innumerable ways in which colour and variety might be infused into our dull and monotonous streets. It is unnecessary to point out to people of imagination that the development of the idea is rich in unlimited possibilities. By the way, I note from the displays in our shop windows that our womenkind will add to the gaiety of nations this season by flaunting frocks and hats of chromatic brilliance. When shall we men assert our right to make as brave a show?

Yours, etc.,

Toronto. R. DE B.

A Plea for Original Sin

IF a man be born a Puritan, how shall he save his soul? Is it possible for a Canadian wholeheartedly, joyously, with total freedom from self-consciousness, to make an ass of himself? These questions, so far-reaching that their full import does not immediately dawn upon one, are the result of much melancholy introspection, and I think the answer to them is also the answer to the familiar query, 'Why haven't we a real Canadian literature?'

The trouble is not that 'we are a young country', and have not yet beaten our ploughshares into pen-points (we ceased to be a young country generations ago), or that we suffer from Prohibition (else we ought to have had a whole series of Golden Ages during the last half-century), though both causes are frequently alleged. No, the evil, more serious and deeply rooted than these, is simply that Canada is too moral. I hasten to say that this little article is not a fervid appeal to hitherto irreproachable citizens of London and Port Hope to break through the cramping bonds of convention and take unto themselves another soul-mate. Heaven forbid! I refer only to the typical Canadian attitude in matters literary and artistic, to that frame of mind in a very large proportion of the reading public which is invincibly, stolidly, moral.

It is a frame of mind with which we are all born, and from which we never perhaps succeed in fully freeing ourselves unless by violent measures like Mr. Matthew Pocket's attempts to lift himself by his hair and, even when we are confident of a complete cure, up starts the carking spectre to tell us that our broad-mindedness is a thin veneer, that at heart we still worship convention. Everywhere else nowadays we see the most blameless and innocent old ladies and gentlemen who are, in theory, wildly revolutionary, who advocate, at their own dinner-tables, the abolition of marriage, or whatever the latest thing in morals may be; but in Canada one rarely finds even this moderate degree of dare-devilry. We are so firmly entrenched behind our rampart of middle-class morality that we are afraid, even in imagination, to look over the top. Such an atmosphere, of course, stifles the artistic impulse; worse than that, it makes the artistic impulse impossible.

This dogged devotion to a peculiar ideal of morality manifests itself in sundry odd ways, such as prudishness and blue laws. It was Samuel Butler who first blazoned our shame, in those lines that should be in every school Reader, *O God! O Montreal!* This poem, with the unique and forceful title, was prompted, as no one can forget, by the author's discovery in a museum attic in Montreal of a Discobolus. He had been banished to obscurity on account of the very regrettable disinclination of ancient Greek athletes to wear coat and trousers. Thus the purity of Montreal was at once proved and preserved.

The sole comforting reflection on the incident is that it happened in Montreal and not in Toronto, which, being the capital of Ontario, has enough responsibility in the matter of our super-morality. The Lord's Day Alliance has bent its unflagging energies to the task of preventing Sunday bathing, except in uninhabited places under conditions that favour drowning. Wherever clergymen assemble to discuss contemporary problems, the vital issues facing the church seem to be mainly connected with women's clothes. Various lakeshore communities, fearing the sight of knees in their sedate shopping district, have made a proclamation to bathers somewhat similar, in tenor and result, to Canute's injunction to the waves.

When *The Beggar's Opera* visited Canada last winter one could tell—as a certain woman remarked—who were the pure in heart and who were not—the latter were afraid to laugh. People sufficiently sophisticated to snigger at *double entendres* of Broadway origin hardly knew what to make of a piece that so frankly bandied words not commonly used, whose characters consisted, as the prologue with refreshing candour announced, of thieves and women of the town. There were two other classes of spectators—those who heartily enjoyed the opera, smacked their lips over it, and cut their friends if they wouldn't go too, and those whose purity (that is, whose fear of others' corruptibility) was so stirred that, after staying until the end, so as not to miss any evidence, they returned to their unpolluted homes and wrote indignant letters to the newspapers about immorality flaunting itself in our midst.

These few and scattered bits of evidence may seem trivial, but they are not; they indicate a general attitude of mind that must be the chief cause of the anaemia that pervades our literature. And anaemic it undoubtedly is. No one reads a Canadian novel unless by mistake. Canadian fiction never comes to grips with life, but remains weak and timid; it has nothing to say. A mass of Canadian poetry consists of apostrophes to dancing rivulets that no doubt give considerable pleasure to the author's relatives. Robert Service has recently revived the faded glories of the once wicked and popular (and fictitious) Montmartre, but when Canadians try to sing of sin and sinful places, the effect is indescribably sad; their efforts have the same vivid realism that one finds in romances about the House of Hapsburg written by elderly American ladies in the Western states who have saturated themselves with the wickedest memoirs the local librarian could supply.

One can see no future for Canadian letters until Canadians learn to obey the fine injunction, to 'sin gladly'. When we sin we do it in such a sneaking, hugger-mugger way, emitting moral platitudes until we are out of sight. An Englishman, said Shaw, thinks he is moral when he is merely uncomfortable. In this respect as in others Canada is steadfastly loyal to English tradition; indeed we have gone further and attained an ineffable morality by making our neighbour uncomfortable. Since Utah made it illegal to smoke in public it is said that countless men, young and old, who hitherto had had no inclination to smoke, have taken to cigarettes in sheer self-defence (on the principle of *I smoke, therefore I am*), because they needed to have some reminder that they lived in the country of Washington and Lincoln. Perhaps the whole matter was summed up by the man who said that the trouble with Canada was that it hadn't had any eighteenth century.

DOUGLAS BUSH

Literary Competitions

Readers are referred below for the details of a SPECIAL COMPETITION.

Results

A prize of five dollars for the best GHOST STORY *not exceeding 500 words.*

The results of this competition were very disappointing. Of the few entries received none were of merit, and the Editor regrets that for the second time he is forced to withhold the prize.

$750 IN PRIZES

It seems to be a human instinct to make a splash in Spring and the Competitions Editor is not immune to this general excitement. So he set about persuading a reluctant business manager, and in the end obtained a grant of $750. Prolonged and argumentative discussion resulted in the following scheme:

One $150 Prize

To the first competitor sending in 100 fully paid subscriptions to THE CANADIAN FORUM *we will give* $150.00.

Five $50.00 Prizes

To each of the first five competitors sending in 50 fully paid subscriptions we will give $50.00.

Ten $20.00 Prizes

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All returns must reach the Competitions Editor not later than May 20th, 1922, and should be addressed: The Competitions Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

The Ice-Floes

Dawn from the Foretop! Dawn from the Barrel!
A scurry of feet with a roar overhead;
The master-watch wildly pointing to Northward,
Where the herd in front of *The Eagle* was spread!

Steel-planked and sheathed like a battleship's nose,
She battered her path through the drifting floes;
Past slob and growler we drove, and rammed her
Into the heart of the patch and jammed her.
There were hundreds of thousands of seals, I'd swear,
In the stretch of that field—'white harps' to spare
For a dozen such fleets as had left that spring
To share in the general harvesting.
The first of the line we had struck the main herd;
The day was ours, and our pulses stirred
In that brisk, live hour before the sun,
At the thought of the load and the Sweepstake won.

We stood on the deck as the morning outrolled
On the fields its tissue of orange and gold,
And lit up the ice to the North in the sharp,
Clear air; each mother-seal and its 'harp'
Lay side by side; and as far as the range
Of the patch ran out we saw that strange,
And unimaginable thing
That sealers talk of every spring—
The 'bobbing-holes' within the floes
That neither wind nor frost could close;
Through every hole a seal could dive,
And search, to keep her brood alive,
A hundred miles it well might be,
For food beneath that frozen sea.
Round sunken reef and cape she would rove,
And though the wind and current drove
The ice-fields many leagues that day,
We knew she would turn and find her way
Back to the hole, without the help
Of compass or log, to suckle her whelp,
Back to that hole in the distant floes,
And smash her way up with her teeth and nose.
But we flung those thoughts aside when the shout
Of command from the master-watch rang out.

Assigned to our places in watches of four—
Over the rails in a wild carouse,
Two from the port and starboard bows,
Two from the broadsides—off we tore,
In the breathless rush for the day's attack,
With the speed of hounds on a caribou's track.
With the rise of the sun we started to kill,
A seal for each blow from the iron bill
Of our gaffs. From the nose to the tail we ripped them,
And laid their quivering carcases flat
On the ice; then with our knives we stripped them
For the sake of the pelt and its lining of fat.
With three fathoms of rope we laced them fast,
With their skins to the ice to be easy to drag,
With our shoulders galled we drew them, and cast
Them in thousands around the watch's flag.
Then with our bodies begrimed with the reek
Of grease and sweat from the toil of the day,
We made for *The Eagle* two miles away,
At the signal that flew from her mizzen peak.
And through the night, as inch by inch
She reached the pans with the harps piled high,
We hoisted them up as the hours filed by
To the sleepy growl of the donkey-winch.

Over the bulwarks again we were gone,
With the first faint streaks of a misty dawn;
Fast as our arms could swing we slew them,
Ripped them, 'sculped' them, roped and drew them
To the pans where the seals in pyramids rose
Around the flags on the central floes,
Till we reckoned we had nine thousand dead
By the time the afternoon had fled;
And that an added thousand or more
Would beat the count of the day before.
So back again to the patch we went
To haul, before the day was spent,
Another load of four harps a man,
To make the last, the record pan.
And not one of us saw, as we gaffed, and skinned,
And took them in tow, that the North-East wind
Had veered off-shore; that the air was colder,
That the signs of recall were there to the South,
The flag of *The Eagle*, and the long, thin smoulder
That drifted away from her funnel's mouth.
Not one of us thought of the speed of the storm
That hounded our tracks in the day's last chase,
(For the slaughter was swift, and the blood was warm)
Till we felt the first sting of the snow in our face.

We looked south-east where an hour ago,
Like a smudge on the sky-line, someone had seen
The Eagle, and thought he had heard her blow
A note like a warning from her sirene.
We gathered in knots, each man within call
Of his mate, and slipping our ropes, we sped,
Plunging our way through a thickening wall
Of snow that the gale was driving ahead.

We ran with the wind on our shoulder; we knew
That the night had left us this only clue
Of the track before us, though with each wail
That grew to the pang of a shriek from the gale,
Some of us swore that *The Eagle* screamed
Right off to the east; to others it seemed
On the southern quarter and near, while the rest
Cried out with every report that rose
From the strain and the rend of the wind on the floes
That *The Eagle* was firing her guns to the west.
And some of them turned to the west, though to go
Was madness—we knew it and roared, but the notes
Of our warning were lost as a fierce gust of snow
Eddied, and strangled the words in our throats.
Then we felt in our hearts that the night had swallowed
All signals, the whistle, the flare, and the smoke
To the south; and like sheep in a storm we followed
Each other; like sheep we huddled and broke.
Here, one would fall as hunger took hold
Of his step; here, one would sleep as the cold
Crept into his blood, and another would kneel
Athwart the body of some dead seal,
And with knife and nails would tear it apart,
To flesh his teeth in its frozen heart.
And another dreamed that the storm was past,
And raved of his bunk and brandy and food,
And *The Eagle* near, though in that blast
The mother was fully as blind as her brood.
Then we saw what we feared from the first—dark places
Here and there to the left of us, wide yawning spaces
Of water; the fissures and cracks had increased
Till the outer pans were afloat, and we knew
As they drifted along in the night to the east,
By the cries we heard, that some of our crew
Were borne to the sea on those pans and were lost.
And we turned with the wind in our faces again,
And took the snow with its lancing pain,
Till our eye-balls cracked with the salt and the frost;
Till only iron and fire that night
Survived on the ice as we stumbled on;
As we fell and rose and plunged—till the light
In the south and east disclosed the dawn,
And the sea heaving with floes,—and then,
The Eagle in wild pursuit of her men.

And the rest is as a story told,
Or a dream that belonged to a dim, mad past,
Of a March night and a north wind's cold,
Of a voyage home with a flag half-mast;
Of twenty thousand seals that were killed
To help to lower the price of bread;
Of the muffled beat . . . of a drum . . . that filled
A nave . . . at our count of sixty dead.

E. J. PRATT

Some Canadian Painters:

F. H. Varley

WHEN the Canadian war canvases were exhibited in London in 1919, Mr. Varley's pictures came in for special recognition. It was natural that they should. A prominent London critic said to the present writer: 'Varley was the only artist who got the war into his canvases.' This sums up the perfectly simple achievement of the four or five large canvases which contain his chief contribution to the collection. If in fifty years' time they are found to have outworn most of the remaining collection, it will be because without bias of style or mood they set down what human beings feel and think about war in its deepest, its least political, and its least topical, aspects. The only other artists who attempted as much had recourse to formula. Paul Nash satirized war by making geometry of it. Mr. Varley, by greater force of temperament, was able to dispense with such devices and simply digest the whole concern.

The London critics who recognized the power of his canvases were, however, not in a position to realize all that had happened. Some of those who read the London reviews in Canada began to suspect that over and above the actual pictures that had been painted an artist had found himself. That suspicion has been fully borne out in the three years that have followed. The sending of Mr. Varley to France to paint for the War Records was the beginning of an important career. He had painted remarkably little for many years and appears to be an extreme case of inner growth without productiveness. His real ability was known, so far as one can discover, to a very small number of people. One of these might have asked five years ago whether the compelling impetus to production would ever come. It did come with the war, and the danger of over-retardation was averted. The fruits of those years of lying fallow are shown in the artist's extraordinary reserve of spiritual power which carried him like a strong tide past the studio pre-occupations of other artists and thrust him into the heart of his tremendous subject.

If Mr. Varley had had a more regular development he would have been more abreast of his time and he would have hesitated to paint so old-fashioned a picture as his famous *For What?* which is narrative and realistic, in fact quite in the story-picture tradition. It shows corpses in a tip-cart and a burial party at work behind. It is almost childishly intelligible, and, for modern apprehensions, a little out of date. And yet we may be glad that the artist was sufficiently unsophisticated to paint in this direct way. His picture compels approval because it shows strong emotion under perfect control and hence justifies itself.

The development from this notable beginning was very rapid. It is difficult to believe that the painter of this essentially Victorian canvas is the same person who, within two years, painted the stench of corruption in his *Sunken Road*. Looking over this group of pictures one is amazed to find how organic it is. The feeling of mortality is uppermost. In *Prisoners* the mutilated trees seem to totter like the stumbling figures below as if Nature herself were toiling through the mud, and not merely a few captive Germans. This is a great formal achievement without the slightest abatement of reality. The merits of these pictures only yield themselves slowly to the mind. Meanwhile, it is said, they are lying in a cellar in Ottawa along with much other good work.

It was natural to assume in the face of these indisputable results that the war which called out this great spiritual effort in Mr. Varley would leave him stranded on the shoals of peace as a war-painter whose only further hope was another cataclysm. Humanity always treats artists who make a real success as if they were under a moral obligation to stop work or repeat themselves. For we love to classify and the artist who stands still gets recognition quickest. Mr. Varley, having shown himself in his war canvases to have a rare gift for large compositions in figure and landscape, returned to Canada to paint portraits. His war canvases are just beginning to be forgotten by the public and his portraits are looked for in our exhibitions.

The difficulty of discussing the portraits is increased by the fact that they have not yet been seen in fitting company. One would like to set them beside the best work of to-day and see if they in any way held their own. There is a good deal to live up to. Augustus John executes brilliant brush drawings of his sitters. He finds the human soul an endlessly exciting mystery and expresses this feeling every time he paints. It is the opposite view to Whistler's, who cared above all for tonal and pictorial values and painted his mother and Carlyle as if they were identical in character, instead of being as different as two human beings well could be. Sargent paints with consummate distinction and sanity, but quite unphilosophically. Hence there are few undercurrents in his work. Orpen seems to be almost devoid of the capacity to sympathize with his sitter, but his brilliant technique blinds the spectator to his short-comings.

To apply the standard set by these four, individually and collectively, to the work of two or three years in a Toronto studio by a hitherto little known artist, will seem absurd to those who test works of art by their avoidance of error rather than by the character they possess apart from their errors. Mr. Varley's portraits, few as they are, can only be profitably judged by that severe standard. How else is one to estimate the deeply original powers revealed in these early and, in part, tentative can-

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BY

F. H. BRIGDEN

vases? Ordinary, conventional tests are useless in such cases. It is child's play to show that Joseph Conrad cannot manage a plot, that Hardy never showed an instinctive gift of style, and that Masefield's temperament runs away with him every other time he takes up a pen. But when we suspect the presence of deep creative forces in an artist we cannot be content with academic rulings.

The portrait of Mr. Vincent Massey in Hart House, Toronto, is an instructive canvas to examine. It shows conclusively the artist's power to immerse himself in the mood of his sitter. Of the contemporary masters mentioned only Augustus John has this power in any marked degree, and in his case it is so strong as to take almost complete possession of him and to make him frequently indifferent to the objective problems of his canvas. Mr. Varley has clearly endeavoured to carry the mood over the whole picture so that every square inch of canvas speaks and breathes the sitter, and places itself in pictorial relation to the face and the figure. This endeavour, if perfectly carried out, would combine the John idea with the Whistler idea and present that very rare thing—an organic portrait. Judged by this severe test, which there is nothing in the Canadian tradition to supply, the portrait of Mr. Massey stands as a real achievement. It is not perfect. One feels that the paint is put on with the strain of creative effort rather than with the ease of confident mastery, though even on that score the picture would lose in psychological intensity if the strain of execution were removed. One feels, too, that the bright colour of the background in the region of the head is a slightly precarious adventure into colour interpretation and not finally convincing. But one would not change these things for the canvas has succeeded in its deeper purpose of steeping itself in the sitter and it will tell its intimate tale long after the common run of portraits have lost their interest.

Chance has thrown in Mr. Varley's way an unusual range of sitters, in their very variety enough to exhaust any ordinary artist. He has shown in one canvas or another that he can paint a coarse type or a refined type, childhood or age, man or woman, and usually with his quite unique power of absorption in his subject. Consider, for example, the two Massey portraits in Hart House, the two child portraits, *John* and *Miss Mary Kenny*, the self-portrait, the portrait of Mrs. Ely, and the *Portrait of a Model*. Or, more simply and equally conclusively, consider the portrait of Mr. I. H. Cameron and the crayon drawings of women and children at the present O.S.A. exhibition.

On their own evidence these works betoken an extraordinary ambition and an extraordinary power. The portrait of Mr. Cameron, now on view at the Art Gallery, is the most complete and powerful of the portraits. There is no preoccupation with unusual lighting, as in some earlier canvases, nor is there any trace of a former conflict between head and background. It is at once the most traditional and the most original picture in the exhibition. The problem is taken straightforwardly and at its fullest. The task of reconciling jubilant blue and red robes with a colourless complexion and a severe interpretation of character might have floored any artist, but here it is solved with complete simplicity and without forfeiting anything of emotional seriousness. As an example of a not dissimilar problem solved more cold-bloodedly there is the fine Strang portrait at the University of Toronto.

This portrait of Mr. Cameron, exhibited in London, might conceivably bring the artist at a bound into secure recognition. Less must be expected here. We are still without the spiritual self-reliance to do these things for ourselves. But even for those who insist on seeing promise rather than achievement it is surely a question of the highest promise or none. For some—the writer of this article among them—Mr. Varley has already shown that his place is somewhere among the four famous names that have been referred to above. His 'long suit' will be his incapacity to do what none of these four has quite escaped—he will never reduce his temperament to a formula. You can truthfully say 'Whistler—Japan,' 'Sargent—Velasquez,' and you have the secret of their success and also the limitation of their genius.

Mr. Varley has shown, during the short space of three years, that there is no external label for him. And he has shown such a range of mood and subject that only those who have digested and can clearly recall some twelve canvases, comprising landscape, war-pictures, and portraits, are in any position to estimate his full power. Very few people go to that trouble. And hence the diversity of casual opinion that is heard. 'Varley is really a war-painter.' 'He should stick to painting children.' 'He should paint landscapes and leave portraits alone.' This is merely the voice of our civic perplexity at an artistic phenomenon of real magnitude. There are two ways of avoiding that perplexity, either by staying away from art galleries altogether or by carrying curiosity to the point of serious thought and study.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

If Winter Comes

THOUGH the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* is still one of the popular books of this continent and may still be found in fancy binding and with gorgeous illustrations in every house which pretends to possess a library, it can hardly be imagined that the average citizen of this country is familiar with its contents: and we must sorrowfully put down the taste for Omar Khayyam to convention. We all own the *Rubaiyat*, because it is the

thing to do; but we must not be expected to read it. In fact in some households, where water is esteemed an appetizing and stimulating beverage, we may suspect that Omar is kept in a kind of gilded captivity to remind the sober-minded inmates of wickednesses which now are past,

> Of old unhappy far-off things,
> And bottles long ago.

Many of us still retain a sneaking affection for the old poet: we have not yet had all vice legislated out of us, and are putting up a manful struggle against the rapid encroachments of the 'seven deadly virtues.' In a word, we believe in the truth of the lines of a distinguished modern poet:

> You cannot bud into a gay Lothario
> By drinking water piped from Lake Ontario.

But now and then the hopelessness of the struggle is borne in upon us, and we realize that 'now is the winter of our discontent'. The unnatural dryness of the moral atmosphere is beginning to tell upon us: our cellars are rapidly emptying, and we shall soon be compelled to indulge in sarsaparilla, lemon sour, and raspberry vinegar. No longer now can the imagination picture the 'fields of barley and of rye' through which we used to walk: the precious grape is squeezed into a juice which can exhilarate none save William Jennings Bryan: and we look back with amazement and incredulity to the days when Shakespeare could write:

> O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter:
> Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

Why, even moonshine would be welcome now: but alas! in these days of total eclipse 'tis impossible to come by.

And yet the poet takes no such gloomy outlook when he asks:

> If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

and perhaps after all, like all true poets, he is something of a prophet. Perhaps the gloomy parlour pastime of 'sniffing the cork' may yet give place to better things: and if the responsibility for improving the situation rests with ourselves, we must manfully and hopefully shoulder it. The Platonic precept of 'one man one job' has never met with the approval of the choicer spirits, who regard an undeviating attention to the problems of business or profession as selfish and unworthy. The economists are busily engaged in preaching the necessity of increased production, and surely it is not for the mere layman to contradict the views of experts. We can and should play our part in the rehabilitation of our crumbling civilization. It is to the home-brewer that the economists must look for light and leading in the struggle that lies before us: for if production is to be stimulated, none is better equipped than he to produce the stimulants.

The home-brewer, we would maintain, is the only member of society to whom Omar Khayyam can be more than a mere name: for he alone has followed the example of the kindly old cynic, who

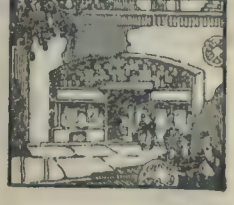
> Divorced old barren Reason from his bed
> And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.

And if it is impossible any longer to imitate Omar and enjoy our liquid refreshment underneath the bough, we may console ourselves perhaps with the reflection that good wine needs no bush, and sip our home-made beverage in a comfortable arm-chair with the *Rubaiyat* open before us. At such moments (always provided the home-brew is a success) how expansive is the soul, and what visions of choice company float before us in the eddying wreathes of tobacco smoke! That genial dog, Horace, whose poems in praise of good wine will one day be studied only by archaeological students, pale youths who in the interest of philological science will endeavour to discover the exact significance of the word 'wine'—Horace will be there, and Falstaff too, to enlighten us upon the magical properties of a good sherris-sack. Only let us remember that the spring may be short, and that not many years will pass before our stern educators will re-write Shakespeare, transforming Falstaff into a teetotaller and temperance orator. Then let us fill our cellars while yet we may, and perfect our organization: and let us remember that what is needed above all is co-operation. We have a good recipe for beer. Will one of our readers in exchange for it give us the details as to the concoction of a good sherris-sack, wherewith to drink the health of stout Sir John?

W. D. WOODHEAD

The British Museum

I have been grievously misled by one of a series of articles which appeared some time ago in your journal, under the heading of *A London Letter*. I hoped, from the writer's happy account of the British Museum, and 'The gentle souls who daily wend their way thither' (I quote from memory, but, I believe, accurately) that there still existed one institution where peace and the gentler virtues prevailed.



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It was with the highest expectations that I looked forward to spending some months there last summer.

I was deeply disappointed. Here I found competition in its most primitive form, though concealed under an air of polite respectability. It was not that generous strife of scholars whose only object is to drag truth to light, but a greedy rush for padded chairs! There still exists in the main reading room some two dozen ample leather-covered chairs, relics of a more comfortable age than ours. They are gradually approaching decay, and being replaced by polished ones of unresisting wood. The reading room is open at nine o'clock; at half past nine you could not find a vacant cushion if your life depended upon it. At twenty-five minutes past you might see an irregular procession of spectacles and attaché cases winding through the aisles, glancing eagerly from one side to the other, now bending down to resolve a doubt or furtively pulling out a chair to examine it more closely. If it were not so serious, you might mistake it for the (so-called) game of musical chairs. The authorities, as if in league with the powers of evil, have had the new chairs made with backs exactly like the old ones, and the attendants add to the confusion by shuffling them each night. The successful candidates are usually elderly gentlemen, who have apparently not stopped to drink a second cup of coffee, or to read the morning paper. You notice them, during the last five minutes before nine-thirty, hardly concealing a smile of self-gratification as they bend over their work.

Those who arrive habitually after that hour do not know that padded chairs exist. There are, too, a few truly scholarly persons who rush in with an abstracted air, drop into the first vacant seat, and become completely oblivious of their surroundings. They never seek to better their material condition. I can only surmise that your correspondent was one of these. For myself, I confess that I like to sit at ease, even in Zion, but I am weary of the daily competition.

Perhaps the authorities of the Museum would consider solving the problem by issuing to candidates who present suitable introductions, tickets for the padded chairs. Or would the League of Nations administer them under a mandate? In the meantime it is well that your readers should not remain sunk in a false illusion.

M. G. R.

Our Bookshelf

Drama

Will Shakespeare, by Clemence Dane (Macmillan, $2.00).

Those who read, or saw, *A Bill of Divorcement* will have watched with interest for Clemence Dane's next book and their hopes will be more than fulfilled by this second play, *Will Shakespeare*. There will be some, of course, who love the historian in and out of season, to cry that she has departed most scandalously from historical truth. To these it is only necessary to say: 'He who follows art obeys no historian,' for Miss Ashton (Clemence Dane) is a sincere and skilful artist. Besides, she makes no claim to historical accuracy, her sub-title reading, *An Invention*. But such a defence is a flailing of the air.

In this play the author has dared a broader, greater current than that flowing through *A Bill of Divorcement*, for the latter, movingly human though it is, pictures only a backwater peopled by the small fry of life. But with no less sureness of touch are handled the passions—the loves and despairs—of the nobler characters in *Will Shakespeare*. Shakespeare (when Ophelia, Desdemona, and Othello stand the mere ghosts of players about him in his cottage, or when, face to face with the breakdown and tragedy of his life, he sets about the making of *As You Like It* for England and the Queen) appeals to us not only for the greatness beating through him, but for the humanness of his weakness. And Elizabeth in the last act will fail to stir few whose imaginations can warm to the activities of the sixteenth century. It *may* have required an Englishwoman to portray her high purpose and indomitable will, crushing her own desires and longings that England might prosper and stand forth among the nations, but many besides English readers will thrill at her speeches.

The whole piece has been conceived with intense dramatic imagination and with a grasp of the elements of tragedy that will hold even the light-hearted theatre-goer. The first act is under way almost before it is realized and from the first line the development moves to its culmination with a rapidity that speaks of close study of modern dramatic methods. The delightfully fresh and spontaneous songs in Acts I, III and IV, spiritual children of Elizabethan lyrics and *The Beggar's Opera*, are an integral part of the dramatic action and no mere pretty trimming to catch the vulgar ear. Despite this modern swiftness, and modern touches here and there in the thought, the Elizabethan atmosphere is completely convincing, for Miss Ashton has not been afraid to use the richly imaginative blank verse of that glowing period and in it she has achieved rare poetic beauty. There is space to quote only one short passage.

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CALLIMACHUS AND LYCOPHRON, translated by A. W. Mair, and **ARATUS**, translated by G. R. Mair..... 2.50

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TORONTO **CANADA**

Elizabeth:

Why, not a keel
Grounds on the Cornish pebbles, but the jar
Thrills through all English earth home to my feet.
No riderless horse snuffs blood and gallops home
To a girl widowed, but I the sparking hoofs
Hear pound as my heart pounds, waiting; . . .

It is necessary to add that the author deserves better of her printers. In reading the play thirteen typographical errors were found, and on pages 152 and 170 character denominations have been omitted and the speeches of two persons run together. This is beyond excuse.

Fiction

Adrienne Toner, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Edward Arnold, London, 1921).

Anne Douglas Sedgwick has done two very daring things. First, she has given us as heroine the complete prig, bred in an atmosphere of voluptuous idealism and the wildest conversational licence about Love and Beauty and Faith and Truth, and other 'big, big things,' equipped to the last detail with every priggish quality of mind, soul, manner and dress; second, after she has deliberately exposed her prig in every aspect, she gradually, and before our eyes, effects its apotheosis into an undeniable saint. Let no one accordingly read *Adrienne Toner* who is not willing to perform a volteface and eventually to love the ex-prig-saint even while she is still babbling of 'big, beautiful people' and 'rare, strong spirits.' It is testimony to the authoress' skill that when once the self-righteousness has been ousted the still priggish mannerisms are almost endearing—emphatically so to Roger Oldneadow, the 'snappy, snuffy bachelor' and most fastidious realist.

The apotheosis is credible by reason of two qualities in Adrienne—her sincerity and her capacity for strong and deep feeling. As to the manner of the apotheosis there are three stages. In the first we have the invulnerably self-righteous theorist confidently propelling the lamest dogs over the steepest stiles into the most dangerous regions. In the second the theorist comes into contact with other people's theories and finds herself criticized. Here is the first wound to the self-righteousness, for under criticism she develops unsuspected qualities of pride and cruelty and meanness. In the third period she has lost all control both of events and of her own character—the dogs are refusing to go over their stiles and she and they are snarling at each other. In the apotheosis period she has lost everything, her own moral complacency, the affection of friends and her husband's love. She sees that she has brought disaster to those she tried to help and that the fault was hers. It is in the courage with which she faces facts and contrives, most unconventionally, to retrieve the worst disaster that the saint is revealed. The prig has gone too, for there is little real priggishness in anyone speaking like this:

> I wish I weren't one of the shut-out people; I wish I were artistic. I'd have liked to have had that side of life to meet people with. I sometimes think that one doesn't get far with people, really, if all that one has to give are the fundamental things like the care of their minds and bodies. One goes deep, of course; but one doesn't go far. You can do something *for* them; but there's nothing afterwards that they can do *with* you; it makes it rather lonely in a way. . . .

The book, on the whole, might be rather too tense were it not for the interludes provided by some of minor and more *terre-à-terre* characters, especially the delightful Eleanor Chadwick with her inconsequence and her really remarkable agility in running simultaneously with hare and hound. The following contribution to the problem of the conscientious objector is typical:

> *Palgrave:* Christ didn't kill malefactors.
>
> *Eleanor Chadwick:* The Gadarene swine, they were killed. So painfully too, poor things. I never could understand about that. I hope that Higher Criticism will manage to get rid of it, for it doesn't really seem kind. They had done no wrong at all and I've always been .specially fond of pigs myself.

Humbug, by E. M. Delafield (Hutchinson, London).

Miss Delafield has been at it again—convents, suppressive parents, 'potterites,' egotistic *poseuses*, and all the rest. If *Humbug* is the first of her books that you read you may like it—it's amusing in parts as a caricature—but if you've read the others you'll feel a little cheated at having old characters and old settings served up again in rather diluted form. Lily is a watered-down Zella from *Zella Sees Herself* with touches of Delia from *Consequences*; Lily's father is Zella's Aunt Marianne put into trousers, and equally incapable of speaking in the first person; Dorothy is Hazel of *The Pelican*; and Kenneth is the James of *Zella Sees Herself* again. I can't help feeling, too, that the foreword in which the authoress warns us that none of the characters are taken from life is unnecessary. I've never met in life people who were so completely embodiments of one point of view or often only of one mannerism. There's always, I've found, a little more complexity.

Folk-Lore

Negro Folk Rhymes, by Thomas W. Talley (Macmillan, $2.50).

Professor Talley, of Fisk University, has performed a very real service in this valuable collection, not only for his own people, but for the student of folk-lore in general. The religious songs of the negroes, the so-called 'spirituals,' have been faithfully preserved in such excellent collections as those of the Hampton Institute and the Fisk Jubilee Singers. Some of them have become universally known, especially to the older generation of concert-goers, through the singing tours of the negro choirs.

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The spirit which collected the religious songs 'was a beautiful and a reverent and faithful one', but it was inevitably restricted in its sympathies. A people trained in a rigid division of mankind into the saved and the unsaved, whose activities could very rarely overlap, was not likely to collect the secular rhymes along with 'spirituals.' The fact that the 'spirituals' represented the only freedom of the slave days, while the secular songs, of the earth earthy, were more definitely reminiscent of the bondage, as witness some of the 'parodies' in this book, may have contributed to the neglect of the latter.

This neglect has been atoned for by the present pioneer collection. Much of the old material must already have been lost, but much has been saved, and it is to be hoped that the publication of these rhymes will sufficiently stimulate interest to guarantee the collection and preservation of the still extant negro lore. It is only when one reads these songs and rhymes that one realizes how much the negro has contributed to the imaginative heritage of native-born Americans and Canadians.

The rhymes themselves occupy two-thirds of the volume. Their characteristics are too well known to require stress here. They are full of the fun, the naïveté, the objective wisdom of the negro, with many echoes from the tragedy of his history in America. The remainder of the book contains an interesting essay on the material. Professor Curry, in an introduction to the book, intimates his belief that it supplies strong corroborative evidence for the communal theory of ballad-making. The compiler's very interesting theory of the origin of the 'call and 'sponse' does seem to lend support to this belief, but a study of the rhymes themselves weakens somewhat one's faith in their value as evidence in the problem of the child type of ballad. The 'call and 'sponse' discussion may, however, throw light on the difficult question of ballad refrains. Professor Talley has invented a pictorial method of classification for his rhyme schemes, a method which is, we fear, too pictorial for the unromantic soul of our folk-lorist of to-day and to-morrow.

Criticism

The Laureateship. A Study of the Office of Poet Laureate in England, with some Account of the Poets, by Edmund Kemper Broadus (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 15/ net).

Literary historians have hitherto had little to say of the Laureateship, and, if the office be judged rigidly by its contribution to serious literature, this attitude of indifference may not seem unjustified. But there is, after all, another side. As a unique national institution, with a traditional ancestry stretching back almost to the beginnings of English literature and with an official existence maintained almost despite itself for some two and a half centuries, the Laureateship surely deserves its historian; and this it has finally got in Professor Broadus, whose treatment of the subject could scarcely be bettered.

At the outset Professor Broadus has cleared the way by a close and most scholarly discussion of the development of the laureate tradition. He traces the bestowal of a special courtly patronage to poetry forward from the time of the Saxon *scops;* allots to the universities, with their garlanding ceremonies and degrees in poetry, a fair share in helping to establish the laureate idea; and, considering by the way the claims of Spenser and Drayton, Daniel, Jonson and Davenant, he reaches the year 1668, when there was issued 'a warrant for a grant to John Dryden of the office of Poete Laureate.' Two years later the post of Historiographer Royal was added, and from the double office Dryden drew annually £300—of which £100 was his poet's fee—and 'one butt or pype of the best Canary Wine.'

With the appointment of Dryden the real history of the Laureateship begins, and the bulk of Professor Broadus' book is given to an estimate of the official work of the fourteen chosen poets. In giving this estimate he has carefully avoided the part of special pleader, but with a fine critical fairness has measured the accomplishment of the Laureateship by the varying duties demanded of the office. For Dryden the duty was evidently to be spokesman of the court, and how splendidly he did speak is witnessed by *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medal*, the crown of all laureate work. After Dryden's dismissal in the political shuffle, the Laureateship was barren for over a hundred years, and steadily gathered to itself that ridicule which even to-day brings it a jeer. Too often it became merely a political job; if the man was 'safe' his poetical qualifications seemed to matter little. Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, and Whitehead were then England's successive laureates. Birthday and New Year odes, decked for the most part in fustian and filled with regal flattery, were their chief offerings.

On Whitehead's death the Laureateship was given to Thomas Warton, scholar and no mean poet, but he too fell before the requisite odes. He warbled with an Attic grace but, as Professor Broadus says,

> The very delicacy made the flattery the more objectionable. Straightforward flattery is bad enough. Cibber's was of that sort—blunt and thick. But Warton's device was to clothe the Muse in romantic imagery, speak of nature or the glamorous past, and lead up through successive devotions of the spirit to—a compliment to George III.

Warton was succeeded by Pye, whose chief claim to laureate renown seems to be that he offered to commute the customary butt of wine for cash; the sack was docked but no money was returned. After Pye came Southey, and with him starts the modern period of the Laureateship, when the demand

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for Birthday odes was dropped and the appointment became an honour bestowed, still meagre in its emoluments but with practically no obligations.

Professor Broadus has rounded off his survey with an admirably succinct and just account of the laureate work since Wordsworth. Three of the choices made in this enlightened period (Wordsworth, Tennyson and Robert Bridges) have obviously been happy and have helped to win back for the Laureateship a respect lost since the time of Dryden. Unfortunately the fourth of the appointments, that of a prominent Conservative journalist, brought again the taint of politics; and, as we look back and see how this prejudice has belittled the Laureateship, we cannot but agree with Professor Broadus' conclusion that the post would better be left vacant than unworthily filled.

The pleasure which the student will assuredly find in following Professor Broadus through this excellent study of the Laureateship will in no small way be increased by the unusually fine form which the publishers have given to the book.

Statistics

The China Year Book, 1921-22. (Frank Waterhouse & Co., Seattle, price $7.00.)

It is encouraging to turn from the mass of conflicting, and often unreliable telegrams and articles about China which one often sees these days to this compact volume of 1,063 pages, which is almost encyclopaedic in its intimate knowledge of things Chinese. Few men have better opportunities to feel the pulse of the Chinese Empire than the Editor of the *Peking and Tientsin Times*, who is the Editor of the *Year Book*. It gives one confidence in the future of China to read such a record of development, during a period of almost universal anarchy within the Empire. Here one can see the great advances in, and the changing nature of, China's import and export trade, find something of her military strength and history, have at hand for ready reference the treaties, recent laws and resolutions affecting the internal life of the Republic and her international relationships. Many of her honest attempts at the long overdue judicial reforms are listed and show that the Chinese are sincerely preparing for the abolition of extra-territoriality. The prospect of currency reform, with the establishment of the new mint at Shanghai, seems brighter. The new ideals and ideas in education, which are everywhere advocated, the great increase in newspapers and magazines, the patriotic spirit flaming in the student movement—all are full of promise that a new era is dawning when the present financial paralysis has passed. Splendid record is made of the nation's fight with opium, morphia and the plague, while the detailed account of the whole famine relief service rendered last year by both Chinese and foreigners is a stimulating document. Sympathetic reference is made to the statistics showing the progress and the present status of mission work. No one should be without this book who desires to understand the real China.

Shorter Notices

The Law and Practice of Bankruptcy in Canada, by Lewis Duncan (Carswell).

The essence of polite literature lies in the pleasant and thoughtful telling of the story of human hopes, achievements and disappointments. The chronicles of bankruptcy must perforce in these times furnish a generous share of that story. The law reports are full of bankruptcy cases. Indeed bankruptcy, or at least its precursor and concomitant, the shortage of funds, is, no doubt, too well known to all the sad mortals who read this note. For the intending or unwilling bankrupt this volume of some eight hundred pages can be recommended as a pleasant and useful *vade mecum* in all his troubles, from his first act of bankruptcy to his last release from the comfortless supervision of the law. The unfortunate may here learn how to begin afresh with a clean slate and an empty pocket, may learn to shape well his course against a niggard Fate, and, if not outwit, at least placate the jade.

Mr. Duncan's book deserves of the reviewer more than to say that it is a timely and useful work. It is at once a serious and comprehensive treatise on bankruptcy law, the first thorough-going attempt to deal with the subject as it arises in Canada, and a scholarly and finished literary work. It avoids with rare success the sins of verbosity and obscurity. The text is free of annoying citations. There is a limpid terseness of style that refreshes and gives force, clarity, and a certain grace to utility. The lawyer in one rejoices in copious cross references and an excellent index. One may be permitted to express the hope that the literature of law in Canada will be enriched by further contributions from Mr. Duncan's pen.

Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec for the Year 1920-1921.

If only for the following sentence this report would be noteworthy: 'The French language has always had, and always will have, I hope, in our schools, its place—the first, as also English always has been and always will be taught. The knowledge of that second language is not only useful but necessary.'

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Trade and Industry

	Dec. 1921	Jan. 1922	Feb. 1922	Mar. 1922	Mar. 1921
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	161.9	158.4	159.1	157.1	190.0
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$21.49	$21.52	$21.07	.....	$23.87
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	81.6	80.6	81.6	81.8	87.2
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	105.6	105.6	108.1	108.5	109.0

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE present situation has been aptly summed up by an English writer, who says that we are 'dragging along the bottom' of the trade depression. From the standpoint of the wage-earner, we are rather worse off than we were a year ago; for as our table shows, there is to-day considerably more unemployment than there was in the spring of 1921; and there can be no question that the bad effects of a long spell of unemployment are intensified with the passage of time. The ultimate cost of the present trade depression is a cost in terms of human life. The loss in physical and moral stamina, which it causes, is inherited as a legacy by the succeeding period of industrial activity. It hampers the growth in power of production and at the same time intensifies every social problem. Among those who have suffered involuntary unemployment, with its attendant suffering and degradation, there remains a not unnatural dissatisfaction with the cumbrous industrial system that permits such things to be; and the relations of labour and capital, always suggestive of a *mariage de convenance*, are embittered by remembrance.

Every sign of an improvement in conditions is eagerly welcomed, as well by those who are concerned for the social effects of unemployment as by those whose interest in business is more purely personal. Last month we noted a widespread feeling, even among men of sober judgment, that the worst is passed. Since the March issue there has been a new burst of speculative activity on all the world's money markets, which begins to give colour to the belief that we are on the threshold of industrial revival. The local interest has chiefly been in mining stock, but in London and New York the market has been a very broad one, and handsome profits have been taken by dealers in what are generally very staid securities.

Those who look on this as the harbinger of an immediate return to prosperity, and are making plans accordingly, run the risk of a serious disappointment. For it appears on analysis that the growing volume of stock transactions is a sign, not of industrial activity, but rather of its absence. Large numbers of corporations, and of individual investors, have accumulated balances which aggregate vast sums. In the normal course of events these balances would at once find employment in bringing goods to market—the need of traders for money would absorb them. They have accumulated in idleness precisely because they could not find their natural employment. Lying on deposit in the banks, they have been earning a very low rate of interest for a considerable time. Finally they have found their way to the investment market, in the hope of increasing their earnings to six per cent. or a little more, pending the revival of commerce and production which will eventually reabsorb them. And since they must be kept in a form that is highly liquid, as long as the trade stagnation continues, they have been used largely for the purchase of sound but unadventurous securities, such as, for example, British Rails. (It will be noticed that the rise in the prices, even of the better Canadian common stocks, has been small during the past month.) This is a natural movement, but can only be regarded as an incident in the process of marking time. A revival of the world's prosperity, when it does come, will find other heralds.

As an index of real progress in the return to normal conditions of business, we should continue to watch the slow convergence of food prices and the prices of manufactured goods. So long as we must look mainly to our domestic market for the sale of Canadian factory products, so long must we concentrate our main attention, not on the world's money market, but on the purchasing power of the Canadian farmer. It is increasing surely but slowly. Provided there is a further reduction in the prices of Canadian manufactures, a good western harvest coupled with stable conditions of international finance will go far to restore it. But the harvest is still many months distant; the problem of reducing manufacturing costs is at this stage by no means an easy one; and at present the signs point to a disturbed exchange market in the fall. (The pound sterling still clings to a level which seems unduly high, and interest on the British debt to the United States becomes due in October.) 'Watchful waiting' is still the order of the day.

G. E. JACKSON.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. II TORONTO, MAY, 1922 No. 20

MR. KING has been having a bad time at Ottawa. But his troubles are only such as fall to the lot of the man who chooses the primrose path. Even in youth Mr. King was rarely ardent; maturer years and the attainment of the pinnacle of his ambition by devotion to the old chieftain rather than to any particular principles have served to increase his caution and his habit of compromise. As leader of a middle party he may hope to succeed in playing the middle part so proper to his nature. Unfortunately, however, his party just falls short of having a majority in the House of Commons; nor is it a well-disciplined unit. The Progressives and Conservatives will find it difficult honestly to agree on any matter of importance, but should they combine in desiring a vote of want of confidence, especially if they can make a breach, however small, in the ranks of the Liberals, the fall of the Government is assured. A series of critical debates and two very close votes have shown how near the Government may be brought to dissolution by supporters who lack the plasticity of their leader.

THE failure of the McMaster resolution was only to be expected. Mr. Meighen and his followers, however much they might praise the courage of the member for Brome, were sure to oppose his motion. The Progressives would naturally support it, and their numbers in ordinary circumstances would have been increased by a considerable group from the ranks of the Liberals. But the circumstances were quite extraordinary. During the last session Mr. King and several other ministers of the present cabinet voted in support of a more drastic resolution on the same subject. The elections came, and Mr. King was called on to form a cabinet. His overtures to the Progressives failed, and he thought it best to include in his Government several men who did not resign their directorships in important companies. In the debate Mr. King thus described the situation: 'Had I, regardless of their distinction and public service, sought to impose upon honourable gentlemen coming into the cabinet restrictions of various kinds, I might have succeeded in effecting a mediocre administration; I certainly would not have had the privilege of being surrounded to-day by the gentlemen of distinction and eminence who sit in this cabinet. There are times and places for everything.' Mr. King may be right, but we believe that men of ability and distinction can easily be found—perhaps not in great numbers within the Liberal Party as at present constituted—who would consider a directorship in the Government of Canada a unique and sufficient honour, and the holding of any other directorship in a company whose fortunes are in part controlled by the Government, a thing inconsistent with their duty to the public. Within the next two years our banking laws and our tariff are to be revised, and it is doubtful propriety for those immediately concerned with the task of revision to have a divided interest. If Mr. King had been really in earnest in his support of the McMaster resolution of last year, and if he had insisted on the recognition of such views when the cabinet was being formed, he might have converted these 'gentlemen of distinction and eminence.' At any rate his ears would have been spared the stinging speech of Mr. Meighen, with its concluding words: 'The best thing that, from my own standpoint and, I think, from the standpoint of the permanent interests of the country, I can desire, is just to leave the leader of the Government where by his conduct he is placed; to let his action of a year ago and his action to-night, his conduct in forming his Government, and the laboured explanation he grinds out now in his defence—let these things speak for themselves, and be an indication to this Dominion of his loyalty to principle and of his sense of public duty and honour.'

SUPPORTERS of the Government seem to have had their nerves rather badly frayed. In defeating Mr. McMaster's resolution many of them must have voted against their convictions, and the after-effects of such a course are never happy. Mr. Neill's amendment to curtail certain privileges asked for by the Canadian Pacific Railway, in respect to the line between Esquimalt and Nanaimo, was opposed by the Government and lost by a narrow majority of four. The Crow's Nest Pass debate was keenly contested; but here the Government seems to

have thought discretion the better part of valour. Captain Power's motion to reduce the Militia Estimates was an additional embarrassment. Mr. King's administration is still young, but from an actuarial standpoint we fancy that it should already be classed as rather a 'bad risk.'

THE flood of rumours, recriminations, and contradictory reports that has been surging over the special wires from Genoa for the last five weeks has hardly tended to illuminate the course, let alone indicate the goal of this latest effort to restore the peace of Europe. The cause of all this confusion and obscurity is, however, fairly obvious. The fact is that no one of the major European governments, except the French, showed itself willing, when the moment arrived, to fix its hopes by the chart that was marked out so timidly at Cannes. If the chief delegates showed, from the beginning, little interest in the avowed objects of the Conference, it was because none of them really believed that the avowed objects were attainable under the limited agenda. So the Conference that was to have moved solely in a restricted economic sphere had hardly assembled before it found itself, as prophesied, discussing political problems of the gravest importance, but—precisely because of the attempted restrictions—discussing them in an atmosphere of peculiar tenseness and suspicion. The result is that the conduct of the Conference in its broadest aspect has almost inevitably resolved itself into a series of irritating subterfuges and makebelieves. In place of the straight-forward discussions and down-right statements that marked the progress of the Washington Conference we have the disavowed motives, the half-concealed enmities, and the unacknowledged intrigues that, bursting every few days through the crust of formal procedure, furnish the perplexing journalistic copy of Genoa.

SINCE, in such an atmosphere, journalism runs the danger of becoming, perhaps unwittingly, a mere instrument of diplomatic propaganda, it is well to accept with caution many of the reports received from Genoa. One thing, however, seems to be clear. The French delegates, under the constant supervision of M. Poincaré, have, from the opening day when M. Barthou put a veto upon any discussion either of disarmament or of future conferences, proved a consistently obstructive force, so obstructive, it is said, that the Little Entente and even Poland have been moved to protest. Belgium, it is true, remains loyal; but her loyalty may well, as has been suggested, be inspired by the hope that France's insistence upon the restoration of private property in Russia may result in the inclusion of Belgian oil interests in the concessions reported to have been granted by Moscow to the Shell group. On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George, supported by Italy and the neutral powers, has been working steadily to enlarge the scope of the conference and prevent its premature dissolution. In this task he was certainly, for a time, hindered by the Russo-German Treaty, which, however commendable it may be for its sweeping economic sanity, unquestionably had the effect of bolstering up the French position. At the time of writing two questions of importance, in fact the only two vitally important questions that have come before the Conference, remain in abeyance. France still refuses to join in the note to Russia, and at the same time maintains her opposition to the so-called non-aggression pact. In the latter case the grounds of opposition are obvious. Any general agreement for non-aggression must restrict France's liberty to invade Germany at will. To any such restriction M. Poincaré absolutely refuses to submit. As for the Russian note, it is said to be so unlikely of acceptance, owing to the concessions to French policy which it already contains, that it probably makes little difference whethre she agrees to sign or not.

FROM this deadlock there seem to be only two possible avenues of escape. By means of further concessions from Mr. Lloyd George—M. Poincaré will make none—a show of agreement may be maintained. In that case it may be taken as most improbable that collective agreement with Russia will be reached, and consequently the Conference will have failed in its principal object. Similarly, unless M. Poincaré is defied, the non-aggression pact will be a meaningless one-sided undertaking. In short, on the political side, agreement and nominal success are unlikely to mean anything but an addition or two to the existing stock of worthless political formulas. On the economic side some real progress of a detailed nature might conceivably be achieved in connection with exchange and, possibly, the cancellation of inter-allied debts; but the supremely important question of the indemnity would still be buried under what Mr. Keynes has called the rubbish of milliards. To this outcome there is only one alternative—a definite refusal to submit any longer to the reactionary demands and prohibitions of the French government. We believe that such a declaration of policy is not only likely but necessary. Nearly all the nations of the world are agreed in recognizing the imperative need of drastic changes in the war settlements if Europe is once again to be set on her feet. France, almost alone, stands in the way. Her veto has become a menace to her friends no less than to her late enemies. We repeat what we said three months ago, that it may well be in the best interests, not only of Europe but of France herself, if the Genoa Conference marks the breakdown of the Entente.

WE are fortunate this month in being enabled to print the first of three studies, describing the present condition of Germany, from the pen of Pro-

fessor John Firman Coar. The restoration of German purchasing power is so vital to the welfare of so many of our late allies—so vital, indirectly, to the welfare even of this country—that each addition to our scanty knowledge of German realities must eagerly be sought for. To an American audience, Professor Coar would need no introduction. To the reading public of Canada, however, his name is less familiar. We quote from the New York *Weekly Review* the following appreciation of our contributor's researches. 'His equipment for the task was unique among Americans and he enjoyed exceptional opportunities for conference and observation. Professor Coar was born in Germany of American parents and later studied in German Universities. He also holds degrees from American Universities and has practised law here. In recent years he has been a successful university professor of German, and during the war displayed a fine American patriotism, combating hyphenism and drawing upon himself the violent enmity of the German sympathizers by his articles and addresses. On his return to Germany after the war he found himself at first the object of deep suspicion, which finally gave way when the leading Germans became convinced of his good faith and the serious character of his investigations. Probably no other American is better fitted to get at the bottom of things in Germany.'

THERE are 40,000 teachers and trustees in Ontario. An attendance of fewer than 2,000 at the annual convention of the Ontario Educational Association bespeaks an apathy that is deplorable. Compared with the well-attended educational meetings of the Prairie Provinces, the Ontario convention is dull and lifeless. Sectional meetings are so sparsely attended that at one of them this year the desirability of discontinuance was seriously considered. Fewer than a baker's dozen were present to listen to a speaker specially invited from the United States. But the lack of interest at meetings is far more serious than the sparse attendance. Papers are too frequently mere opinion unsupported by a scrap of evidence, and discussions are of the same nature. The general apathy and absence of anything approaching scientific procedure can be traced to the high degree of centralization that obtains in the Ontario educational system. There is now a healthier spirit abroad, but the old thralls are not cast off in a moment. When teachers have felt for two generations that nothing that they said or did had any influence on the school system, enthusiasm for reform was bound to weaken. The O.E.A. reflects the rigidity of the old discredited system, and it will be many years before the spirit of investigation and research is thoroughly aroused. To this general statement the Trustees' and Ratepayers' Department offers an exception, but hardly, it must be confessed, a happy one. Convocation Hall, which they filled, resembled a political, rather than an educational meeting, and the spirit of the Orange Lodge showed in the zest with which the teaching of French was voted down and the large (?) grants to Roman Catholic Separate Schools condemned. What Ontario needs is more fact and less opinion, more investigation and less politics, in its annual educational convention. Perhaps a general housecleaning would be valuable as a start in reform.

IN an article in the London *Daily Chronicle* on 'The Value of Historical Research' Major-General Sir George Aston points out how 'The Gallipoli Affair' proved a failure in men and time through lack of knowledge. Sir Ian Hamilton was compelled to work with 'a small-scale featureless map' and 'the faulty packing of transports' gave Liman von Sanders time to construct communications and defences and to redistribute his forces. General Aston points out that, had historical research been linked up with the services, ten thousand lives would have been saved, and in all human probability success would have crowned the adventure. In the Institute of Historical Research of the University of London, he discovered a large-scale contoured map of Gallipoli of first-class military value, drawn by expert military engineers of the French army in 1854-1856; and he also discovered an unpublished manuscript account of the capture of Valparaiso by an army landed on an open beach in 1891. The account was written by the chief staff officer of the victorious Chilean Congressionalist Army, who discloses how the 'packing' of ships in such an operation had to be faced and how it was tested and the proper method finally determined. Neither the map nor the manuscript was known to the British military or naval experts, who worked in the dark, when, as General Aston points out, a proper co-relation between historical and staff experts would certainly have saved many lives and in all probability would have resulted in such a saving of time at the landings as to make success more than probable.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL'S death seriously impoverishes our literature. It is not easy to make such a statement without loss of emphasis. What current literary criticism we have is for the most part so partial to our writers, so blindly willing to see importance and significance even in the most ephemeral rubbish, that when a writer of genuine significance dies there is really nothing to be said except that he or she has gone. The ground for a true appraisement is taken from under our feet. To our extensive quasi-literary public the country is simply teeming with poets and to them one poet more or less need not matter. There is also a smaller public which realizes that we have very little verse that is worth the paper it is printed on and that

Marjorie Pickthall's poems shine with a steady, quiet light. It is by her small body of lyrics that she will be chiefly remembered, and it will perhaps remain an open question whether she had the power to construct a work of sustained emotion, though with *The Woodcarver's Wife* before us it seems probable that she had. Whether she is writing about Quebec or not the feeling of Quebec is seldom absent, and the spirit of her poems is almost always religious even where the subject is not explicitly so. She wrote with frankly old-world feeling, but she is not less Canadian on that account.

THE exhibition of paintings by the Group of Seven, now on view at the Art Gallery, Toronto, raises the question of appreciation in another form. It is easy to see how indiscriminate approval of all writers injures the best writers, and Canada to-day affords a flagrant illustration of the fact. The obvious retort is that it is surely more helpful to over-praise than to under-praise, but if we are to judge by the Canadian example again, nothing would seem to be further from the truth. Canadian artists have seldom been over-praised. We assume that our artists are inferior to those of other countries just as cheerfully as we assume that our writers can hold their own, and yet it becomes more apparent every year that our art is growing in importance and that our literature remains a dubious quantity. The Group of Seven are steadily establishing themselves in *and out* of Canada as a body of artists to be taken seriously. If their work frequently seemed tentative a few years ago, it reaches a high level of competence now; it has gained in variety and lost nothing in power. And this development has taken place under adverse conditions in the ordinary sense of the word. But there are signs of a change. Our writers have a public ready-made; our artists are creating a public for themselves.

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Reform of the Services—The Next Step

WITH the Government's decision to unify the control of our military, naval, and air forces few people, apart from the dispossessed office holders at Ottawa, will be likely to quarrel. Economy needs no justification in these days, and economy is admittedly the main object of the reorganization. There is, however, another factor, not necessarily conflicting, that seems to be in some danger of being neglected. The tendency is to take for granted the beneficial effect of this reform upon the efficiency of the services. On the whole this is no doubt justified; but it would be a mistake to look for any noteworthy improvement from this change alone. For, in the case at any rate of the military and air forces, much will depend upon how far the government makes this the occasion to reorganize thoroughly the whole military administrative system. At first glance this may seem to be a doubtful proposition, and many people will be inclined to question the wisdom of reorganizing a system that appeared to serve so effectively during the war. In so far as training, intelligence, and strategical plans are concerned, the doubt is probably justified; for our general staff work, properly so-called, must continue to rely upon Imperial sources, and is not likely to benefit materially by any local departmental changes. Organization and administration are, however, another matter. Here simplicity, elasticity, and the particular needs of this country all point in the direction of some reform that will give permanent embodiment to the lessons that were learnt during the war.

Prior to the war the Canadian parliament had secured, not without difficulty, an almost complete control of the administration of the country's military forces. The outbreak of war made it clear, however, that this control did not extend beyond the borders of Canada. Indeed the First Contingent had not been many months in England before it became clear that the machinery of Canadian military administration overseas was still largely that of a dependency. The Militia Act ceased to apply to the overseas forces once it had handed them over, so to speak, to the Army Act. In the same way K. R. & O. (Canada) seemed also to lose its authority; in any event there were only a half dozen copies overseas, so that in practice regimental and subordinate staff officers came to work entirely upon K. R. & O. (Imperial). Even in questions of pay and allowances there was doubt as to the source of control, and commanding officers, who in most cases had never seen even a copy of the pay and allowance regulations for the Canadian militia, turned confidently to the Royal Warrant for the pay of the army when they sought an authority upon such questions as forfeitures and deductions. In addition, such war-time expedients

as Army Council Instructions were for a long period accepted by all Canadians as the pure milk of military authority. Indeed, during the first two years of the war these anomalies and contradictions in control went almost unquestioned. The old-fashioned administrative machine was somehow jockeyed into providing for the additional load that each fresh batch of reinforcements threw upon it; but in spite of the increasing friction and complication no real attempt was made to remodel it. It is, in fact, doubtful if, at that time, any person saw clearly the real causes of the administrative confusion, let alone their remedy. The many scattered authorities were too preoccupied with the task of keeping their own isolated portions functioning to devote any thought to the problem as a whole. Neither the Canadian government nor the Minister of Militia seemed to have made up their minds as to the extent of the direct authority that they intended to exercise, and as a result neither the Minister's representative in London, nor the General Officers Commanding the Canadian training camps were able to determine the limits of their authority. None of the existing regulations and statutes threw any light upon the new situation. In fact legally, in spite of Sir Sam Hughes' occasional outbursts, Canadian troops were in precisely the same position as the troops of a Crown Colony; while in practice, even by the War Office, it was recognized that that position required considerable modification.

Apart from political considerations it was the realization not only of the waste of effort that this state of things implied, but also of the danger of growing friction with the Imperial Authorities that prompted the Canadian government to appoint an Overseas Minister at the end of 1916 and at the same time to establish a central headquarters in London. For some months little change was noticeable. The government at Ottawa still hesitated to lay down a definite policy, and the direction of the first of the overseas ministers was not remarkable for its energy. Moreover, while the relation of the new headquarters to the Canadian troops in England was clear from the start, its relation to the Imperial Authorities and to the War Office was a matter of slow and difficult adjustment. Gradually, however, these relations began to take definite form, and eventually the principle of complete administrative control by the Canadian government came to be generally recognized. Regulations were modified or amended to meet the needs of Canadian troops; inconvenient statutes were ignored; and consultation and agreement took the place of half-hearted direction and disagreement.

The problem that faced the overseas ministry and Argyll House was that of bringing a certain degree of order out of the administrative chaos that had existed up to the beginning of 1917. The mass of criticism, largely of a personal nature and much of it justified, which was directed against Argyll House towards the end of the war, has tended to obscure the realization of what was accomplished in solving this problem, and in contriving a working arrangement, which, in spite of the legal and administrative difficulties, would permit a practical control by the Canadian government of its troops. The achievement was, however, a costly one. Argyll House and the Ministry staffs, while not luxuries, were terribly expensive necessities; for a much smaller organization would have sufficed had Canada possessed before the war a system of military administration in line with her constitutional position in the Empire. It is this lesson that seems to be in danger of being forgotten. The system of administration that was improvised in the midst of the war was at best an expedient, and unless it is given the permanence of legal form, another call for the employment of Canadian troops beyond our borders would find us faced once again with the same difficulties. The most important task before the government and the Minister of Militia is, therefore, that of remodelling our military administrative system so as to put it permanently upon the basis which it temporarily achieved during the war—a basis which, moreover, is the only logical one in relation to our constitutional position.

There is another reason why this reform should be undertaken. Under the existing arrangement our Militia Act accepts in its entirety, even for local purposes, the British code of military law and discipline that is embodied in the Army Act and K. R. & O. Now the war proved that this code, which had been designed for a professional army organized on a class basis, was in many respects unsuited to the needs of a modern citizen army such as our own becomes in time of war. Indeed it was found to be so unsuited that even in the midst of the war it was deemed necessary to modify and temper it by such statutes as the Army (Suspension of Sentences) Act and by an entirely unpremeditated extension of the regulations relating to the removal of men from detention. The fact that some of these reforms may be made permanent is no reason for our continuing to accept a code that must, if it is not thoroughly revised, remain in many respects a survival of the old theory of coercive discipline. As an example, take the provisions for making a complaint, the British soldier's substitute for an appeal. Every person who has served knows to what a futility these provisions may be reduced by an inexperienced or narrow-minded commanding officer or by an inefficient staff. The existence of some sort of statutory right of appeal during the war would have been the means of avoiding, in our own as well as in the British army, not a few serious miscarriages of justice in the case both of officers and men. The inevitable

complications that would be involved in the exercise of such a right cannot, of course, be overlooked; but at least it is safe to assume that they would hardly be more serious than the difficulties involved in the French system of civil control. As for the stock military argument that a right of appeal would prove subversive of discipline, that may, in a democratic community, be left to answer itself.

It is clear, however, that if these important questions of discipline and military law are to be included in a programme of reform, something more than a mere statutory declaration of the Canadian parliament's right to control the military forces of the country, and a consequent reorganization of administration, will be necessary. In fact a change in substance will have to accompany the change in form and procedure. A new Militia Act, very different from the present fragmentary statute with its vicarious provisions, will have to incorporate in itself the disciplinary portions of the Army Act, not in identical terms but altered to meet our needs and to conform with our ideas. K. R. & O. (Imperial) will have to be discarded as an infallible model for our military regulations, whatever form they subsequently take. In short, in addition to securing legal sanction for complete administrative control of our own forces both at home and abroad, we shall have to evolve for ourselves an administrative machine and a disciplinary code at once more elastic, more effective, and more appropriate than the old one. There can be no question but that the time for the institution of such changes is some time like the present, when necessity does not press; and what makes the present especially propitious is the opportunity for additional economy and for ordered development along a new line that is afforded by the passing of the Act to unify the control of the Services.

U.S. Grain Growers Incorporated

ON the Prairie Provinces the farmer-owned elevators are controlled through two strongly centralized companies, the United Grain Growers Limited, with headquarters at Winnipeg, and the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company, with its central office at Regina. In the United States an entirely different system has been adopted by the grain growers in their endeavour to free themselves from exploitation at the hands of the grain-handling interests. During a period extending back for forty years, their attempts at organization have centred around the local elevator. As a result there are now in that country about four thousand local co-operative or quasi-co-operative elevator companies. The only visible bond of union between them was furnished by farmers' grain dealers associations, state and national, which have functioned in a way to indicate that something essential was lacking in that form of organization. With two or three minor exceptions nothing has been accomplished in providing terminal facilities for handling grain. Recently local elevators to some extent have been linked together through central selling agencies operating on a commission basis, but the American farmer, who is familiar with the development of farmers' elevator systems on both sides of the international boundary, is generally willing to concede that his Canadian brother has far outstripped him in the effectiveness of his organizations for grain handling purposes.

The last ten years have witnessed a remarkable development of co-operative marketing in California. A specialized farmer, remote from his market, the Californian fruit grower has developed a distinct type of co-operative marketing organization, one which meets the psychological demands of the farmer of this continent as no type of organization developed amongst the peasant populations of Europe can ever hope to do. It is an adaptation of the principles of big business to the standards of pure co-operation. It recognizes that marketing problems are not local but state-wide, inter-state, or even national. Though not by any means fool-proof, it has been spectacularly successful. Its success naturally appealed strongly to the grain farmers of the Mid-Western, Northern and North-western states who had come to realize that, organized on a purely local basis, they were still the helpless pawns in the great game of grain speculation centring in the Chicago grain pits.

Fortunately an organization of farmers with sufficient prestige to draw the attention of the grain growers of the United States from the local aspects of their marketing problems and focus it on the national aspects of that problem appeared on the scene. The farm bureau movement, with over a million and a quarter members, federated through their county and state organizations in the American Farm Bureau Federation, was able to secure a nationally representative convention of farmers' elevator interests. It met in Chicago in July, 1920, and appointed a committee of seventeen men, charged with the duty of drawing up the plans and specifications of a co-operative association for marketing the grain crops of the United States. Eight months later the committee presented its plans for ratification at another convention in Chicago. The plans, which called for the formation of the U.S. Grain Growers Inc., a purely co-operative association of grain growers, were approved and a provisional directorate appointed. Organization work, with 22 grain growing states listed on its programme, was at once begun and has been pursued throughout the year in the face of difficulties that were at first gravely underestimated.

The U.S. Grain Growers Inc. is a non-capital, non-profit association of grain growers for the market-

ing of grain and allied products exclusively. It differs from the Canadian companies in that, whereas they provide facilities for handling the grain, it aims to leave the handling to the appropriate, affiliated unit, and merely to market it in an orderly fashion throughout the year. That is an important difference. It is purely a selling agency, disposing of its members' commercial grain, when possible, directly to millers, cereal manufacturers, and exporters, and pro-rating the returns. Terminal facilities will be provided through a subsidiary company, but local elevators will not be acquired or operated. That will be left to local endeavour. A subsidiary corporation to provide finances and another to facilitate exports will be organized. The parent association has two sources of income, membership fees, which will probably all be consumed in meeting organization expenses, and handling charges, which will defray the costs of the selling service rendered.

None but co-operative local elevator companies are recognized by the association. Where such do not exist the members of the association form local grain growers associations, which negotiate with local elevators for the physical handling of the grain at an agreed-upon rate. Local associations may acquire or build elevators, the idea being to broaden the co-operative basis on which the whole superstructure rests.

When a grain grower becomes a member of the U.S. Grain Growers Inc. he pays an initial membership fee of ten dollars and agrees to deliver all his surplus commercial grain, after local demands have been satisfied, through the local elevator or grain growers association for marketing through the central association. Another contract, signed by the local organization and the central, provides that all such grain shall be forwarded for sale through the central. A member may sell grain locally for seed, feed, or milling purposes and the local organization may do the same. All the central is interested in is providing a market for the surplus that comes forward from each community.

Grain may be sold outright to the local organization, may be shipped through the local for sale by the central on a commission basis, or may be pooled. Provision is made for local pools, controlled by local pooling committees, for district pools, controlled by the central, and for national pools, also controlled by the central. The option as to how his grain shall be handled, whether sold outright or consigned, or pooled, rests with the grower at the time the contract is signed, except that he can change from the outright sale to the pooling method at any time. Indications are that district pools, conforming to the territory tributary to each of the great terminal marketing centres, will be favoured. On pooled grain an initial advance will be made and the balance of the price received will be distributed as funds from the sale of grain accumulate, just as was done by the Canadian Wheat Board with the crop of 1919.

The U.S. Grain Growers Inc. will be continually negotiating sales in large quantities to the milling and cereal manufacturing companies, the domestic feed distributors, and exporters. When orders are on hand, grain coming forward may be re-routed direct to fill such orders. Pooled grain may be stored in terminals pending the receipt of orders. Grain consigned for sale by members or local organizations would, in case no orders were on hand, have to be dumped on grain exchanges unless the consignor agreed to give the central a certain time, say 60 or 90 days, in which to sell it. In that case it would be diverted to terminal storage pending the receipt of orders from millers or others.

With the assistance of a proposed, though not yet incorporated, finance corporation the movement of the grain will be financed by money borrowed on the security of local and terminal elevator receipts and on bills of lading. The usual banking facilities will be utilized as much as possible in this connection.

The U.S. Grain Growers Inc. is democratically controlled by its members. Members around a local shipping point form a local voting unit. Each unit sends one delegate to a district convention, one of which will be held annually in each congressional district in the territory organized by the association. Each district will send one delegate to the national convention, held annually in Chicago. At both district and annual conventions each delegate votes the aggregate membership which he represents, so that the members have each their proportionate voice in the control of the association. The national convention elects the directors, of whom there are twenty-one, and passes on all important matters of general policy.

This is but a brief and sketchy outline of the most ambitious attempt ever put forth in the realm of co-operative marketing on this planet. To achieve its objective in stabilizing markets and effecting economies the U.S. Grain Growers will require a membership of at least three-quarters of a million. Tremendous difficulties have been met, both from the opposition of the organized grain trade and allied interests and from cross currents and jealousies within the ranks of the farmers themselves. The issue is not yet certain, but no friend of democracy in industry with any conception of the issues at stake can fail of hoping that eventually success will crown this supreme effort to curb the exploiter in the marketing of the most important group of all food products.

R. D. COLQUETTE

What Happened in Germany

IT was an unlovely picture of the German people's 'moral armament' that Aristide Briand drew at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of

Armaments. It was the more unlovely because he knew every substantial detail to be false and the picture itself to be the figment of irrational imaginings; because he suspected the delegates did not believe him and feared the American people might doubt his sanity. Every delegate present knew that Germany has no such army of *cadres* as Mr. Briand permitted himself to imagine; that the *Orgesch* is an organization in support of democratic progress and international conciliation; that the *Schupo* or home guard is not organized nationally, is not under control of the minister of war or any other central authority, and is less formidable from a military point of view than a peacetime militia. Every delegate knew that German industry is 'demobilized' and is incapable of manufacturing munitions of modern warfare for the standing army of 100,000 permitted to Germany under the Treaty, let alone a hypothetical army of 7,000,000; and that the vast majority of Germany's war-trained troops are now outspoken pacifists who have helped to swell the ranks of organized labour from about two millions, in 1913, to over nine millions in 1921, and who are making their desire for peace politically effective through the two great Social Democratic parties. Yet the Premier of France drew his unlovely picture, and had not subsequent developments in France culminated in his dramatic resignation, millions of uninformed Canadians and Americans might have accepted it as a veracious delineation of present-day Germany.

A once famous Russian diplomat, after quoting Mr. Elihu Root's remark that 'in the place of dynastic ambitions the danger of war is now to be found in popular misunderstandings and resentments,' recently argued that now 'governments and their supporters, the bourgeois parties, are compelled to arouse the popular masses by using every means in their power for stirring in their breasts the elemental passions of hatred and fear and revenge, ever dormant in the human soul, thereby raising a formidable ghost they will no longer be able to allay and whose slaves they ultimately become.' In a measure, we did that very thing in Canada and America. It is time we put the ghost out of business. Unhappily, the ghost still seems to be a very real illusion in France, with which every French statesman must reckon and which every petty French politician trots forth with gusto. But three years of hysterical peace have brought endurance pretty close to the breaking point, and however difficult it may be for the French people in the living memory of the horrors of 1914-18, to lay the ghost invoked in the years preceding 1914, still the consequences of a military peace ought by this time to constitute a compelling appeal to every patriotic Canadian.

Many things have happened in Germany, as well as to Germany, since that day. But it is no more true to-day than it was in 1917 that the German people are angelic beings who have somehow strayed down to this wicked earth, as our German propagandists would have us believe. Like every people, including our own, the Germans have their grave faults, not the least dangerous among which (though unfortunately the least obvious) is the inability to put themselves in the other fellow's place. It is also a French disability, but happily quite patent to all but Frenchmen. The consequences are making themselves painfully felt. The treaty terms on which France insisted and the policy which she has since pursued toward Germany remind us of Jeremiah's bitter rebuke of the prophets and priests of his own day: 'Peace, peace; when there is no peace.' On the other hand, the average German interprets the Treaty and France's subsequent policy as measures deliberately planned to destroy the German nation and to re-establish the Napoleonic policy of French imperialism. A particular case in point, if one must particularize, is the employment of African troops in garrisoning occupied German territory. The French, themselves quite devoid of race prejudice even in the matter of sex relations, do not and will not take into account the increasing resentment which the presence of coloured troops arouses in Germany. The Germans, on the other hand, with their Teutonic (and Anglo-Saxon) pride in the white man's race, refuse to make allowances for the French disregard of the colour line, and construe the presence of African troops in the Rhinelands as a premeditated insult and as a malicious attempt to goad them into some action which may serve France as an excuse for military reprisals and for the extension of the zone of her military occupation. On either side, the national *ego* has become a dangerous ghost. One might fill a book with its doings.

It is this refusal, or rather this inability, to be truly realistic that is responsible for French hysteria and for the increasing sullenness and even hate in Germany. Clemenceau and his school of thought pride themselves on their political realism. In cold type, they are the chief ghost-dancers in France. They take cognizance only of the incidental happenings in Germany, and close their eyes to the characteristic. The incidental happenings tally with their prejudices, namely the ghost of the past, and impart the semblance of reality to the ghost of the present. Granted that they are excusable, the fact remains that they either are unable to perceive what is truly characteristic of contemporary Germany or will not credit what they perceive. Until France can be made to see the reality, or induced to believe it, as more disinterested peoples than the French see and believe it, the world must go staggering on along the path that leads to perdition.

Unfortunately, we of the New World were inclined to invoke our own little ghost, and it looked so much like the French ghost that we have taken

their ghost, so to speak, into the family. We dearly love to read about the doings of the 'old crowd' in Germany, about a Ludendorff rattling his toy sword, about the National German People's Party and its monarchical hopes, about a Stinnes and his (?) reactionary party of industrialists, about secret organizations bent on a war of revenge, about secret understandings between German leaders and Russian leaders, about excited professors celebrating the birthday of an exiled king and emperor in a manner becoming to idiots, and about a thousand and one incidents which are doubtless true as single facts—for, as I said before, the Germans are not angels, at least not yet—but which deliberately distort the truth. And yet, there is small hope left the world if we cannot learn to see true. True it is that the Germans are passing through a struggle the outcome of which no one can foretell, chiefly because no one can foresee whether they will be left free to work out their own salvation. It is equally true that the symptoms of this struggle are often of a discouraging nature to those who would lay the ghost of hatred and fear and revenge. But it is also true that there would be no struggle in Germany of the kind now observable were it not for the liberating of a great passion in the German folk, a passion which, if it is not perverted by pressure from without, may well effect the salvation of Europe. It would require more than one article to prove that this passion is not an illusion, or rather to establish the facts that reveal its reality. I must content myself here with a categorical summary of these facts.

In each of the three great realms of collective activity, the political, the economic, and the purely social, the community spirit is vigorously asserting itself. German democracy is exceedingly purposeful. That is a statement which few of us whose opinion of Germany was formed during the war will be inclined to credit. It was the fashion to refer to Germany as a country whose people had turned their backs on democracy. Now, quite aside from the philosophical absurdity of this contention—for democracy is merely the principle of social cohesion and the Germans certainly cohered socially to an astonishing degree—students of civilization were often fascinated (before the war) by the German people's struggle for democratic freedom. In at least one respect the Germans profited by the war. It so weakened the shackles of conventionalized ideas and institutions that the German community, which existed despite autocratic discipline and pseudo-democratic institutions, could begin to establish its own forms and translate itself into a purposeful reality. In the realm of political life, the Constitution promulgated in August, 1919, strikingly illustrates the new order of things. Today the German people govern themselves as a political community through a parliament (the *Reichstag*) elected on the principles of universal suffrage, the secret ballot, and proportional representation; through a ministry responsible to this parliament; through a President, chosen by the people for seven years and empowered to call for a referendum on any legislation which he deems unconstitutional; and through a National Council (the *Reichsrat*) representing the governments of the several states whose advice the *Reichstag* must take in all inter-state legislation. In the narrower political field, that of political policies, the parliamentary alignment has brought into power the progressive forces of the nation as these are represented in the Centrist, Democratic, Majority-Social-Democratic, and Independent-Social-Democratic parties. Important differences there are between these parties and even within each party, but the significant fact remains that in the national parliament, and to an even greater extent in the parliaments of the several states, the masses are now determining their own destiny, and they are doing it with remarkable self-restraint and with far more success than would appear to be possible in view of the problems that must be confronted. Nearly three years of political self-government, following a century of struggle to achieve it, have made the Germans not less but more determined to enjoy democratic freedom. They may modify their political institutions, but every modification will be in the interest of democratic efficiency.

A real threat to democratic progress does exist in Germany's economic community, namely the astounding development of the so-called *Konzerns* or vertical trusts. It began before the war, took on formidable proportions during the war, and is now (chiefly on account of the peace terms) the outstanding and fixed policy of German industrialists. It would be a grave menace to the internal peace of Germany and to the sane reorganization of international economics, were it not for the counteracting influence of the German people's new purposefulness. I can mention here but two economic forms of this purposefulness. In the first place, the Germans have definitely recognized and proclaimed, in their Constitution, the principle of the co-partnership of employer and employees. The Constitution provides, moreover, for the participation of the employees in the management of productive activities through shop councils and district councils.[1] In the second place, employers and employees are held jointly responsible for the economic welfare of the people, and

[1] The district councils (*Bezirkswirtschaftsräte*) have not been established as yet, and the present National Economic Council is merely provisional, pending the working out of legislation which will put into effect the constitutional provisions of Article 165. The shop councils were established by the Constitutional Convention. It is expected that the plans of the National Economic Council for the establishment of district councils, when adopted, will reduce the possibility of labour troubles to a minimum by effecting a greater measure of co-operation between employers and employees.

to this end the Constitution established a National Economic Council (the *Reichswirtschaftsrat*), a legislative body in which all the functions of production (agriculture, industry, commerce, transportation, trade, housing, finance, insurance, the public service, the professions, etc.) are represented in the ratio of their relative importance. This body, which consists to-day of 326 representatives, has primary jurisdiction (ultimate jurisdiction is vested in the *Reichstag*) in all matters that pertain to the people's economic life. Economic ministries, responsible to it, are charged with the administration of the economic laws such as trust legislation, labour legislation, transportation tariffs, etc. Precisely how the foregoing constitutional provisions (embodied in Article 165) do control the menace of industrial autocracy is evident from the recent attempt of Germany's great industrialists to obtain control of the railways of the country. The offer to liquidate the reparation payments due in 1922, provided the national railways were transformed into privately owned corporations, met defeat in the National Economic Council, which is now working out a plan for the reorganization of the railway system on the principle of co-operation of all concerned.

Finally, in the realm of social government, by which the Germans understand the guidance of cultural agencies (so far as these ought to be supervised by the people as a whole), the old political regime has been ended. Religious bodies, for example, are now independent of the state. They may organize as self-governing communities, and have, as such, the power to levy taxes on their members. Public education, however, still remains a function of political government and here, as much as anywhere, the democratic principle is coming into play. In order to comprehend the end sought to be achieved through the so-called *Einheitsschulen* and *Arbeiterschulen*, we must bear in mind the prominent position in public life of the working classes. That position was gained, and is being held, as a result of the conviction that the rehabilitation of Germany depends on her workers. The red terror convinced both the burgher and the working classes that each has its great function, but it also convinced many thoughtful people that the hereditary notion of class must go. A German's class affiliation must be determined, so they hold, not by his birth but by his capacity. Now, if the workers are to participate in the management of industry, then the workers must be trained along different lines than in past years. This training is to be supplied in the *Arbeiterschulen* or workingmen's schools. But, on the other hand, if class is not to remain an hereditary order, then some provision must be made which will enable the children of a worker or the children of a burgher to prepare themselves for the efficient exercise of that function in society which best accords with their respective natural endowments. This is the purpose of the *Einheitsschulen* and I should prefer to call them liaison schools. To be sure, *Arbeiter-* and *Einheitsschulen* are still in the stage of experimentation, as nearly everything in Germany is, but even the experiment establishes a virile faith in the principle of democracy.

I might continue the recital of evidence, but it is my purpose to establish nothing more than the reality of the new passion in Germany. If I have succeeded, then every sane person will wish to see its speedy success. As matters stand to-day that passion may be turned back upon itself or it may be forced into false channels. In either case, who shall dare measure the consequences? If the really big men of Canada, America, Great Britain, France, and Italy can get together as private individuals and not as politicians, to meet with the really big men of Germany, perhaps they can lay the fearsome ghost that stalks abroad and makes us tremble at our own shadows. But this opens up another problem.

JOHN FIRMAN COAR.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Point and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who are requested to limit themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

Physical Training in Schools

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Within the past few months two interesting investigations have been made in Toronto, one of the general physical development of our public school children, and the other of the physique of a limited number of university women, the latter examination not being compulsory. The results of these two investigations show only too clearly the urgent need of a more scientific organization of Physical Education in our Public and High Schools.

The report of the physical condition of public school children has already been freely discussed in the daily papers, but the facts brought out by the examination of university students are not yet generally known. This report, however, when it appears, will reveal a state of affairs that reflects little credit on the educational system of which these students are the product. Among some five hundred young women examined at the University of Toronto, over a thousand minor and major defects were discovered, more than two-thirds of which might have been corrected entirely or in part, through medical examination and properly applied exercises, during the primary and secondary period of education.

These facts are evidence that the importance of physical Training, so widely recognized by educationists in Europe, and in many of the States, has never been fully realized by our Education Department, at least in its relation to girls. Indeed at the present time, while Physical Training has its place on

the time-table of every Public and High School, it cannot be claimed that the instruction is given by adequately trained specialists. The ridiculously meagre requirements in this respect of the certificate offered by the Department of Education may place the responsibility of the physical development of school children on teachers quite unqualified to assume it, the result of whose work may be injurious rather than beneficial to the pupils. It is true that to obtain a specialist's standing in Physical Education, a teacher must take a further twelve weeks' course, but this specialist's course is again so inadequate, as to be equivalent to scarcely more than one term's work in the great Physical Training Schools of Canada and the United States.

The call of the hour in all departments of education is for thoroughly trained specialists, and in none are they more needed than here. To have other than the best is mere waste of school time, for if the school programme includes work of the 'mild' and 'purely recreative' type only, in which these amateur instructors can do no harm, the students are, on the other hand, receiving the minimum of benefit.

Surely in these days when the importance of physical fitness has been impressed upon us, and, as a result of the war, the standard of that fitness has inevitably been lowered, every effort should be made to raise it again, not alone in the boys, but even more in the girls, an equally important half of the race. To quote from *Physical Education in Relation to School Life*, by R. E. Roper, M.A.Ed., late Assistant Gymnastic Master at Eton College, 'We accept a low standard for men and a lower one for women, we disregard obvious influences which reduce them still further, and then—solemnly counting heads and measuring heights and chests—our statisticians arrive at an average of development which (owing to conditions of environment which might easily be removed) is but remotely connected with human potentiality.... It is high time we ceased theorizing about Scientific Physical Education and made it a living force, based not upon sentiment or aesthetic convention, but upon observation, analysis, reason and—last but not least—common sense.'

In Finland, prior to the war, gymnastics, in which the women were scarcely less expert than the men, were developed to an extraordinary degree, and the results of the widespread enthusiasm with which this work was received on all sides produced most beneficial results in the physique of the people.

May I add a word with regard to girls' athletics in the High Schools? Thanks alone to the enthusiasm and interest of a few teachers in each of the High Schools in Toronto, a Girls' Intercollegiate Basketball League was formed, which is now completing its third year. If this has been successfully carried on by individual efforts, what an opportunity lies at the door of those in authority to develop in the schools a fine understanding of sport, not only in the few comprising the teams, but in every pupil, so that the Public and High Schools of Toronto may be filled with that spirit to

'Play up, play up,
And play the game.'

Yours, etc.,

Toronto. H. P. LeVesconte.

Art in Canada

To the Editor, The Canadian Forum.

Sir:

Your recent correspondence regarding the mooted topic of 'Canadian Art' has raised in me the query—'What is the function of Art and what is its place in the life of the nation?'

Is it, as Mr. King seems to think, a reproduction of exterior life, or is it a real creative force leading and developing rather than following the progress of a people? If the latter is true for the individual, and surely the experience of many will give assent, it must be equally true for a collection of individuals. So that—disagreeing again with Mr. King—the 'infancy' of our country cannot affect our Art, but rather the quality of our Art can promote and hasten the development of our country.

Mr. King says, 'Only a highly developed national life can give birth to a highly developed novel, play, poem, etc.' (I feel sure that Mr. King would consent to the inclusion here of the other arts of painting, music, architecture.) Is this so, or is it not rather that only a highly developed individual life can give birth to a highly developed novel, play, poem, etc.? The creative vision must come to the individual and be passed on to the people. The life of the people passes through the artist, stimulating his creative vision. So the shuttle, moving to and fro, weaves the future of the nation.

This, then, is the function of Art, and the task of the artist, whatever his medium—to foresee and visualize, and by creating in colour, line or written word, cause others to see that vision and translate it into the art of living.

Man strives for one thing ceaselessly—an increased consciousness of life. That is the impulse from which spring all his desires from the highest to the lowest, his one longing. Yet he turns away from the modern form of expression, because he does not understand that the artist of to-day, feeling a new stirring, a greater flow of pulsing life on every side of him, strains to enlarge the sensibilities; strains after new forms, new methods, new carriers; with an almost passionate desire to make the form signify something; to express what has seemed beyond expression—the intangible; to embody Spirit in visible form; to make life.

Is it not time for us to become more receptive to the new work in poetry, paint, and music? Why quarrel with the design of the chalice so long as it contains the life-giving waters? But the educationalists still hold aloft old patterns and old models of an old land to our young aspirants, the visionaries of a new world, saying, 'You must cut your cloth of dreams by these; these have stood the test of time; these are the approved types.' Pouring the wine of our young spirit into old bottles; endeavouring to re-create worn Europe in America; to follow the past instead of making a future! And the question arises, Will the transplanting of these old-world standards and ideals produce an Art which is the expression of a virile, growing country, pregnant with meaning and promise?

So let us re-examine our ideals for Art in Canada, and Canada in Art, rejecting only that which is not bringing Life into manifested form, a true expression of the spirit of Canada, that we as a people may live. For after all Life is the one absolute Art, the one pure Beauty.

Yours, etc.,

Bess Housser.

[This correspondence must cease.—Ed.]

The New Humanism

THE humanism of the fifteenth century expressed itself in an exalted self-confidence. It was the time of Renaissance. With a bound, Europe freed herself from ecclesiastical tyranny and from a narrow scholasticism that had too long trammelled thought. The keynote of the movement, the sacred and inalienable right of every man to think and act for himself, was at first resonant and sweet. Learning revived, art became beautiful, a lust for discovery awoke. Man exulted in a new sense of personality.

But half a beast is the great God Pan when H awakes in us. After all, liberty, if it be not chastened

by self-restraint, will make an unhappy proletariat. Let the instinct for self-realization arise in the classes who, by training and heredity, are qualified to think and judge, and it will make for better manners, sweeter laws; but let it spread to the masses and there is sure to be wild license, vandalism, misery. It always means revolt. Reform movements, no matter how grand their primary purpose, never fail to stir counter currents that sweep many into a whirlpool of misery, and cast many others upon disgusting shallows. Individualism, beautiful in a Petrarch, grand in a Luther, splendid in a Columbus, was a wild beast in the French Revolution. It shows a very ugly face now, though side by side with much that is good, in the Russian Bolshevist, the Irish Sinn Feiner, the discontented vandal everywhere. It surely is our inalienable right, or we would not contend for it as we do, but it is a right we may well fear to hold save in fealty to that all-righteous Will, that over-ruling Zeus from Whom we came.

The humanist of the fifteenth century craved achievement above everything, but he limited his achievement, perforce, to his term of human life. What lay beyond was in the hands of God. The humanist of to-day has a farther vision. He would extend his term indefinitely, either here or on the plane beyond, and he is applying himself diligently to learn the means to extend it. Metchnikoff bitterly complained that life was too short. An eminent Bostonian, when told by his physician that he must soon die, said sadly that for the work he had planned he needed two hundred years more. A few men are now ready seriously to consider ways and means for prolonging individual life on this planet, while others are seeking proof that without our will it is prolonged on another plane.

The latter are the psychic researchers. A young man was killed in the war; his father, as eminent a scientist as lives, and consequently as judicial an investigator, believes that he receives messages from the lad—messages of a continuing life, where those we mourn continue to grow, work, learn, eat, drink and be merry. To establish communication between their plane and ours must be as great a problem with them as it is with us, for otherwise they would surely tell us where they are.

Now, far be it from the writer to say that psychic experiment has proved that man may survive human death. While intelligent, educated thinkers continue to doubt, the case is not proved. On the other hand, while men and women of sane critical judgment say that they are convinced of survival, the psychic field is a legitimate one for research. Certainly, no one but a charlatan or a reactionary can deny the hypothesis unless he is prepared to show indisputable natural causes for all psychic phenomena.

For the purposes of this discussion let us take the hypothesis that survival is possible. Once and again religion has bidden us expect a home where peace and delight shall reign. Some earnest of that deathless hope surely burns in all people. What if we should find that it has a scientific basis? If we do not, man will not be all unhappy or hopeless, for the saint will still cry in death that in his flesh he will now see his God, and the sceptic, quieting himself in that philosophic acceptance of the inevitable with which Nature endows the good, will depart as grandly. The rank and file of both classes, however, would be greatly comforted to have science and religion meet in a proof that the individual survives.

To continue the argument, if Raymond Lodge and others still live on a plane invisible to us, it is natural to suppose that they found people there prepared to care for them. Otherwise we might well mourn. Granting the historicity of Jesus of Nazareth and assuming hypothetically His resurrection and ascension, He may be the One who received them. Certainly He would not be alone. While He was with us He moved a quiet and determined Psychic, always communing with unseen Intelligences who directed Him in all He did. He had one purpose only, to make people better. That is, by His healing power He gave them healthier bodies, by precept and example He rebuked their pettiness and hypocrisy, and by grand and beautiful carelessness He showed trust in the care of One Whom He called Father. That He was finally crucified, losing for the moment that power by which He had hither escaped His enemies, means one of two things: either that Father was circumvented by that enemy of whom Jesus always spoke, or He permitted His Son to be crucified, that the Resurrection might prove to man the tenacity of a good individual life. I incline to the latter opinion, though Jesus and His Apostles never minimized the power of the enemy.

Certain it is, that the will of the great Jesus does not now prevail on earth. Paul, speaking for His Master, decreed that one disciple must not go to law with another, but now Christian nations must keep great armaments as a safeguard against their Christian enemies. No one, apparently, sees the sad humour of the situation. Critics may ask why Jesus, if He is living now, does not grant honest sceptics the proof of His existence they honestly desire. A loving Intelligence does not refuse to answer humble and puzzled inquirers. We should remember that we know nothing of the laws that regulate communication. Many manifestations of mediumship are decidedly unpleasant, and we may well believe that Jesus would check such psychic phenomena as would open a door for His enemy.

The laws by which life may be prolonged on another plane are doubtless various and complicated. What a rich field for research! Those who live for centuries must have found means to keep their health and virility, or their existence would be misery. Our

own achievements in psychotherapy, hypnotism, telepathy, and all natural sciences may be hints from our ancestors of the realms they have conquered. Could we, not as saints and sinners only, but as hard headed, sound-hearted men and women, attain the proof that our individual life may persist after death, the new humanism would be ushered in. We should think of ourselves, not as brief expressions of consciousness in a great unconscious all, but as living, organic parts of one Organism. It may be that we cannot die. The fact that we came to this world as babes, that we grow up with haunting impressions of former existences that in most of us refuse to crystallize into memories, that willy-nilly we must go on again either into nothingness or with exhausted powers into an unknown plane, gives many of us an ill-used feeling. Were there a chance that the individual could attain by dint of energy and will some control, or at least knowledge, of the laws that govern his own existence, including death and rebirth, the ill-used feeling would change to a spirited ambition. All accepted standards of our civilization here, including the marriage institution, would modify or change. Great moral issues would undoubtedly arise. Religion, we may be sure, would become a vaster, grander quality in us.

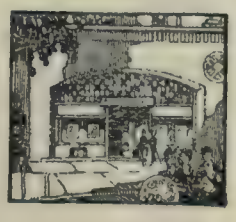
If we survive death we shall probably find supermen and superwomen on the next plane. From our own moderate successes in mind-reading and telepathy we may infer that they would be perfect in both these arts, and that they know us altogether. If, as spiritual men have believed, by thought and will they rule this plane, we cannot suppose for a moment that they represent one beneficent Power. The spirit that makes for righteousness and harmony in our world is always at war with another spirit that makes for injustice and discord. It well may be that these two spirits, each to each opposed, are in intelligences in a plane above or surrounding us, and that our national and racial antipathies are reflections of hatreds more terrible. Titanic armies may contend above our battle fields. We, perhaps, may not have peace until they are at peace.

What, then, would remain for us? The very weary would ask for death rather than for another life of struggle. Our hope would lie in the restorative and kindly offices of the powerful ones into whose care we would pass. From our own humane instincts we can assume that theirs would be deep and beautiful. Surely there are those who would receive us as servants and children, who would heal us, and give us work to do. Healthy, normal people, actively employed, always seeing new worlds to conquer, will love to live for centuries and cycles.

Psychic researchers, instead of asking continually for communications from relatives, should try to find the Superman. If our dead are living they are doubtless under His control. It surely is not irreverent to the Oversoul, Who must ever remain unknown, to wonder if a Man's Face did not appear to the very human Jesus on His solitary rambles and teach Him to say Father. He never spoke of a Mother, but in the economy of nature we must suppose Her also there. Perhaps a Superwoman received Him from Calvary into a lap of holy Motherhood.

We have taken as hypothesis the assumption that unseen intelligences live near us on another plane, but we fully concede that the hypothesis has not been established. The scientist, however, seldom retreats, and we may be sure the psychic investigator will go on until he has answered the question by yea or nay. In the meantime we must all continue our search for the long, healthy, ever-youthful, perfect life. Religion and science both refuse to look at death. The superman on this plane is the one who can have the most reverent spirit, the most loving heart, the keenest intellect and the healthiest, cleanest body. The Superman on the next plane, supposing that his life is indefinitely long, would have time to develop unimaginable power. He must react greatly to all we have ever apprehended of Nature, man, or God. In his scorn of what is mean he would be a consuming fire. In his obedience to that impersonal power that controls us all he will be as a glorious child, submitting to love only, and answering hate with hate. Were He with us to-day He would be King and Father, firmly and humorously quieting our unseemly wrangles, confirming our national institutions or giving us something better in their stead, leading us in a universal worship. Let the psychic researchers seek Him, that He may give us the laws of life.

MARY KINLEY INGRAHAM.



Ashley and Crippen
Photographs
61 Bloor West North 8252

Poems

Kitchen Window

I glance from humble toil and see
The star gods go in heavenly pride,
Bright Sirius glittering through a tree,
Orion with eternal stride.

And as I watch them in the blue
With shading hand against the glass,
I know not if their work I do
Or if for me they rise and pass.

Maple Bloom

In green lacy bloom
The old maple tree
Lifts over the pavement
A fair mystery.

It reaches and swings
To the rushing of cars,
It glows to the street lamp
And fades to the stars,

In the harsh traffic
Still bringing to birth
By pavement and building
The sweetness of earth—
The hidden, enduring
Sweetness of earth.

A Robin in the Bush

A robin sings and twitters,
Bringing the note of home and garden
Here into the wild grey bush.
The elbowed cedars cling to the bulging rocks,
The moose takes a crashing way through windfalls down the ledges,
The partridge picks at the hanging berries of mountain ash,
And the robin sings;
Linking the headlong torrent and all
With notes of home and garden
Where the lawn lies green and soft
Under the soothing sprinkler whirling its drops in the sun.

Mongoose, Oct, 1920.

Windows

These careless windows freely cast
Their light and sound upon the night;
And crowding dancers show to all
Their weaving of delight.

But near at hand are windows dim
Withdrawn behind the quiet trees,
Where Sorrow's scarf upon the door
Is lifted by the breeze.

And far away the silent stars
As windows of a town appear,
And some are bright and some are dim
Like these I loiter near.

Buds

I turned aside from noisy streets
Where clashed the horn and gong.
I saw the moon through lilac buds
And heard the robin's song.

Like heralds of an evil king
The newsboys flung their cry;
The robin had a sweeter note
To match the golden sky.

'A double hanging' they proclaimed
With shouting as they ran,
And sweetly from the poplar tip
The robin taunted man.

I saw it kindle through the sky
And burst in bud and song
That cold brutalities of law
Can heal no human wrong.

O rulers, judges, jurymen,
All heedless of the spring,
Come see the moon among the buds
And hear the robin sing.

Kosher

The gory heads of slaughtered bulls
Lie staring through the misty glass;
Among them creeps a little babe
With hands that grasp the horns to pass.

Sharp rings the busy register,
The cleaver thuds upon the block,
I see the bearded butcher lift
His blade, like Moses at the rock.

Beneath the hard electric light,
Through festooned fat of crinkled mesh,
Great-bosomed dames in red and green
Are garrulous among the flesh.

So runs a turbid stream unspent,
Far-torn through many an ancient stress,
Since that dark priesthood plunged the knife
For Jahweh of the wilderness.

J. E. H. MacDonald.

EARLY SPRING
BY
A. Y. JACKSON

English Music

THE fact that different races have strongly marked differences of taste and talent in music is so aggressively obvious that it is almost superfluous to adduce arguments to prove it. Everyone knows that Italians have a passion for vocal melody, that the French love ballet, and that the English people have a great and indomitable taste for the music of other nations.

It also seems, to people who think about it at all, that there is an intimate connection between national character and the peculiar tastes of a nation. It is observed that a voluptuous and passionate style is favoured by a self-indulgent and sensuous people, a superficially pretty and neat style is cultivated by a gay people, a weighty and serious style by an intellectual and strenuous people, a placid style by a complacent and reticent people, a blatant style by a vain and egoistic people, and an eccentric and angular style by a capricious and spasmodically energetic people. It is wise to remember when thinking of national characteristics in music that nations are merely geographical units, and when talking of French, or German, or Italian music, we are speaking of the music of very mixed races. The English of the gross Hanoverian time present such a different aspect from those of the Elizabethan time, that a stranger coming from another planet who could by any means see the two together at once might easily be deceived into thinking they were not the same people.

The English people are obviously most voracious of music which is not their own, and only of their own music when it is imitated from that of some other nation, and often thoroughly at variance with their character. But it cannot be pretended that the music they cause to flourish by their patronage does not, in a secondary sense, represent them. It represents their singular instinct for annexing everything, their really energetic cosmopolitanism, and the fact that, though they live on an island, *they are the least insular people in the world.* But it cannot be denied that there is a kind of Art which represents English people. All the Elizabethan and early Jacobean Music, whether choral or instrumental, has a national and consistent flavour. It has the same ring as the primitive English folk-music, and its salient characteristics are simplicity and unaffected tunefulness. It is in a sense best characterized by what it excludes. Passionate violation of intervals, or rhythm, or accents, are unknown to it. The temperamental representatives are all scanty; what there is of temperamental is rather generally diffused than vehemently asserted. And all this, assuredly, is quite in accordance with the national character.

Another very characteristic phase of directly representative English music is that of the latter half of the seventeenth century. Henry and William Lawes led up to it, and it was carried on till it arrived at the new phase, in which Purcell achieved the most nationally representative music of any period, or of any composer. As far as tunefulness is concerned, there is no doubt that the products are splendidly representative of vigour, healthiness, and frankness. The tunes hold up their heads proudly. No morbid questionings, or futile complaints upon the hardship of our lot, but a good hearty courage to face things, come what will; and at the same time great quasi-literary instinct and power of dramatic expression and analysis. It is not altogether amiable or attractive. Foreigners as a rule do not like the English character; it seems cold and lacking in temperamental manifestations. And the true English music is totally unsympathetic to them for the same reasons.

Händel was guided by the taste of a wide and genuinely English audience, and the effect of their influence was to make the composer use his powers to great purpose, and provide types of style which affected the future course of art's evolution profoundly, and which not infrequently had a decided English character. The English have always had the instinct for getting the best that is to be had, unrestricted by nationality, and irrespective of the effects so urgently associated with the word 'dumping' by the municipal-bred politician. The acceptance of the services of foreigners may have the effect of representing a nation's ideas directly—as in the case of the native ponchos of the Arancaus, and Guasos of Chile, which are made in England, though they cannot be purchased there—or they may illustrate what may be called secondary or indirect influences, when they accept and further the establishment of purely and really foreign products, which are foreign in style and material, like the taste of the Zulu of old times, who had a positive dislike to being hampered with clothes in general, but took a passionate pride in appearing in public in a tall hat.

The influence which England has exercised on the general trend of art by its enthusiastic acceptance of Haydn, Beethoven, and Brahms, illustrates the national solidarity and respectability in matters of taste in a secondary degree. Händel's work represented them primarily and directly. He illustrated an adaptation of a familiar adage *Qui facit per alienum, facit per se.* He established the style which came to be recognized as English in the succeeding generations—yet Händel certainly did not invent the style. It became his by adoption only, and he left the impress of his genius upon it. It had been there before him, as Orlando Gibbons, Purcell, and a few others demonstrate to us, and it continued to be independent of him, as can be observed in many later English composers.

J CAMPBELL-MCINNES

On the Borders of Russia

TO travel third class in Latvia is a friendly undertaking; everyone talks to everyone else, and everyone unites to expostulate with the guard about the temperature of the railway carriage. Intercourse is encouraged by the architecture of third class conveyances; many are luggage vans with a stove in the centre and benches round the walls. Two small windows admit a limited amount of light by day and one lantern and the glowing stove make darkness visible by night. In summer it is possible to open the great doors on either side and sit in a flood of sunshine, but in winter the average passenger prefers a warm dimness to the cold splendour of the snowy fields and sombre forest. Trains move thoughtfully. A Lett remarked philosophically, 'We go for ten minutes and a half and stop for an hour and a half; who knows why, perhaps the guard is reading a paper, perhaps the engineer is quarrelling, perhaps the station master is asleep and the train must stand until it occurs to him to wake. Truly there are many possibilities.' No one is impatient. A day more or less, what matters it? One is emancipated from the bondage of time. Passengers eat and smoke, talk and sleep; at stations it is possible to stretch one's legs and fetch hot water for tea or wash at a pump on the platform. There is plenty to do and fellow passengers are an unexplored mine of interest and excitement.

One day I found myself the centre of an interested crowd of fellow passengers, including members of a military band who had been playing all night at a country fair and a peasant woman who was going to Riga for a holiday with her earnings for a summer's work in the fields stuffed into the pockets of her short leather coat. The point of interest was that I was talking a strange tongue, neither Lettish nor Russian. One suggested it was Chinese and was regarded as an oracle until my companion confessed it was English. Immediately the company began to ask questions. What was England like? Was it a good country? How many English words must one know before starting for England? Why did everyone who went to England get rich? And so on. I took exception to the statement that all who went to England acquired wealth, but a boy who played in the band explained that my scepticism was ill-founded, for two of his cousins had gone to England and now one owned a restaurant and the other an estate. One could but bow before such evidence.

The peasant woman then took the centre of the stage. She had a rosy, pleasant face set off to advantage by her white head-handkerchief folded crosswise and tied beneath her chin. She was surrounded by bundles of apples and other country spoils and sat comfortably in a corner smiling on the company. 'Well, Mammy,' cried one, 'which of us will you marry?' Each in turn explained his sterling worth and sleepers were awakened and told to propose to her. The peasant woman received all advances with composure and continued to count her savings. She required change for a note of 1,000 roubles, my offerings she regarded dubiously and questioned whether the shop keepers of Riga would accept them. In Latvia one should take time to mend one's bills as one does one's stockings and I had been dilatory in both respects. However all united to assure her that shopkeepers were less particular than she supposed, and, financial transactions settled, sleep, smoking, and trials of wit were the order of the day. The stove became red hot and the air increased in richness of flavour and in density.

Someone suggested music. Sleepers were roused; instruments were taken from the racks. The doors were thrown open. The countryside resounded to martial music. Men working on the line stopped to listen and passengers from other carriages clambered along the foot board to hear. The guard settled himself comfortably by the stove, unwilling to continue his rounds while such attractions were offered for remaining stationary. In a pause one of the musicians, a Little Russian with kindly blue eyes, began to discourse on music. Why was it that England had no great composers and Russia and Germany had many? For him there was no greater joy than playing good music in an orchestra; but it was difficult to earn one's living by music, especially when one had a wife and children.

The talk turned to the revolution. A soldier who had been sleeping in a corner sat up and called out, 'I tell you, all capitalists must go and the only way to get rid of them is to shoot them.' The Russian musician remarked, 'The Bolshevists are well enough and it was necessary to have a new order; I do not hate them. I served in the Red Army. But no man thinks of politics when he is hungry and one of my children died of hunger in Russia; therefore I deserted and escaped to Latvia. Now I should be shot were I to return. But I would return some day, for Moscow is indeed the heart of the world and there is no land like Russia. I have never killed anyone,' he added reflectively, 'I have always been a musician.'

A soldier turned to the peasant woman. 'You will marry me, Mammy, will you not?' She laughed. 'I must think,' she declared, 'and I must know the principles of the man I marry. It is possible that you do not believe in God and are bound for a bad place and I should be reluctant to have such for a husband.' 'No one believes in God nowadays,' was the retort, 'the revolution has changed all that.' The others were interested and turned to listen. 'There, you see I cannot marry you,' she retorted. 'You have no principles.' The Russian musician took up the tale. 'Truly there is no God in Russia to-day, for the Bolshevists have turned the churches into

the streets and the people have seen what they thought was God is only old rags and pictures.' 'Did the people believe God was in the pictures', I asked. 'Did none believe in a spirit of brotherhood which might be God?' 'Were that the case all Russians would believe in God to-day,' he replied. 'I sometimes think there may be a God, but the common people have no philosophy, they must have a system.' The boy with relatives in England said, 'I do not believe in God, but we must try to have faith for the sake of order, for we have seen what disorder is. The church as an institution is useful. I say "Have faith," but I do not really believe in God.' The woman said slowly, 'I believe in God, whatever you may say.' 'Mammy, you are old-fashioned,' they cried. 'We'll grant you we have seen good pastors who work for the people, but we cannot believe in God.' The woman turned on them almost fiercely and exclaimed, 'I do not want pastors, I want God!'

They shrugged their shoulders and took out things to eat. He who would kill capitalists offered apples to all; those of us who had sandwiches handed them round. The Russian musician pulled a pair of baby's socks from his pocket and called for admiration of their texture and cheapness as compared with those to be bought in the town. The revolution had upset traditional ways and beliefs; life was very mysterious and difficult, but food and companionship and the noise of children were tangible realities. So we ate a common meal together as the train carried us slowly through the wide spaces of snow and pines.

MARGARET WRONG.

The Salvage of the Sockeye

THE west was fired with an August sunset as our boat, *J.R. 640*, slid into the north arm of the Fraser River from her moorings at the cannery. It was terribly still. Sea Island, on our port side, was fragrant with late hay, and lay in garments of purple and gold. Occasionally a rat moved in the dank grasses fringing the stream, or a late bird flew low to its nest in the rushes. Behind us, on the hills, suburban lights pricked out a pattern in the haze and seemed to throw long silver threads into the cloven and quivering waters in our wake.

I had promised myself the luxury of a night with the salmon fleet, and now it was to be realized. 'J. R.' was pushing the boat toward the gulf with the oars, while the idle sails invited the wind. I sat in the stern sheets watching this man of the sea putting out his craft, his body silhouetted against the main-sail. The mountains on Vancouver Island looked like a saw which had hurriedly been introduced to a file by an amateur; the sea caught the deep purple of the sunset aftermath, and became a flowing sheet of superb heliotrope; out from the filmy blur of the distance blinked stray lights of the questing fleet. Now and again a flying meteor described its curve and passed.

A light breeze sprang out of the nor'-east and bellied the sail, hitting the retiring tide and catching us well abeam. While my captain attended to his lamps and made ready his gear, I held the mainsheet and the tiller; we sped across laughing little waves, scattering the phosphorescence; now and again the salmon would lift and plunge—everything was alive; for a while we seemed to be racing into a thousand stars—the lights of the fleet; above us burned the lights of heaven, below the subtle phosphorus; and then, to complete the scene, from the ragged edge of the mountain range behind us swept a generous moon.

'J. R.' threw his apron and dripping gloves aside; the net was laid, and, the wind dropping, we swung out calmly, crescent-shape with the tide. He swore softly as he laid the supper. The kettle spouted steam over an oil stove, whereat this man of the sea made tea, opened pork and beans, and, in honour of his unknown guest, was prodigal with his corned beef, and ventured on jam to boot. Near to midnight, supper in an open boat drifting in the gulf, with the salmon all around surging toward their doom! Occasionally in the course of our refection we stopped to listen—a splash and lunge, another big fish has hit the net. The mesh is doing the work well, but the long line of floats within the reach of our lamps gave no sign, the net being heavily weighted with lead, and the floating end-lantern, nearly three hundred yards away, blinked steadily across the waters.

After the repast, 'J. R.' calmly washed the tin platters in the sea, using a piece of waste for a dish-cloth, and swept them into a box. Happy soul, domestic economy fully developed, as yet unknown to those whose lot it is to dwell in ceiled houses! We sat long into the hours of the morning; fast gasoline boats, with spluttering exhaust, shot past us, carrying their rich burdens into the river; many sounds strange and weird encircled us—the shout of a Japanese at his haul, the moaning of a steamer feeling her way into the Narrows, the lap of the ever-restless sea. 'J. R.' told me about his life. Out in that vast loneliness he told me of his own loneliness. He laughed often to cover awkward places in the narrative, and swore less frequently. He was anxious to know the name and nature of this traveller unknown, but I refused to be drawn. He tried temperance and ethical subjects generally, but without avail. I insisted that he do the talking, and he certainly did. Just before daybreak I lay down in the fo'castle and, to the lilt of the rise and fall of the boat, fell asleep with the soft salt air playing about me, while 'J. R.' crouched, watching the long line of floats stretching away into the darkness.

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About six in the morning we drew the net. The fish were thrown into the sections made for their reception; they averaged about seven pounds apiece, and we could have carried five hundred, but the haul was not so great. Compared with the spring salmon, the sockeye lacks nerve, and resigns very quickly to his undoing; the long period of struggle in the net may have much to do with this seeming passivity. The length and mesh of these nets are all determined by the Government. The ordinary 'seine,' as they are called, has a six-inch mesh, three fathoms deep, and is one hundred and sixty fathoms in length, although, as 'J. R.' quaintly remarked, 'Some of the suckers have about a mile.' This had direct reference to lawless fishermen, and not to the fish.

The net is held by long oblong floats every few feet, and weighted with lead at the bottom; the total weight of the ordinary outfit is five hundred pounds. It is interesting to note how easily these men of the sea will lay the net in proper position in the boat, so that it will be ready to cast again without tangle. All other fish than salmon were returned to the sea—plaice, soles, crabs, etc. Salmon was king with 'J. R.' and the price was good. All boats are licensed; in some cases the canneries supply the boat and the net, and for this the men pay a rental. Many own their own outfits, especially the Japanese.

My captain cooked six eggs and two thick rashers of bacon, and brewed very black coffee; I was to breakfast royally before returning to port. The old salt complimented me upon my gastronomic effort—three eggs, a very emphatic rasher, sundry pieces of bread and jam, two large cups of coffee, and finally seeded raisins and crackers. All this in a rocking boat by a layman! Shortly afterwards a swift launch came alongside, with a shrewd and slender Japanese as skipper. He eyed our fish professionally, and counted them as they were thrown singly from one boat to another; an entry was made in a book, and duplicated in another belonging to 'J. R.' He motioned with his hand, a mere lad sprang to the engine and we tore up a churning path of foam as we headed for the river. A signal flew from another argosy, and again the tale of fish was told and entered, and on we sped with our rich harvest of the sea to the cannery. I offered a fare to this slim captain of the fast little cutter; he smiled indulgently, showed his white teeth, and threw the end of a cigarette over the bows.

At the cannery the fish were thrown by long poles with a steel point on to the landing; by revolving apparatus they reached machines which gutted and washed; then the knives fell and the pieces found their way into cans, this work being done by hand, Indians and Japanese women working side by side, some with their babies strapped to their backs. In a well ordered cannery the business seems to require haste, as the sockeye only stays a short while; consequently in these interesting, although rather smelly, places there is a steady hum of machinery and a well organized movement by the many hands employed.

The cans with the pieces of salmon firmly fitted in swiftly find their way to the conveyors, reaching a machine which weighs and rejects all that are found wanting; the correct weights pass triumphantly forward, the shorts are augmented at a table by a nimble-fingered Japanese boy and sent along justified. The procession then reaches a point where a lad feeds circular covers of tin into a hopper; these lids, which have a tiny hole in the centre to allow the air to escape when pressure is applied, are quickly clamped on to the can, and it then turns on its edge, runs along a valley of molten lead, emerging thoroughly soldered. Large iron trays convey them to the first cooking of about thirty minutes. From the steam ovens they pass to a soldering table where the small hole is stopped, then into vats of water to test for bubbles. Passing this examination, they enter the ovens for the final cooking of sixty-five minutes, thus being reduced to a proper mood for the palate. Once again the trolleys with their many trays are rushed to the soldering tables from the ovens, and here every can is deftly punctured; a jet of salmon oil spits up at each indenture, a swift-fingered Chinaman follows with solder, and the holes are immediately stopped. Cooling, the cans contract, a vacuum is practically obtained which preserves the fish until the can is once more opened never to be closed again. In due course the cans receive a bath of lacquer to prevent rust and to give a nice finish. They are then labelled; in the first grades a wrapping of tissue paper is added; then they are boxed—the half-pounds ninety-six, the pounds forty-eight to the box, and lo! they are ready to travel to the ends of the earth, to be eaten by kings and commoners alike. Such is the story of the salvage of the sockeye, the fish that is endowed with a wise geographical preference for British Columbia as its native sphere, and which, under the genius of the British Columbian, has become one of the greatest contributions to the food supply of the world, and consequently one of the most active heralds in the proclamation of this wonderful province unto all races of men.

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The sun is a flaming gold-piece
And there's never a puff of air,
But still I may dream of a lake and a stream
And a wind-song that's calling me there:

Swish! Swish!
Having my wish,
The world at morn
And a flashing fish.
Smoke a-curl
From a vagrant camp,
Selvedged shore
And the wild rose damp;
Sun-splashed lake
And a shaded bay—
Pipe, and a paddle
To dip, and away!
Rouse up the blackbird,
Startle the deer—
Cities are living
But Life is here!
Swish! Swish!
Having my wish—
A boat, a pal,
And a flashing fish!

D. B. MACRAE.

Our Bookshelf

Sociology

The Mind in the Making, by J. H. Robinson, of the School for Social Research (Harper & Bros.).

This book is a striking exception to the easily demonstrable rule that American professors do not write well. It is clear, forcible, and coherent. The author himself describes it as an essay, and the 'beginning of a beginning.' He means it to be suggestive and it is so. The central thought of his essay is as follows: we live in 'a shocking derangement of human affairs.' 'The world demands a moral and economic regeneration which it is dangerous to postpone, but as yet impossible to imagine.' Now, we have 'unprecedented knowledge,' but how are we to use it? Then comes the most important idea in the book, to which the author again and again recurs. We quote:

> No one who is even most superficially acquainted with the achievements of students of nature during the past few centuries can fail to see that their thought has been astoundingly effective in constantly adding to our knowledge of the universe, from the largest nebula to the tiniest atom; moreover this knowledge has been so applied as to well-nigh revolutionise human affairs, and both the knowledge and its applications appear to be no more than hopeful beginnings, with indefinite revelations ahead, if only the same kind of thought be continued in the same patient and scrupulous manner.
>
> But the knowledge of man, of the springs of his conduct, of his relation to his fellow-men, singly or in groups, and the felicitous regulation of human intercourse in the interest of harmony and fairness have made no such advance. Aristotle's treatises in astronomy and physics, and his notions of 'generation and decay,' and of chemical processes, have long gone by the board, but his politics and ethics are still revered. Does this mean that his penetration in the sciences of man exceeded so greatly his grasp of natural science, or does it mean that the progress of mankind in the scientific . . . regulation of human affairs has remained almost stationary for over 2,000 years? I think that we can safely conclude that the latter is the case.

The book then goes on, after brief mention of the reform in physical science begun by Bacon and Galileo, to show how changes in form of government, and also how religion and education, have failed to make men live together more amicably or rationally. Education fails, the author tells us, perhaps because it does not concern itself with political science. He then gives us a short disquisition on the 'foundations of belief,' and argues that since we all 'rationalise' on assumed, or accidental and even stupid premises, all 'rationalising' comes to nothing. At any rate our author throws metaphysics overboard, and with it thinks there should perhaps go all that has 'passed for politics and ethics' up to date. (We may note in passing that our author seems to know nothing at first hand of the English intuitionist school, but cites Professor Dewey, Veblen, and Vilfredo Pareto.) There follows a brilliant application of this to present American prejudices and heedless swallowing of newspapers. Man's 'animal heritage,' his 'herd instinct'

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and the warping influence of certain things in his infancy all contribute. We are next given a brief and necessarily superficial sketch of Greek thought. Plato is thrown out of the door, Aristotle out of the window, and finally (this is a good example of American prejudice) we are told 'the mechanical inventiveness of the Greeks was slight.' Our author repeats an old error in saying: 'They never devised a mechanical timepiece.' After a sketch of the Middle Ages and the scientific and industrial revolution we return to present economic ills—'the sickness of acquisitive society,' and especially to the outrageous reactionaryism of the United States authorities. Once more the main argument is stated: the trouble is that we have not applied to politics and ethics the same independence of thought as did the pioneers in science to physical problems.

All through there is much fresh suggestiveness, and many pointed asides on the tyranny of big business and the state (sometimes we are told they are the same thing). The book is to be recommended for reading to those who have begun to suspect that in America everything we read and hear is propaganda. I can even conceive that it would stir the conscience of University executives. But when all is said, the central argument of the book is fallacious, and if our author had read Plato and Aristotle, whom he so much despises, he would not have fallen into the error.

The distinction which our author makes between the progress of physical sciences on the one hand, and politics and ethics on the other, had struck both Plato and Aristotle, and in many places they call attention to it. As writers on political philosophy they naturally lamented this, and they offered suggestions as to how the discrepancy might be lessened, but neither of them were sanguine that the discrepancy could be abolished. Aristotle indeed plainly lays down the reason for the eternal difference between politics (including ethics) and the other sciences. Politics and ethics, in his language, are defective in exactness; and this for two reasons: they have to do with man, who is a free agent; and, dealing with action, they have always to do with particulars. History may help us much; comparison of various constitutions may help us much; above all, experience, as Plato had said, is important. But in the last analysis, politics and ethics deal always with a human conscience, with one given political action—things not 'self-existent and separable from matter,' to use Aristotelian language. Hence they are not teachable as music is teachable, for instance. To be sure, the distinction is one which might be pressed too far, and it seems to me that the philosophic thought of the last half century which has insisted on the irrational basis of our scientific beliefs, as well as other beliefs, has lessened the difference between pure science and politics, by making science less scientific. Plato and Aristotle, like philosophers down to Hegel, aimed at bridging the discrepancy by making politics more scientific. Still the difference remains most marked and most important, and the author of this book neglects it altogether.

Fiction

Wanderers, by Knut Hamsun (Macmillan, $2.50).

More than is the case with any other living novelist, the developing personality of Hamsun seems to be the dominating interest in his writings. This may be due in part to the extreme subjectivity of his earlier work, of *Hunger* and *Pan*, and of books as late as the two combined in this translation. Even though *Growth of the Soil* is as epic in its objectivity as in its other aspects, it is chiefly discussed as indicating the solution of Hamsun's problem of life.

There are three interests in *Wanderers*. One is biographical. A key is supplied to the mystery of how the man who wrote *Hunger* could also write *Growth of the Soil*. The second interest is the story of the marital infelicity of the Falkenbergs. That story has been told as well by lesser writers. But the epic Hamsun, the creator of Isak, is seen in Knut Pedersen and his fellow-workmen. Not in the mournful resignation with which Knut watches the death of desire, however, but in the trees and fields and days in which he and his companions work, and still more in the insight revealed into the 'hired man's' mind. Even Hamsun cannot quite understand it. The human soul is, after all, too eternally isolated for that. The 'hired man's' soul can never be revealed except by himself, and he is forever dumb. But Hamsun can almost speak with his lips. For most writers, the cutting of a tree is a dull and unimportant thing. Interest in it is regarded as a mark of littleness. Or else it is ridiculously etherealized into a symbol of infinite pain or joy. Hamsun can see it as the chopper and sawyer see it.

Van Zanten's Happy Days, by Laurids Bruun (Macmillan, Toronto).

This is a translation from the Danish of a work that has already passed into several European languages and been widely read. The Germans who are as eager to translate as we are reluctant knew it twelve years ago and but for the war we might have had it earlier. There is much to recommend the book as an artistic romance of the South Seas, as an addition to that interesting store of knowledge to which natures as different as Joseph Conrad and Gauguin have already contributed. The interest in this case attaches itself to the surprisingly frank account of the sexual life of the natives. The writer is too much of an artist to allow his moral purpose to obtrued itself unpleasantly, but he is perfectly outspoken in his occasional strictures on the sex

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conventions of Europe. He prefers the native woman to the prostitute and potential prostitute of the city street and something of the native purity that he admires has passed into his book, making it cleansing and wholly acceptable. The book is uncommon, a model of good writing and feeling.

> These young brown girls . . . defy competition in the art of staring. Their glance is more daring than that of any European woman, but nevertheless strangely chaste, clean, innocent. It conceals nothing, betraying each inquiry, each desire, each impulse which enters their minds. There is no flippancy, no giggling, no secret sensuality. . . . It is because of these women that I cannot now in my loneliness saunter along the Boulevard in the evening and see the civilized demi-mondaine's shameless smile without being utterly disgusted.

The Life and Death of Harriet Frean, by May Sinclair (Macmillan, $1.35).

I must warn you at once. Do not, unless you have a natural taste for gloom, read *Harriet Frean* without first consulting a psycho-analyst to find out if you are impervious enough emotionally to appreciate Miss Sinclair as an artist without being devastated by the atmosphere she produces. Personally, having begun it, I finished it, unlike Harriet with Herbert Spencer, which, despite stronger principles than mine on the subject of finishing any book you begin, she put down almost at once, cheating herself with the thought that she was guarding her soul from something very dangerous. Well, I did not guard mine and *Harriet Frean* is exceedingly dangerous in the sense that it is the most depressing book I have ever read. Briefly, and in the hope that you will avoid infection, it is the story of gradual mental decay as the result of too much concentration of 'goodness,' unseasoned by thought or common sense. Harriet Frean, born in the early nineteenth century, is an only child and is brought up in an atmosphere of mutual adoration, assiduous avoidance of the ugly, and no mental activity whatever. A grain of original sin might have saved her and a comparatively small grain, in the shape of the temptation to marry a man who is engaged to her best friend but loves Harriet, is offered her but rejected on grounds of honour, and henceforth she lives entirely *in* her parents, finding considerable emotional outlet in adoration of them. At their death she is suddenly deprived of everything that makes up her life. From then on she perishes slowly and pitiably before our eyes until, when nearly seventy, she develops her mother's disease—it's an additional ironic touch of Miss Sinclairs' not to allow her originality even in her illnesses—and dies in what I feel is the authentic Freudian atmosphere. In fact, I have a feeling throughout that to the initiated the book is even more Freudian than it appears to the casual lay eye. It might fittingly have been called 'Inhibited Desires.'

At the risk of appearing impertinent I cannot resist mentioning for any reader who has missed the *Spectator's* review of this book, that they are slightly chagrined at the implication that Harriet's father, whom they consider unduly anaemic, was a contributor to their columns.

Latchkey Ladies, by Marjorie Grant (Heinemann, London).

Part of the charm of this book, which by the way is by a Canadian, lies in its normality and naturalness. It is really rather a relief nowadays to come across characters who, while certainly real and alive, are made of no finer clay than the readers, and are no more sensitive, no more intellectual and no more temperamental—above all *no more temperamental*. In writing a book about ordinary normal people, leading more or less usual lives, at what seems to me a very average degree of intensity, Miss Grant has done something which badly wanted doing. *Latchkey Ladies* is much the best and most convincing portrayal yet done of the manners, habits and morals of that new class of moderately well-educated, fairly well-bred, self-supporting women. It also gives the best exposition I have seen of twentieth century standards and point of view and this because the characters, being in no way in the vanguard of progress, are actuated unconsciously and unaggressively by the modern spirit and thus are typcal of their age.

Apart from the confirmed novel reader, who should lose no time in getting *Latchkey Ladies* and will delight in it both for the story and for the directness and vividness of the style, it should be read on purely utilitarian grounds by four classes of people. First, anyone who is contemplating the latchkey life for a truthful picture of the advantages and drawbacks thereof; second, anyone who is interested in children for the description of some very charming ones encountered during the heroine's brief teaching experience; third, any bewildered but would-be sympathetic member of the old regime who fears the worst but still is capable of *hoping* the best of the new generation; fourth, in future times, any historian of the manners and customs of the English middle class in the twentieth century, especially during the war.

Nature

Kittens, by Svend Fleuron (Macmillan, $2.00).

It is an audacious publisher who issues a translation of any book about a family of cats, even if it is written by the foremost Scandinavian naturalist. But this book is worthy of translation. It is really engrossing, even to a non-lover of cats. We have good writers of animal stories. Generally they select a wild animal, typical, except for the possession of his tribal qualities in an extraordinary degree, and conduct him through an adventurous career in the romantic surroundings of his native wilds, or represent him in a pathetic struggle against conditions of captivity. Sometimes they do as Pierre Lôti does

in his *Vies de Deux Chattes* and chronicle the relationships between men and animals. But Fleuron has here done none of these things. There is no ready-made glamour of setting, since the scene is laid for the most part in a field of grain. The cats are not feline prodigies. But they are individuals, seven outlaw cats with widely different characters, and herein lies much of the charm of the narrative. The style is vigorous and direct, and yet possesses unexpected colour possibilities. The descriptions of mornings, for instance, are revelations in word pictures.

Short Notices

The Trembling of a Leaf, by W. Somerset Maugham (George H. Doran Co., N.Y.).

These are queer, ironic, imaginative stories of the South Sea Islanders in which the wild, luxuriant, flaunting nature seems to call up the primal nature of mankind, so that men either revert happily and lightly to an animal existence, or, unable to revert, are driven hither and thither by desire until, passion-ridden, they destroy themselves. Throughout there is an atmosphere of a force uncontrolled and uncontrollable warring against restraint and beating down all the bulwarks thrown up against it. Mr. Maugham is writing here with even more than his usual force and with a power of stirring the imagination which puts him easily in the first class of modern short story writers.

The Fair Rewards, by Thomas Beer (Borzoi Novels; Macmillan Co. of Canada, $2.50).

This is a 'curate's egg' of a book, delightful in parts but very disappointing as a whole. Mr. Beer has decided skill in creating diverse atmospheres and a marked talent for conversations, but these two qualifications alone do not make a successful novel out of his weak plot and unsubtle characterization. You are left at the end in the somewhat illogical position of wondering why the book was written, but at the same time hoping that Mr. Beer will write a second and stronger one. His rather unusual sensitiveness to both English and American points of view and atmosphere should be of great value to him as a novelist.

Dominion Income Tax: Questions and Answers. (Canadian Debentures Corporation, Toronto.)

This is a useful and handy pamphlet on all questions connected with income tax.

5,000 Facts about Canada, compiled by Frank Yeigh (Canadian Facts Publishing Co., Toronto, 30c.).

We have received a copy of the 1922 edition of this booklet and find that Mr. Yeigh's joy in mere size as opposed to quality is showing no signs of abatement.

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Trade and Industry

	Jan. 1922	Feb. 1922	Mar. 1922	Apr. 1922	Apr. 1921
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	158.4	159.1	157.1	158.2	186.4
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$21.49	$21.07	$20.96	.....	$23.31
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	80.6	81.6	81.8	82.1	85.9
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	105.6	108.1	108.5	112.0	107.8

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE month of April has been a good one for investors. The rise in security prices, which was noted on this page four weeks ago, has continued, and at an increasing rate. Moreover, the movement is broadening and the character of the stocks which have appreciated is gradually changing. Whereas for some time the quietest and most conservative, stocks whose dividends are almost as uniform as bond interest, were conspicuous among the leaders, other securities, whose prices have been subject to comparatively wide fluctuation, are now sweeping on with the tide.

Outstanding among those which form the basis of our table, Dominion Textile rose twelve points during April, while Lake of the Woods rose ten points, Penman's five, and Canada Steamships four points. The present level of prices on the stock market is well above that of a year ago. Such conditions have not been seen for a long time.

To those who are inclined to regard this as an intelligent anticipation by far-sighted investors of impending industrial revival, the suggestion has already been made, that it is really something very different. We shall find an explanation of what is happening rather in the present stagnation of business than in any signs of great activity to come. As funds accumulate in idleness, for want of employment in bringing goods to market, a movement such as this inevitably starts. In a sense, its continued strength reflects the depth of the depression.

Growing demands for equipment on the part of the railways in the United States, and a change to 'Set Fair' in that barometer of business conditions, the American iron and steel industry, have been greeted on both sides of the border as the forerunners of a general improvement. But the bearing of these developments on our own situation is by no means so direct as this.

A real industrial revival, which will absorb the large army of unemployed workers in Canada—an army whose numbers would still far more than suffice to fill the *cadres* of the Canadian Expeditionary Force—can only come about as the result of an extensive process of readjustment, which is still far from complete. It cannot be insisted too often that the main thing which we are waiting for in Canada is a revival in the purchasing power of the farmer. He must be able to sell at higher prices, and buy from us at lower prices before he can buy once more on an extensive scale.

True, there has been a very considerable reduction in the price of certain of our manufactures. Woollen goods have fallen by something like fifty per cent. since the depression started. Leather goods have fallen almost as rapidly. Furniture has fallen a long way from the peak. But it can be said of comparatively few Canadian factory products that adjustment is complete; and some, such as implements, crockery and glassware, cutlery and kitchen furnishings, have far to go.

A fractional monthly rise in the price of farm products, a fractional monthly fall in the price of factory goods—these are the current tendencies. The old equilibrium between the producer on the farm and the producer in the city was very rudely broken. We have been compelled to seek a new point of equilibrium; and, notwithstanding our achievements in particular directions, we seem at the moment only to be groping towards it.

But if the situation is generally quiet, it is not without bright exceptions. To the recent fall in the price of building materials may be attributed, at least in large measure, the widespread revival in the building industry. Other influences, such as lower interest charges, and a greater output per worker, have doubtless played their part. On an average, the building and furnishing of a home probably costs at least 15 per cent. less than it would have done at this time last year. During the first twelve months of the depression the cost of building materials and of house furnishings generally remained at a relatively high level; with results that might easily have been foreseen. But they could not indefinitely resist the downward tendency. Once made, the reductions quickly stimulated business.

G. E. JACKSON.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE first budget of the new Federal Government, and the sixteenth presented by the veteran minister of finance, has become a matter of history. It was introduced by a stern review of the serious condition of public finance. Mr. Fielding pointed out that Great Britain had reduced her debt by about $2,250,000,000 since the war, while Canada's debt had been increased each year, and last year had been increased by $86,500,000. And it is just because of these staggering obligations that Canadians generally will accept with some equanimity the additional burdens imposed and the failure on the part of the Liberal party to implement another of its pre-election pledges and give a generous all-round reduction of the burdens imposed by the tariff. Critical minds may not resist the temptation to describe as a 'small beer' budget one which specializes in 2½ per cent. reductions; but every reduction is so much to the good. No less satisfactory is the promise of relief from vexatious rulings, such as those relating to depreciated currency and to foreign trade marks, which have characterized the administration of Sir Henry Drayton. The relief is more apparent than real for two reasons. In the first place most of the reductions are preferential and do not extend to the United States. Last year we imported goods to the value of $516,105,107 from the United States, while imports from Great Britain amounted to only $117,134,570. No other country sent us as much as one-eighth of the latter figure. Again, the increase of 50 per cent. in the sales tax actually increases the amount to be paid by the consumer for goods imported from the United States, and the net reduction in the duties levied on goods imported under the preferential tariff is in most cases only ½ per cent. If, however, the budget is merely a first instalment, advocates of fiscal reform will not strongly censure it.

A GREAT deal could be said both for and against an increase in the Sales Tax. It is true that the weight of all such taxation, unless it be levied on luxuries only, tends to fall hardest on the shoulders of those who are already heavily burdened. The man whose joy in a quiverful of children is already tempered by difficulties in 'making both ends meet' will feel its incidence unduly. Moreover, by the time an article has reached the ultimate consumer, a process of 'pyramiding' may sometimes have doubled or trebled the burden of the Tax. On the other hand, it is a sure and (from the standpoint of the Finance Department) an inexpensive method of raising revenue. Moreover, the proceeds of the tax itself will go directly to the government, and not, as in the case of a protective duty, largely to the protected interests. An alternative in any case would have been hard to seek. A comprehensive system of land taxation takes time to devise, and its path (as Mr. Lloyd George once discovered to his cost) is beset with pitfall and with gin. Mr. Fielding might have tried to raise the rate on incomes, but the Dominion income taxes are already heavy; and it would, to say the least, have been difficult, so soon after a decisive reduction of these taxes in the United States, to secure an increase in Canada. The need for more revenue was paramount, and the government has followed the line of least resistance.

MR. FIELDING was particularly happy in his references to the United States. He recounted the history of our tariff relations with them in good spirit and taste, with fairness and moderation. He pointed out how, after many years of unfriendly policy on their part, the stars in their courses appeared to combine for better things. The Republican party, traditionally protectionist, actually came to Ottawa and suggested reciprocity. The Democratic party, traditionally favourable to a lower tariff, could not have opposed its adoption. The overtures honestly made were honourably accepted by the then government. Mr. Fielding passed over the failure of the people of Canada to support the government thus briefly and without recrimination. 'The agreement was confirmed by the American Congress. It was not confirmed by Canada, much, as I think, to the regret of many of the people to-day who at that time did not view it with favour.' The eight years of power of the Democratic party terminated with a return to the high protection of the Fordney tariff. Its effect on Canadian industry and particularly on agriculture, Mr. Fielding did not minimize; but he

announced that, pending a change of attitude on the part of the United States, reduction in tariff schedules could not be extended to them except in the case of such commodities as agricultural implements, where the need for reduction amounted almost to necessity, and the United States offered practically the only foreign field in which purchases could be made. At all times, it was stated, Canada will be open for friendly negotiations.

PROPORTIONAL representation and the transferable vote were given a field day recently in the House of Commons by Mr. Good of North Brant. The idea has made very slow progress in Eastern Canada. In 1909 a similar resolution was introduced by the late Mr. Monk, and a committee of the House was named to consider the question, but owing to Mr. Monk's illness nothing was accomplished. Mr. Good made a strong case and supported his arguments with facts and figures. Perhaps the most striking figures presented were those from Nova Scotia in the elections of 1904 where 56,000 votes were cast for the Liberals and eighteen members elected, while 46,000 votes were case by the Conservatives who failed, under our unrepresentative system, to elect a single member. It was also pointed out that if, in the election of last December, minorities had received their due, Quebec would have returned only forty-five Liberals in the last election instead of a solid sixty-five. When Mr. Good sat down the first comment came from M. Lapointe, whose remark was 'It seems a fine system,' while Mr. McMaster called it a 'good system,' and Mr. King expressed himself as being in entire sympathy with the resolution. M. Marcil, however, succeeded in talking out the resolution, since (under the rules of the House) the discussion closed at six o'clock. Mr. Good's motion aimed mainly at introducing the transferable vote in single member constituencies; proportional representation proper was merely to be given a trial in one or more cities. Now that the two-party system has been roughly shaken it is impossible to hope that the present method of electing representatives can ever give a verdict fair to all sections of voters. It is announced that in Ontario the need for a change will be recognized in legislation. In many parts of the West it is already accepted. 'By-town' cannot delay much longer.

AT the time of writing the situation in Ireland is more gravely critical than it has been at any time since the settlement last December. If, to us in this country, there seems to be little doubt where responsibility lies as between the Free State government and Mr. de Valera, it would be a mistake to assume, as most of our daily journals are inclined to, that blame can be as readily apportioned between the South and Ulster. For some reason the Irish news in our press is once more becoming as definitely tendencious as it was a year ago. The disorders in Belfast and on the frontier are invariably reported—if not explicitly, at least impliedly—as the work of 'Sinn Feiners.' How many of the acts of barbarity that have marked the daily life of Belfast during the last few weeks are the work of men who, when all is said and done, learnt the worst of their lessons from the Black and Tans, can only be guessed. Yet to any person who has taken the trouble to read the reports of the anti-Catholic pogroms of eighteen months or two years ago it will, to say the least, appear extremely likely that many, if not the majority, of the more widespread outbreaks have been the work of the Orange Guard. The question whether Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins could, or should, have dealt more effectively with Mr. de Valera and Mr. O'Connor is another matter. All one can say, as far as Southern Ireland is concerned, is that nothing would be better calculated to render hopeless an already nearly hopeless situation than the reoccupation by British troops that was threatened by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons two weeks ago.

A WELL-NIGH hopeless gesture of procrastination has permitted the Genoa Conference to dissolve in the respectable odour of partial success and enabled Mr. Lloyd George to grasp one more ephemeral parliamentary triumph, in which, incidentally, only about one-third of the members of the House of Commons voted. It is significant, however, that no one, not even its author, seems to have had the heart, or the nerve, to hail this latest compromise as another example of the 'complete agreement' that binds together the former Allies and directs the troubled destinies of Europe. The conflict at Genoa was too open for any more nonsense of that kind; it covered nearly every point of detail, as well as broad questions of policy, and it persisted almost without intermission throughout the entire course of the Conference. Britain was willing to discuss disarmament and reparations; France would not hear of either. Britain genuinely sought a basis of agreement with Russia; France, standing at first behind the opposition of Belgium, in the end revealed herself as the real opponent. Britain promoted an agreement for non-aggression; France refused to consider anything that would hinder her in the enjoyment of her great military power. On every question, both of major and minor importance, both within and without the agenda, the veto of French fears and French ambitions impressed itself with crushing effect.

YET the curious thing is that France seems to have managed to come through the Conference without as great a loss of reputation as she suffered at Washington. To some extent this was due to the different atmosphere and the different traditions; to

some extent to the presence of the pariahs of Moscow; and perhaps to some extent to the contrast between the methods of Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré. The spirit that proved too strong for French diplomacy at Washington was almost totally lacking here; the Bolsheviks provided, as nothing else could, an effective stalking horse for French intransigence; while M. Poincaré's by no means inexpert employment of the weapons of old-fashioned diplomacy must have commended itself to a large proportion of the European official class. Mr. Lloyd George, on the contrary, seems to have pursued, notwithstanding the definiteness of his aims, a more than usually devious course. In reviving for a time what was in effect a Supreme Council within the Conference, he so alienated the neutrals that many of their delegates, including Mr. Branting of Sweden, returned home in disgust before the Conference was over. The result was that support from this quarter was, towards the end, by no means as whole-hearted or as influential as it might have been. It is, of course, difficult to exaggerate the difficulties of Mr. Lloyd George's task. Before him he had a French delegation which, whenever it showed the slightest signs of reconciliation, received a sharp reminder over the telephone from Paris. Behind him he had the bitter opposition of Lord Northcliffe in *The Times* and *The Daily Mail*. Mr. Lloyd George seemed, in fact, to be faced with the choice of allowing his conference to be wrecked or of breaking with France, a course to which, it is said, he was urged by the Lord Chancellor. The compromise he so characteristically discovered at the last moment scarcely served, however, to mask the inherent failure of the conference.

THE only conclusion one can reach is that the best interests of Europe have once again been sacrificed in order that the Entente may enjoy a brief extension of its troubled existence. What other explanation can there be of a settlement that postpones the solution of every one of the essential problems the Conference was called to consider? Even the purely economic questions, clearly insoluble so long as the French ban lies upon any discussion of indemnities, have been referred to a future meeting of bankers which may or may not meet. Russia has not been recognized, and Mr. Lloyd George's cherished idea of a non-aggression pact has degenerated into a truce of a few months, which apparently is not designed to hinder France from employing what measures of coercion against Germany she sees fit. And, where Genoa has failed, will the Hague have any better chance of success? Apparently it is to be even more circumscribed and hedged about with conditions. It is to be a meeting of experts only, and already M. Poincaré has announced that if M. Tchitcherin is nominated as a delegate he will refuse to allow France to be represented, on the ground that the meeting will be a political one. Yet what else can it be, if it is to reach any definite results? Meanwhile M. Poincaré's astute bids for American support furnish real grounds for fearing that, if the State Department should consent to send a representative to the Hague, it will be to play the French game; for no government, with the exception of the French, has been so consistently obscurantist in its attitude towards Russia as the American. If this is so, the long-awaited intervention of the United States will prove a bitter disappointment to the forward-looking elements in Europe. It has been urged, however—and the article on 'The Drift of Political Opinion in France,' which we publish this month, may be regarded as supporting this view—that France will find in the interval between Genoa and the Hague a needed opportunity to reconsider her position, and that consequently there is reason to hope that she will enter the next Conference in a more complaisant frame of mind. It is enough to say that the best informed opinion in England seems to feel little confidence in the prospect of any such change of heart. M. Poincaré succeeded too well at Genoa to be willing to modify his tactics at the Hague. The best to be hoped for is that this time Mr. Lloyd George will see that the consequences of preserving the Entente on France's terms are infinitely more destructive to Europe than would be the consequences of what France seems determined to make the only alternative—a definite break.

OUR current illustration, *Breaking the Road*, reproduces one of the earliest paintings of a distinctively Canadian subject that we possess. It is the property of the National Gallery, Ottawa, and was exhibited in 1895 by the late William Cruikshank, R.C.A., who was, until recently, a well-known character in Toronto artistic circles. He was a grandnephew of George Cruikshank, the illustrator of Dickens. He studied at Edinburgh and London, became an illustrator on the staff of *The Graphic*, and worked under Millais, Leighton, Orchardson, and Lettie, specializing in the study of animals and human anatomy. On this continent he was a pioneer in the better period of American pen-drawn illustration and he claimed to have influenced Gibson and his contemporaries. In Toronto he taught for many years in the Ontario College of Art, where his influence was strongly felt, both as a skilled draughtsman and as a racy personality, endowed with more than an average share of Scottish sarcasm which, in later years, turned to a morbid cynicism. This may be due in part to his failure to mature his artistic gifts. He should have gone further than he did. *Breaking the Road* is probably his best work.

THE death of Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature, has left the University of Oxford poorer in many ways. It has lost a fine

scholar, a brilliant lecturer, a writer of delicate skill, and an unforgettable talker. His lectures raised one's whole idea of literature. You might come away with an empty note-book, but you went straight to Blackwell's book shop to buy the author Raleigh had discussed. He was never pedantic. In fact his hatred of pedantry tempted him to ungrateful mockery of the plodding research which supplies the humble but necessary basis for brilliant criticism. Serious young men from Edinburgh or Aberdeen were likely at first to think him a dilettante, but in the end his kindliness, his charm, and his wide, though half-concealed, learning won them over. He was a sympathetic interpreter of the secondary figures in literature, and loved oddities among authors, but his books are mostly on the masters. He could write freshly on the great accepted names. His little book on Shakespeare shows his insight and independence and his power of carrying his learning lightly. His *Milton* is the best thing on the subject since Johnson, to whom Raleigh, with the clear eighteenth-century common sense which underlay his brilliance and fancy, did full justice. No one has written better on Wordsworth. It is much to have entered deeply into the spirit of three such men, and to have helped others to enter. For Raleigh, criticism was a fine art. His books are sensitive creative works which give a pleasure akin to that of the work he is criticizing. Many scholars have read and written more books than Raleigh; many have been greater thinkers. But his writings are more than a critic's verdict on the work of others. They are an expression of Raleigh himself, and in him there was a touch of genius.

WE hesitate to accept at their face value all of the supposedly verbatim reports of speeches in England which are published from time to time in the Canadian press. But, unless he has been badly misquoted, it seems that an English leader of opinion, formerly Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, was guilty the other day of a flagrant underrating of the value of the elementary factors in human life. Probably a keener sense of humour would have saved him from the blunder. He is reported to have stated that Russia is a worse offender than Germany, for, whereas Germany has violated on land and sea the functions of Christian humanity, Russia has repudiated her debts. Evidently money is of more account than human life and happiness. Of course this is the tacit or avowed assumption of society at large, but bishops are supposed to stand for something a little more inspiring.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present, unable to pay contributors.

All communications should be addressed to THE CANADIAN FORUM, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

Mr. Graham's Ersatz Navy

THE debates on the Naval Estimates last month produced a series of recriminations. Politician after politician, on both sides of the House, found it incumbent upon him to add his own account of the vicissitudes of our naval policy since 1909 to the researches of his parliamentary brethren. Pelion has been piled on Ossa. More time, indeed, has been devoted to pre-war political issues (happily, we hope, now dead) than to the present conduct of the nation's business. The party hacks who returned in triumph from the stricken field of last December are as reluctant as ever to let the dead past bury its dead. They look backward from long habit, instead of looking forward; and a generation that has been compelled to face realities sometimes grows impatient and not without good reason, when its spokesmen beguile themselves too freely with tales of long ago.

Among the members who spoke at length on these estimates, and always to the point, was Mr. Duff of Lunenburg. He fails neither in love of the sea, nor in knowledge. He does appreciate the difference between the kind of sailor who will be created by the magic wand of Mr. Graham—the man whose chief virtue will consist, not in acquaintance with the sea, but in his almost unbroken career as a civilian landsman—and the kind of Canadian who might be made the backbone of our Naval Service. If we are to have a Naval Service—if the Naval Service Act of 1910 is to be carried out at all—this Nova Scotian is quite prepared to show the new Minister of Defence how to set about his business. 'I could get,' he said, 'anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000 volunteers in my own county to serve as a naval reserve on the Atlantic coast.' His description of the type we need will bear repetition, and it will not be bettered easily. 'These are the men who should be engaged; they do not have to be made sailors in two or three weeks, for they are sailors now. They have ploughed the seas ever since they were twelve or fifteen years of age; they have gone fishing on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland; and during the war they braved the submarines in the Bay of Biscay and in the Mediterranean, bringing food to the peoples of Europe.' Here is a breed, in short, that cannot be matched in inland armouries; few Canadians will challenge Mr. Duff on that point.

This goes to the root of the matter. Little good is served by dwelling on the fact that in any case the Canadian navy must be small and of low fighting value. If Mr. Graham is twitted with 'sending trawlers out to watch the fish' he will survive it. The tragedy of the situation—which, in the not impossible event of another great war, would at once become apparent—consists in this: that the naval problem is discussed, by all but a very few speakers, on the assumption that in naval warfare Canada can

always safely shelter beneath the shield of England. It is assumed that Canada will not make an effective addition to her naval strength, and need not. The naval service is looked on by the politicians not as a safeguard, but as an ornament. By the Old Gang it is and will be treated as a bagatelle. Inevitably, therefore, the Naval Estimates are an attempt to please God and Mammon; to please those who would share the burden of naval defence, by pointing to certain steamboats and calling them a navy; to please others, who grudge every penny spent on the services, by triumphantly reminding them that the vote is quite inadequate.

There are, nevertheless, certain principles (which would probably pass without challenge, either from staff experts, naval historians, or economists in the Finance Department) which can be postulated as essential for the maintenance in Canada of an efficient naval service.

It will inevitably be small, and in virtue of the Washington agreements will probably consist for the most part of destroyers and mine-sweepers.

Its value must be measured rather by its power of rapid expansion than by the strength of its peace establishment.

For rapid expansion, at least three things are necessary: firstly, the training for naval warfare of men who have already been inured to the sea; secondly the provision of vessels convertible at need into auxiliaries; thirdly, for all ranks, but especially for officers, practice in the handling, not of isolated vessels, but of vessels in flotillas.

If these three requisites be granted, Mr. Graham's plan stands self-condemned. For the project of taking landsmen out of armouries, and of giving them an annual jaunt to sea, that barely permits them to be sea-sick properly before returning to port, will never provide us with sailors; few Canadians, even in the Maritime Provinces, are familiar, at present, with the modern handling of trawlers; the maintenance of only one destroyer and two trawlers on either ocean effectively prevents flotilla training; and the closing of the Royal Naval College—even if a generation of cadets is to be admitted into the freshman and sophomore classes of Canadian universities—brings to a close the training of naval officers of Canada, and deprives the country of a valuable educational instrument, at a time when all that she has are fully needed.

Every great maritime nation, during at least the last four centuries, has depended for the manning of its navy, not primarily on landsmen trained for the sea, but on that great nursery of capable seamen, the fishing fleet. A Canadian naval policy that is to yield results commensurate with the money spent must, as Mr. Duff has wisely said, depend on the men who haunt the firths and harbours of our long Atlantic coastline, who have been bred to the sea. Only men such as these can profit by the three weeks' annual training which is foreshadowed by the Minister. No application of the militia system ashore will maintain the Canadian navy; this is the way to turn it into farce. Nor will a naval service maintain its efficiency which makes no provision for the further training of officers, but expects our existing handful of officers to train an endless succession of novices for the courtesy title of able seaman.

Lastly, for the extensive coastal mine-sweeping which is certain to be called for at the outset of another war, Canada must have vessels in her mercantile marine, which can readily be converted for this purpose. At present, the fishing fleet of this country contains almost no large modern trawlers. One or two have been tried experimentally, but their use has not been well understood. By British standards the methods employed in our Atlantic fisheries are almost antideluvian. A progressive naval policy which encouraged, if necessary by subsidies, the maintenance of steam fishing trawlers easily convertible for mine-sweeping, might more than pay for itself by revolutionizing the technique of deep-sea fishing in Canadian waters.

The fulfilment of all these requirements would not cost very much. For years to come there is no prospect of another Canadian programme of $35,000,000. But there is a minimum, below which Canada cannot reduce her forces consistently with safety.

We need a policy that shall be lifted above party, and that can, if possible, be carried out within the provisions of the Naval Service Act. The requisite power of rapid expansion can certainly be secured within that statute. There are, however, four conditions:

1. The free enlistment of the hardy seafaring population, in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.
2. The establishment of a trawler Fleet Reserve.
3. The continued upkeep of the Royal Naval College.
4. The provision of flotilla training.

Members of the present government, whose zeal for economy does them great credit, would doubtless be shocked at the prospect of additional naval expenditures amounting to several hundred thousand dollars. But as defence is still, and always will be, 'of much more importance than opulence,' we believe the commitment would amply be justified.

What Happened to Germany

I.

IT is a commonplace to say that the reconstruction of Europe and therefore, in a large measure, the peace of the world hinge on Russia and Germany. It is, perhaps, not a commonplace to assert that more than 200 million people in Central and Eastern Europe cannot be regarded and treated as the Ishmaelites of the twentieth century for any length of time without dire consequences to the rest of the world. Others are more competent than I to speak of the Russian people and their great problem. It may be that this problem is the fundamental problem of contemporary civilization. Even so, its solution presupposes the solution of the German problem. At any rate, neither problem ought to be approached with prejudices so blindly fixed that the terms 'Bolshevik' and 'pro-German' appear to be ample justification of uncharitableness. Only an occasional Canadian or American knows what has happened to and in Germany. Yet the knowledge of these happenings is indispensable to the peace of the world.

Now, what has happened to Germany economically may be inferred from the impairment of her two great natural sources of wealth, coal, and iron.

Europe's coal deposits in 1913 were estimated at 693,162 million tons. Of this total Germany possessed 59.1% or 409,975 million tons; Great Britain, 25.7% or 178,176 million tons; France, 1.8% or 12,720 million tons; Belgium, 1.5% or 11,000 million tons; and the Congress of Poland, 0.36% or 2,525 million tons. To-day there are left to Germany 226,088 million tons or 32.8% of the European reserves. She has lost 45% of her former coal deposits. France's deposits have been increased over 100% by the control of the 17,000 million tons within the Saar Basin, and Poland's to 168,312 million tons or over 1,300% by the acquisition of Upper Silesian coal fields. Great Britain's coal wealth has not been increased.

In 1913 the estimated European reserves of iron ore were 12,032 million tons. Germany's share was 3,608, France's 3,300, and Great Britain's 1,300 million tons, or respectively 29.9%, 27.4%, and 10.8%. The very high grade deposits of Norway and Sweden totalled 1,525 million tons (12.6%), and of the annual production huge quantities went to Germany. To-day only 10.5% of the European reserves lie within the borders of Germany (1,262 million tons), while France's reserves have been increased to 5,630 million (46.7% of the European reserves). This means that Germany has lost about 60% of her former wealth in iron ore. In addition, Luxemburg, with 2.2% of the European reserves, has been taken out of the German Customs Union. In respect to iron ore, too, Great Britain has not profited by the Treaty of Versailles, whatever profit may have come to her through other provisions of the Treaty. The gainers have been France and, to a less degree, Poland. Between them France and Poland to-day control 34.5% of the European coal reserves (as compared with 2.16% before the war) and 46.9% of the European iron reserves (as against 27.4% before the war).

If we look at Germany's foregoing losses from the angle of annual production, which is perhaps a more important consideration at the present moment than that of reserves, we are confronted with the following facts:

In 1913 Germany mined slightly more than 190 million tons of hard coal; in 1920, somewhat less than 131 million tons. Of this amount approximately 25 million tons were mined in those districts of Upper Silesia which were awarded to Poland in 1921. Assuming no considerable increase in the annual production of hard coal for the present, Germany will have at her disposal annually about 106 million tons. Out of this amount there must, however, be delivered to France, Belgium and Italy, in reparation, a minimum of 20 million tons (maximum 28 million tons) annually, which reduces the available annual supply to 86 million tons. But since reparation deliveries can be made only in coal of the highest grade, these 86 million tons are largely second grade and their value is reduced, at a minimum, 10% (the German estimate is 15-20%). Germany can count, therefore, to-day on an annual coal supply equivalent to about 78 million tons of the pre-war standard. Doubtless when normal production is restored the annual output can be increased to 100 or even 110 million tons. At present Germany must contend with an annual loss (as compared with her pre-war supply) of 110 million tons. Her lignite deposits remain unimpaired, and to these she is turning in a desperate effort to minimize the huge loss in hard coal. In consequence the people's industrial power may be restored partially, but their greatest *trading* asset has been taken from them.

In 1913 Germany mined 26.8% of the iron ore mined in Europe. This percentage has been cut to 6.9%. Luxemburg's annual production of iron ore (6.8% of the European production) is also no longer available on the free trade basis, since Luxemburg is not now in the German Customs Union. Considering that Germany produced, in 1913, over 19 million tons of pig iron and that, in order to accomplish this, she exchanged huge quantities of hard coal (over 34 million tons) and coke (over 6 million tons) for imported iron ores (chiefly from Norway and Sweden and Spain), we can perhaps understand why her production of pig iron, in 1920, fell below 5 million tons and must decrease still more with the loss of Upper Silesian coal regions.

These facts and those that follow are not adduced to establish the injustice either of the Treaty or of the ultimatum of May, 1921. This article does not concern itself with the moral aspects of the situation. It merely points out, first that Germany has already made enormous reparations in the transfer of a goodly percentage of her natural resources, chiefly to France and Poland; and secondly, that neither Germany nor any other nation can pay to creditor nations annual reparation dividends as great as, if not greater than, the annual increment of wealth prior to the impairment of her natural capital.

Now in addition to the already stated losses, roughly 50% of her two chief natural resources, Germany has suffered the following losses: 65% of her copper, lead, zinc, nickel, and tin; over 90% of her great merchant fleet; all her cables, colonies, foreign investments; huge quantities of rolling stock (locomotives and freight cars); millions of acres of her finest agricultural area (to Poland), which produced approximately one-third of her foodstuffs (in 1913 the grain foodstuffs produced in Germany amounted to 236,000 million calories, but in 1920 to only 133,400 million calories); and finally the enormous casualties and depreciation incident to the war itself. The highest pre-war estimate (Helfferich's, of 1913) set Germany's annual increment of wealth at somewhat more than 8,000 million gold marks. Bearing this in mind, let us summarize very briefly the annual payments that Germany is expected to make under the Treaty and its applications (ultimatum and Wiesbaden agreement). They are as follows:

	Gold Mark Values
Annual fixed reparation payments under the ultimatum of May, 1921	2,000,000,000
Annual variable payments under the ultimatum (26% of the value of her total exports), *circa*	1,300,000,000
Annual reparations in kind (Wiesbaden agreement calls for a total reparation in kind amounting to the value of 7,000,000,000 gold marks in three years)	2,333,000,000
Expenses of the military occupation of German territory (counting expenses incurred by the Powers in the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, but not Germany's own expenditures, which totalled over 7,000 million paper marks in the Rhinelands alone, from Nov. 10, 1918, to April 1, 1921, and not counting the extraordinary expenditure forced on Germany for civil administration of the occupied region and for the various commissions of control)	1,500,000,000
Total annual deduction from Germany's annual increment of wealth	7,133,000,000

Reparation deliveries in coal have been taken into account heretofore and are, therefore, omitted in the above computation.

The foregoing total has not been changed appreciably by the reparation demands for 1922. In place of the two billion gold marks, the Reparation Commission has asked for 720 million gold marks in cash and 1,450 million gold marks in kind, which, in the end, amounts to the same thing.

It ought to be obvious to everybody that, were it possible for Germany to meet these requirements even temporarily, the strain would break her. It would break her even if her resources had not been impaired. As a matter of fact Germany has not succeeded in liquidating any of her Treaty debts (except some deliveries in kind to France and the completion and transfer of some merchant ships). Her huge annual obligations to foreign powers have been met chiefly by the sale of 'promises to pay' in the exchanges of the world. Her obligations have been covered and could be covered only by 'shaving notes' and 'kiting checks.' A process of that kind leaves her former enemies worse off than no payments at all, and must eventually thrust Germany over the brink of ruin.

JOHN FIRMAN COAR.

(*To be concluded in July*).

The Drift of Political Opinion in France

ONCE again the radical and liberal newspapers of the world are heralding France as the 'arch-enemy of civilization,' the 'reactionary force in Europe,' 'imperialism incarnate.' The truth of these statements—indeed they are extreme enough—has been vigorously denied by Frenchmen and by foreigners living in France, although the fact of France's isolation has had to be acknowledged. The cause of France's isolation, we are told, is not France's fault, but is either the fault of German propaganda, or indeed the fault of distance which prevents a sympathetic understanding of France's real position. Now, there probably is German propaganda at work against France; distance is undoubtedly an element making for misunderstanding; but misrepresentation and misunderstanding are not the chief causes of France's isolation at the present time.

The reasons for France's isolation are not that France is reactionary, nor that France is imperialistic, but that France has a government which represents these ideas to other nations. The fault of France's government, however, is not that it is more imperialistic nor that it is more reactionary (certainly in domestic affairs) than other governments, but that it is ultra-nationalist. Nationalism, coupled with a geographical position which requires defence, lays itself open to the charge of imperialism, whereas nationalism in the form of a Monroe Doctrine does not incur the same charge. The large majority of France's deputies do not believe that France can afford to disarm, and the military discussions in the

Chamber do not centre about the question of disarmament, but concern themselves with the question of whether military service is to last for eighteen months (the government's attitude), or whether, according to the opposing forces, it is to last only for a year with a more perfect mobilization of the civil population, as being a much cheaper method. This is certainly not imperialism; but when Monsieur Poincaré in an electioneering speech, and when nationalist newspapers in editorials advocate an invasion of Germany to enforce reparation payments, then France is duly credited with imperialist ideas. The United States at the Washington Conference accomplished an excellent defensive measure, but she accomplished it in accordance with the forces of the future—along the lines of disarmament. France has not yet discovered a formula which will permit her to make use of these forces of the future and to feel safe at the same time. Hence nationalism advises adherence to the older methods of action and becomes reaction in external affairs.

Unfortunately for French reputation abroad, France is interpreted entirely in terms of the *Bloc National*, its protégé, the Poincarist Government, and the nationalist press. Why is it that the opposing forces are left out of the picture entirely? *The Daily Mail* and *The Times* declare that Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition Government are not representative of England, while *The New Statesman* from its side iterates the same ideas. Yet why should the French government and the Nationalist press be held as alone representative of France? This phenomenon can be accounted for in two ways. The present French Chamber which came into existence on the sixteenth of November, 1919, was elected at a time when national and diplomatic issues were uppermost; the opposing forces had not had time to formulate a distinctive policy; its task was the carrying out of the Treaty of Versailles. As for the press, the richest and most powerful newspapers are nationalist; therefore, they alone are consulted by the foreign journalist. The papers with the largest circulation, the *Matin*, the *Journal*, and the *Petit Parisien*—the 'bourgeois' papers *par excellence*, in the sense that popularity and not political propaganda is their aim—are nationalist in their influence. These papers may not consider a nationalist *thèse* the end and aim of their existence, but they find that *thèse* very convenient padding—and certainly by that padding they create an impression abroad, as well as in France. Besides these papers we have a formidable list of nationalist political journals—journals both more moderate and more extreme than the government; on the whole, more extreme. From the *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*, as the more moderate representatives of the nationalist *politique*, with the *Echo de Paris* and the Clemencist organ, the *Echo National*, which would enforce that *politique* by arms, if necessary, to its more frenzied representatives, the *Démocratie Nouvelle* and the *Eclair*, we see this nationalist *politique* in its various phases. It stands for the Treaty of Versailles as the irreducible minimum of France's claims, including an abbreviated League of Nations for which it shows little sympathy—a *politique* anti-German, anti-Bolshevist—a *politique* which in existing conditions becomes even Xenophobia, showing itself now against the United States, now against England, according to the circumstances of the case. At the present time its fulminations are directed against Mr. Lloyd George. According to M. Henri de Jouvenel, writing in the *Matin*, Mr. Lloyd George at Genoa has only followed the traditional policy of Great Britain on the continent—he has welcomed the Russo-German treaty simply because he was glad to see a force growing up strong enough to counteract France, Poland and the *Petite Entente!*

There is no doubt, then, that nationalism, and even extreme nationalism, does exist in France, but it is a pity that its extreme utterances only should be held typical of the country.

There are forces of the future at work in France as well as elsewhere. The difficulty has been that these forces of the future have not been able to agree as to what that future shall be. France is to be a republic, it is true, but what body of opinion has a right to declare itself representative of the Republic? Is it to be a free-thinking republic or a Catholic republic? Is it to be a republic whose government shall undertake a more complete democratization of industry—the socialist ideal—or a republic which shall submit to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat—the communist ideal? All progressive forces, however, within and without Parliament—particularly without—advocate a republic differing from the republic of the *Bloc National*. As the Government's intransigence plunges France into an isolation more complete, these differing progressive elements are feeling their way towards some common ground on which they may meet in order to attack the political régime considered by them so disastrous. The new formula, says the *Ere Nouvelle*, is to be 'against the *Bloc National*, against the financial oligarchy, against the dictation of the general staff.'

The common ground is not, however, a policy of *contras*; it is something more positive and can be seen in the most diverse centres of thought. If we look upon the 'disease' from which France is suffering as ultra-nationalism, then let us recognize that the healing elements at work are internationalism and pacifism—two 'isms' not necessarily at variance with 'good' nationalism. Just as the nationalism of the present rulers of France is directed chiefly against Germany and Russia, so the forces which represent

the international idea show their opposition to the present *politique* most plainly by their attitude with respect to these two countries.

By its utterances one might consider the Communist party in France, represented by its paper, *L'Humanité* (Directeur, M. Marcel Cachin, Deputé), as particularly peaceful in its aims. Still, it has made a strong contribution towards international relations; it has never been afraid of the Bolshevists, and now that the Bolshevists are to be recognized, its divergence from other parties of the left may not be so marked.

The Socialists, with their syndicalist organ, *Le Peuple*, are not dazzled by Russian propaganda. Along with their protests against the imprisonment of socialists in Russia, and the occupation of Georgia by the Bolshevists, they declare that the arrangements being made at Geneva to permit concessions to foreign capital must safeguard the position of the Russian worker; he must not be made to lose the results of the Revolution.

La Démocratie and *La Jeune République* are publications which represent a body of opinion, Catholic, socialist, and reforming. These papers stand for better international relations, are definitely pacifist, and support the League of Nations, a League of Nations which shall include our late enemies. They, therefore, publish reports of co-operation between France and Germany either through religious organizations or pacifist societies. The director, M. Marc Sanguier, writing in the *Jeune République* on the treaty of Rapallo, lays the blame upon the policy of intransigence pursued by France:

> To leave Germany and Russia outside of the League of Nations and of any official collaboration with the rest of Europe —was not this calculated to favour, if not to impose, a narrow and positive union between the two great excluded powers. . . .? Have we not done everything to prepare this junction, which we should have tried to avoid at any price; have we not done everything to make it imminent and fatal?

This statement, made by the Director of a Roman Catholic journal, has been made also by the anti-clerical paper, *L'Ere Nouvelle*. This paper, on account of its relation with the numerically largest group in the Chamber, the *Gauche rèpublicain et démocratique* and with the *Gauche démocratique* of the Senate, and on account of its advocacy of an *entente des gauches*, perhaps represents more than any one paper an official 'opposition' journal. It has definite ideas of internal reform as well as an external policy and sees the necessary connection between the two. The question of German reparations must be placed within the bounds of reality; if France cannot depend upon immediate contributions, a change in her fiscal system will be necessary and a repartition of her taxes. As for Russia, there are no illusions; it is folly to isolate her; and if the other nations are to enter into relations with her, it is folly for France to isolate herself. If the Bolshevists are resolved to become 'bourgeois' themselves in order to join the Concert of Europe they are undertaking a sacrifice which will cost them more than any other, except, perhaps, that of surrendering the power. 'The Russian revolution is at the stage of the Directory; to-morrow, perhaps, it will be the Consulate. Let us not forget that the France of 1802 had recognized ambassadors and allies even among those monarchs whom she had sworn to dethrone.'

The reports on the French attitude at Geneva, written by the special representative of this paper, M. Jean Florence, would have pleased Mr. H. G. Wells himself; it was criticism of a keen and penetrating sort. It is interesting to know that the articles of Mr. Keynes on the Conference, written for *The Manchester Guardian* and other papers, are published in this paper. It is interesting to know, too, that after the appearance of Mr. Keynes' article, the *Temps* advertised that the English economist was collaborating with a German paper—the *Berliner Tageblatt*—while the fact of his publishing in a French paper was ignored.

According to the progressive forces—there are many progressive forces making for better international relations which on account of space cannot be mentioned—not much hope is placed in the present Chamber. Therefore, they are beginning to plan for an electoral campaign which shall defeat the *Blot National* in 1924. In spite of the variety of factions in opposition, there is an extraordinary amount of common ground.

ISABEL JONES.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Point and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who are requested to limit themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

Original Sin

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The article called *A Plea for Original Sin*, which appeared in the FORUM for April, is written with an elusiveness which makes it difficult to pin the author to any positive plea for sin. One can therefore accuse him of nothing, and this letter is not about him. But there are persons, with growing minds, who have extracted from the article the doctrine that glad sinning is a mark of capacity for good as well as evil, and that, therefore, only from those who sin gladly can we hope for 'a real Canadian

literature.' They say that this was what the author of the article meant. That may be. We are, however, not concerned with him just now, but with the young people in question and their growing minds. It is the narrowing influence of Puritanism they shrink from, and no doubt they are right. Puritanism is narrowing; not quite so much as sinning gladly, but too much for the purposes of Canadian literature. However, it is a question whether Puritanism is in question. The Puritan was a sort of Manichaean who thought matter to be the enemy of spirit—whereas matter is the vehicle of spirit. We need not, therefore, spend any time in persecuting the Puritans; we have our hands full with the real relation of matter and spirit. Matter in this relation is flesh and blood; our own body, which is the vehicle of our spirit. It is a very independent vehicle, unfortunately, with an innate conviction that it is not there merely to be the vehicle of the spirit but to enjoy itself. We may say, in parenthesis, that the body being, as it were, on the spot all the time, and very insistent upon its own point of view, we should spend too much of our lives in discussion with it if we had not, as a test by which to try its arguments, that body of human experience called by a recent writer 'middle class morality.' Its standard certainly lacks originality, being merely a rendering of the Ten Commandments, but it is of considerable use to unoriginal people who, without it, would be quite unequal to coping with their rebellious matter. We need only say this much about them, for they are not, after all, the people to whom we must look for a Canadian literature. No amount of glad sinning will make them original; and, even if they sin with the high purpose of acquiring temperament, there can be no great result. A bady-bady literature would be, as a recent writer says, 'indescribably sad.'

It is only the man of original mind who can make literature, and he, it is thought, must sin gladly in order to be any good. This is what one might call a badly worded truth. There is an instinctive perception that to be always squaring one's self with a standard is cramping to the mind; what we want in literature —and we want it in every walk of life—is abandonment of self to give free rein to one's creative mind. Why else had Pegasus wings instead of a bit and bridle? So mounted, we are carried beyond the confines of our environment to heights where we can see a larger world. The instinctive perception of growing minds is worthy of the thinker's most profound regard, but he may as well continue to do his own thinking; for perception and deduction are different things, and do not always reside in the same person at the same time. In this case the deduction seems to be that, in order to be free from the constraints of morality, genius must trench a little upon immorality. The propounders of this doctrine are entitled to our sincerest and most heartfelt admiration. Only the innocent, who do not know what immorality is like, could turn their eyes in that direction with any hope of good resulting. The principle is good; genius cannot be tied to a moral law. But, to leave it, he need not go downward; there is another direction. He can ascend to spirituality, and the moral law will affect his life no more than a work on the Habits of Good Society affects the life of one who is to the manner born. This is the true abandoned man, whom convention does not cramp. He has mounted a Pegasus that carries him above the rotating crowd, to see what they cannot see; and we may be sure that he soars more gladly than any one can sin. It is to such as he that we must look for a real Canadian literature.

Yours, etc.,

W. A. LANGTON.

Toronto.

The Forum Fails

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

It is very hard to please us all. For the first six months I thought THE CANADIAN FORUM very promising, after which it seemed to me to become quiet—or possibly I was growing too 'red.' I want something more cosmopolitan, more international. You seem to be too provincial, too orthodox, too much against our emancipation from our old tyrants; the jingoes and militarists. There seems to me to be a need for an inquest into the fundamentals of university teaching. After reading some of Maynard Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Peace* it makes me wonder how far off we are from our deliverance. Why prattle and bleat about culture, education, *higher education*, when at the end these only lead to the slaughter house? When the test came, ministers and professors forgot all about the golden rule and hustled our best brains to do the bidding of the diplomats and war lords. See what happened to Scott Nearing, M.C., the other day at Clark University. When the last FORUM came I eagerly scanned it for something on the Ghandhi movement—I did not see it. I also looked in vain for a poem of Wilson McDonald's, as I had been told that some had been sent to you.

You may say it is easy to criticize, but I am on strike against the old order of things and do not care what happens if only I may be on the side of the down-trodden masses. I see them as sheep without a shepherd—without press, money, education; with nothing but rags and poverty—on the other side bosses and profits, banks full of money, churches full of people, and everywhere decayed mentality, caring nothing for the underdog and worshipping myths. I want to love the man in sight, in this world—that will be my password for the next.

Yours, etc.,

Z. L. BURT.

Toronto.

Early Years of Disraeli

WHETHER or not the incidents I am about to relate were known to the biographers of Disraeli I am not aware. They may have been considered as too trivial for detailed narration. I do not take this view. It is impossible for me to vouch for the accuracy of the narrative. I can only tell it as it was told me, omitting merely those details which are well known. Circumstances have not favoured my making researches which might have led to confirmation or rejection of some parts of the narrative.

About thirty years ago, my friend, Sir David MacVail,[1] told me that some years earlier he had met, at the town of Alnwick, in Northumberland, a lady who had been an early friend and confidante of Lady Beaconsfield. I suppose that he must have mentioned the name of this lady; if he did, her name has not remained in my memory.

The story begins with the *ménage* of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Lewis. They made their living by means of a haberdashery shop in the East End of London and they lived in the premises behind the shop. Their income was no more than sufficient for simple needs. One morning Mr. Lewis received a letter from a solicitor informing him that if he would be good enough to call upon him he would learn something to his advantage. Mr. Lewis lost no

[1]Physician in Glasgow and member of the General Medical Council. He died in 1917.

time and discovered that the 'something to his advantage' was a legacy from an uncle who had left him sole heir. When the estate was finally realized it was found to consist of about £80,000 and the singular asset of four hundred feather beds which were not immediately salable. In what manner and for what reason the deceased uncle had accumulated so luxurious a domestic equipment does not appear; but it may be surmised. Mrs. Lewis was a sprightly person whose attendance at the haberdashery counter was an affliction to be endured rather than the occupation of her choice, and she naturally proposed that her husband should retire from retail commerce and, with his fortune in his hands, devote himself to other pursuits. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were not experienced in the ways of any other than their own small world and since they, or rather she, aspired to pass beyond it, she resolved to seek counsel from some one who possessed a wider experience than their own. Mrs. Lewis sought this counsel from a lady who had been a school-fellow of hers and who had been fortunate enough to acquire some touch with the great world. There was no doubt in Mrs. Lewis's mind about what she wanted. She wanted to enter the great world herself in order at least to see what it was like. She saw very well that through the newly acquired means of her husband an entry could be made, but there must be a right way and a wrong way to set about it. In order that she should become a lady it was obvious to her that first her husband should become a gentleman. So she invited her friend to make her aware by what process her husband could most speedily become a gentleman. Her friend advised her that one of the recognized methods, and also one of the speediest, was for her husband to enter at one of the Inns of Court, eat his dinners and become a barrister-at-law. Provided he had a good digestion the process was certain and reasonably quick. Mr. Lewis failed not in respect of digestion. He ate his dinners and he became a barrister-at-law and legally a gentleman. But Mrs. Lewis was still in the outer world. Her position as a lady must in some manner be formally recognized. She consulted her confidante on this delicate point. The confidante was equal to the occasion.

Confidante: It is necessary to install yourselves in a good house in a fashionable quarter where you may entertain suitably.

Mrs. Lewis: That is very easy, but how am I to get the people to suffer themselves to be entertained?

Con: That will come later. First you must get yourself invited to some of the houses of the great, then you can invite them to your house.

Mrs. L: How can I manage that?

Con: There are noble and impecunious ladies who, for a consideration, might be willing and able to arrange invitations for you.

Mrs. L: Can you tell me of one?

Con: I can.—And she did.

The name of the lady was revealed to me but discretion does not permit me to mention it. I will call her the Lady Flora C——. Mrs. Lewis waited upon the Lady Flora and cautiously disclosed her mission. Lady Flora acknowledged the possibility of obtaining such invitations as Mrs. Lewis desired, but permitted herself to say that they would cost a good deal of money.

Mrs. L: How much?

Lady F: A thousand pounds.

Mrs. L: So be it. I will give you a thousand pounds if you get for me the invitations I want during the season.

The Lady Flora was as good as her word. Invitations came duly and were as duly accepted. Towards the end of the season Mrs. Lewis repaired once more to the Lady Flora.

Mrs. L: Everything has gone very well. Now I want you to get your friends to accept *my* invitations.

Lady F: That is another story. It is one thing for them to ask you to their houses; it is quite another to induce them to go to yours.

Mrs. L: Could it be arranged for another thousand?

Lady F: I think so, but on one condition which I hardly like to mention.

Mrs. L: What is it?

Lady F: My friends without exception like you very much. Your conversation amuses them and there will be no difficulty so far as you are concerned, but they cannot tolerate your husband.

Mrs. L: What then?

Lady F: I would suggest that when you give your reception your husband should be indisposed.

Mrs. L: There will be no difficulty about that.

There was not; Mrs. Lewis gave her party, Mr. Lewis was indisposed, and the party was a success. Mrs. Lewis was now fairly launched upon her career as a great lady, but she was not yet satisfied. She conceived the idea of getting her husband into Parliament. There was a difficulty. Mr. Lewis was not dumb and yet he had no power of speech. This defect might not be observed when he became a member, but in a candidate it was anomalous. For Mrs. Lewis difficulties existed only to be surmounted. Again she consulted her invaluable ally. This lady told her that just as there were impecunious and noble old ladies who might be made useful, so there were impecunious and clever young men who might be made useful also. 'Find me one,' said Mrs. Lewis. One was found who undertook to do the speaking for Mr. Lewis and to promote his candidature otherwise as he could. The impecunious and clever young man was Benjamin Disraeli. He was introduced to Mrs. Lewis by Lytton Bulwer 'at

particular desire.' Disraeli's own account of the lady does not lack sharpness—'A pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle—indeed gifted with a volubility which I should think unrivalled. She told me she liked silent, melancholy men. I answered that I had no doubt of it.'

The appearance of Disraeli at this time is familiar from the drawing by Maclise—debonair, his natural courtesy accentuated by an artful pose, overdressed, Eastern accessories in his room, billets thrown on the mantelpiece with ostentatious negligence.

The constituency of Maidstone in Kent aroused the interest of Mrs. Lewis. A vacancy occurred in one of its seats and, with the aid of Disraeli, Mr. Lewis won the election. Disraeli was himself defeated at High Wycombe, but later, when the second Maidstone seat became vacant, he was able, through the influence and assistance of Mr. Lewis, to secure it.

In 1838, a year after Disraeli entered Parliament, Mr. Lewis died and his widow married his colleague. The task of engineering the haberdasher-barrister-gentleman-member of parliament had been loyally performed but it had been very hard. A ball and chain upon her dainty ankle would have impeded Mrs. Lewis's movements less than Mr. Lewis impeded her ambitions. Yet she carried him up with her so far as she could and he had wit enough to suffer himself to be carried. He was embarrassing and disappointing, but good-natured and irreproachable.

The engineering of Disraeli was a totally different affair. Mr. Lewis had the mind and the ambitions of a haberdasher. Disraeli was a man of genius and his ambitions were boundless. He had already made his mark in the House of Commons. He had written some novels and some verse. He was well known, if not famous, and he was somewhat feared because on occasion his tongue could be harsh. Of adherence to political principle he could scarcely be accused. He was opposed to the advance of democracy because he had united himself to the country party, yet later he 'dished the Whigs' by outbidding them in reform of the Franchise. Essentially his politics consisted, first, in such measures as might force him into high office; and second, in making England, of which he aspired to be Prime Minister as great and powerful as he could. In this sense h,e was patriotic, but his imperial aims cannot justly be dissociated from his desire to exercise power. This power, when he attained it, was, however, never exercised otherwise than with benevolence; and confident in the purity of his motives, and in the superiority of his mind over the minds of his colleagues, as well as over most of the minds of his political opponents, his manœuvres were never petty and he was by no means implacable in his antagonisms.

Mrs. Disraeli, before her marriage, had acutely discerned Disraeli's powers and had reason to know how the exercise of these was impeded by debts which were the inevitable consequence of his position and not the consequence of any irregularity in his life. Her first husband's money had made life wide and interesting for her and she now determined to use it for the purpose of making it still wider and more interesting both for herself and her more promising second.

It is well known that Mrs. Disraeli made up her mind soon after her marriage that she would make Disraeli Prime Minister. To this adventure she bent her whole energy. How was it to be accomplished?

The ruling class in the England of the time was slender in numbers and very exclusive. The great offices of state belonged to this class as of right. The tradition of the class rendered the service of the state in the army, in Parliament, or in the church at once the duty and the privilege of its members. In entering upon careers which promised pecuniary returns insignificant in comparison with those of commerce, manufacture, or law, those hereditary servants of the State regarded the distinction of office as equivalent to emolument. They regarded such prerogatives of influence as they possessed as, on the whole, justly earned and properly employed for the maintenance of social order and national prosperity.

The Whig and Tory parties were alike dominated by the members of this ruling class in their respective ranks. A change in Government thus meant no subversion of the social order, although political orators lashed themselves into furious rhetoric in describing the risks involved in the change.

Neither Disraeli nor his wife had any idea of altering these things. They were accepted by them. They were indeed necessary for advancement. Neither had been born in the ruling caste and neither had any tangible connection with it. The atmosphere in which it lived, the language its members used, the work of it and the sports of it were all unfamiliar, although Disraeli in his earlier novels had allowed his fancy to play about them. The fortress of caste had now to be stormed for a more serious purpose than writing about it in a novel; it had to be stormed, moreover, not for destruction but for command. Mrs. Disraeli had found that there is at least one right and effective way of acting and many wrong ways. She was in the habit of choosing the way that gave the greatest promise of being the right way. Even if she had been endowed with greater wealth than her fortune afforded, there was much to be done that could not be done by money. Besides, even her fortune was now restricted. The capital amount had been reduced by the costs of bringing Mr. Lewis into public life and the income of the balance was all that Mrs. Disraeli had to depend upon. Even this amount was somewhat reduced by the arrangements to liquidate the debts of Disraeli.

It was thus necessary to leave the house at Grosvenor

Gate, where the Lewises had lived, and to occupy one of less pretensions. The Disraelis sold the furniture of the larger house and installed themselves in the new one in the most frugal manner. They chose a house with two large and some smaller rooms, but the two large rooms were not furnished. They contemplated and afterwards carried into practice the design of hiring furniture and servants for the occasions when they entertained their friends. They elected to live very simply in the smaller rooms, as Mrs. Disraeli had done in her haberdashery days, the material difference being the employment of a single domestic. There was another and more important difference of a spiritual character. The purpose of the economy was a high purpose. Their means economically employed made them independent of patronage and indifferent to fluctuations of political fortune. In this simple *ménage* the lady to whom I am indirectly indebted for these details was a frequent visitor. She told how Disraeli dined when at home on a steak and a pot of porter, brought from the nearest chop house; and how Mrs. Disraeli, before she went abroad to dine, took a simple dinner at home in order to be able to concentrate her mind upon the conversation of the table. This, indeed, was part of her plan. Although she and her husband were admitted to the society frequented by the political leaders, they suffered the disadvantage of being outsiders. They did not know, and could not know without deliberate and continuous learning, the social ramifications that played so important a rôle in the drama of politics and by means of which the ruling caste exercised its influence and maintained its position. The 'rattle' with all her 'volubility' had ears and an excellent memory. Contemporary memoirs describe Disraeli as silent but observant in company. Together they did not fail to learn much.

Mrs. Disraeli was a martyr to neuralgia, and after an important social function would throw herself on a sofa and dictate to her friend (the lady above mentioned) the details she had gathered. These details were not heedlessly set down but were systematically recorded in a social ledger under specific headings. Disraeli, whose mind was not systematic and whose temperament predisposed him rather towards vehement assault than the careful scientific sapping which Mrs. Disraeli's system involved, may at times have regarded her meticulous proceedings with indulgent amusement. Yet when a political crisis occurred the social ledger yielded surprising results. Well recorded conversations threw a light, unrecognizable when they took place, upon later political movements and the interior relations of groups were found to be set down in black and white.

As Disraeli rose into a position of power the shrewd management of his wife did not relax. After an exhausting session, sometime between 1874 and 1878, Disraeli was bordering on nervous prostration. He was captured by the Duke of Northumberland and carried off to Alnwick Castle. The local Conservatives were anxious to get him to make a speech upon the political situation. They urged the Duke to ask Disraeli to speak; but the Duke absolutely refused, saying that Disraeli needed rest and that he had brought him to Alnwick in order that he should have it. The deputation departed discomfited, but on their way down the avenue they met Mrs. Disraeli (now perhaps Lady Beaconsfield). She was evidently there for the purpose of waylaying them.

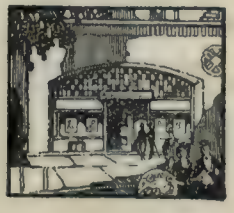
'Well,' she said, 'what did he say?' The deputation told her the result of their interview with the Duke.

'Go back,' she said, 'and tell the Duke that Mr. Disraeli is quite able to speak and that I think he ought to do what you ask.'

They went back and the arrangements were made forthwith.

The details in this sketch have been drawn from the narrative of the confidante of the wife of Disraeli. No doubt there will be those who declare that there is no word of truth in them. This is possible, but if they are an effort of the imagination, the effort is not mine. I have simply written them down as I received them and thus far I am prepared to vouch for them, errors and omissions excepted, and these after a lapse of thirty years are not improbable. Whether or not the rise of Disraeli was achieved at least partly by the means above described, it is evident that that rise, amazing as it was, was neither miraculous nor accidental and that some method must have been employed with more or less system to enable him to achieve the position towards which his ambition directed him at a very early stage in his career. English society has undergone metamorphoses since eighty years ago, and the conditions of success in political adventure are not what they were. Whether the new phase is in any sense an improvement upon the old one remains to be seen. The possibilities of change are not exhausted.

JAMES MAVOR.



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Holy Week and Easter Day

Genoa, 1922

On guard about a palace door
  Stand Roman soldiers, as of old;
Their weapons clash upon the stones;
  A sergeant curses at the cold.

Less loud than in Jerusalem
  The tumult through the city beats;
Within, the rulers slowly seek
  Their places on the cushioned seats.

Not bound with broad phylacteries,
  Yet grave, black-coated, satisfied,
Judges appointed over Peace,
  They draw in to the table-side.

The church bells faintly reach their ears,
  The passing sentry's louder call;
And Jesus, with his crown of thorns,
  Looks dimly from the frescoed wall.

Coldly they cloak up hidden fears
  And smiling hide unspoken hate;
Their silver lost, they boldly claim
  Aceldama for their estate.

One speaks for naked, hungry men—
  'We ask and find but stones; we rot.
We are your brethren; give us bread!'
  They answer, 'You? We know you not.'

And one—'We quarrelled out of pride;
  Your anger broke us in the way.
Take now your vengeance and we die!'
  They answer, 'You shall surely pay.'

Another—'War must cease on earth;
  Give up your weapons for a while.
We perish if we take the sword!'
  He sees them shake their heads and smile.

The Cock his victor bugle blows,
  Day dawns, and suavely dignified
They part His garments and go forth,
  Nor glance up at the Crucified.

On guard about the palace door,
  The soldiers suddenly are mute;
The sergeant, checked upon an oath,
  Stands rigidly at the salute.

* * * * * *

Nearby the multitude's at prayer,
  The candles gleam, and censers sway;
The priests at lilied altar-rails
  Chant, 'Christ the Lord is risen to-day!'

H. K. Gordon.

Five Hundred Dollars

JOHNNY stepped back from his easel with lifted brush and head cocked critically on one side. 'What d'you think of it?' he asked.

I rose from my typewriter at the other side of the studio, in which the chaotic disarray of beds, dishes, books, old furniture and new masterpieces bore eloquent witness to the pleasantly bohemian habits of the two of us who lived in it, and sauntered over to Johnny's side, picking up a cigarette on my way.

'Well, I suppose it's all right,' I said dubiously, as I struck a match, 'but, on my soul, Johnny, I don't care for this new manner you've begun to affect. I may be a philistine, but it's beyond me. What's all the purple smudge in this corner, and what's the hunchback so devilish excited about? He looks as if he'd strangle the girl for tuppence.'

Johnny eyed me with an irritating air of pitying superiority. 'My dear chap,' said he, 'can't you grasp the *idea* of the thing? The idea's everything! Why,' he went on with growing enthusiasm, 'there's the whole story of two martyred lives in that one pictured moment,' and he plunged into an exotic description of the story born of his imagination and so obscurely reproduced upon the canvas; told it with a vigour and a wealth of vivid phrases which left him breathless and me lost in wonder.

I gazed at him in genuine admiration. 'You may be a rotten painter in oils,' I said; 'I still think you are, and so apparently do the dealers; but as a painter in words you're second to none and I take my hat off to you,' and, plucking the moth-eaten beaver from the head of the lay figure, I swept it low in homage. 'Why,' I continued, 'why in the name of the nine gods will you not take the repeated advice of an older and a wiser man and chuck the brushes for the "Underwood" and the oyster-tinted canvas for the fair white foolscap sheet? You'd be a second Conrad. Look here,' I went on, as I crossed to the desk where the plays and romances by which I vainly struggled to keep the wolf from the door were conceived; 'Ah, yes, here it is—listen! "A prize of five hundred dollars is offered by the United Arts Club for the best short story by an amateur." It's limited to four thousand words and contributions must be in by the first—that's Monday. Now why on earth don't you write out that charming and dramatic tale that you've just wasted on me and go after that five hundred, instead of putting it all into a picture that Gulderstein'll probably give you no more than a paltry ten dollars for?'

Johnny frowned. 'I've told you before,' he said impatiently, 'that I simply can't write. When I sit down with a pen in my fist my brain goes dead and the spring of my inspiration dries up like a well in the Sahara. I may have poetic fancies, as you say,

but it's impossible for me to get 'em down on paper.'

'Well, you don't have to,' I replied with equal impatience, 'all you have to do is spout it out to me—like Lord Fisher, y'know—and I'll take it down word for word in shorthand. Yes,' I urged, 'and I'll type it for you and stamp it for you and take it out and mail it for you. I'm damned if I'm going to let you throw away the chance of making five hundred of the best when we're both so hard up that we have to cut each other's hair!' I settled myself at my table with ready 'Eversharp.' 'Dashed if I can see anything in the beastly daub,' I said provocatively, 'what did you say it was all about?'

Johnny glared at me, gulped, haltingly began his description, and then, as the idea seized him anew, he got into his stride and in a rushing torrent of glowing imagery and gorgeous, iridescent phrases he told with fire and eloquence the romantic story of the love of those two children of his imagination; and my pencil-point flew across the pages as word for glorious word I took it down. When he had done I lent him half a dollar and sent him out to his belated dinner while I transcribed my notes on the machine. 'Sign here!' I briefly said when he returned. He scrawled his name with the quill of a goose and the flourish of a genius and I went out into the night and dropped the precious, beautiful thing into the red box at the corner.

Three weeks later when the incident had almost been driven from my thoughts by the distracting turmoil of a life enlivened by strenuous creation, returned manuscripts and the dodging of duns, as we returned one day to the studio after a profitless morning spent with hard-hearted editors and dealers and capped by a hap-hazard lunch at Muirhead's, Johnny picked up the letters from the floor behind the door, handed me two duns and a rejection slip and himself tore open a long, thin envelope. 'Hurrah!' he shouted, and seizing me by the waist he whirled me round the room in a glorified fox-trot till we collided with a knock-kneed table and crashed to the floor in a riotous litter of books, pipes, bric-a-brac, cigarettes, and tubes of oils. 'I've won it,' he shrieked, waving a blue slip, 'I've won it! And I owe it all to you—*A mon coeur, mon vieux!*' he cried; '*A mon coeur!*' and hugged me to his bosom. Suddenly disengaging himself, he glanced at his wrist-watch and scrambled hastily to his feet. 'Only five minutes,' he gasped, 'Hurry up!' Clapping an old straw hat on my head and with his own black locks still bare, he dragged me out in the wintry air and down the chilly street. 'The bank shuts at three,' he panted, 'I'm going to draw fifty of this and deposit the rest. We'll have a day of it, by Gad! We'll get Daphne and Jill—*thé dansant*—dinner at Mossop's—box at the Princess, and then go on to the Arts ball—it's fancy dress, and we'll go as millionaires. . . . Hurry! dammit, hurry! I'll sail for Europe,' he breathed as we cantered up the last and longest block, 'I'll see the galleries of Florence, Rome, Milan, Paris—I can do two months of it on five hundred.'

We staggered into the bank as the clock struck three. Johnny deposited his five hundred with a stupefied clerk, drew his fifty from a pop-eyed teller and then we marched out to the street. 'Come on,' said Johnny, eagerly hailing a passing taxi, 'let's celebrate!'

We did—and came home with the milk.

The next afternoon as, stretched at my ease with feet on desk, I read in the papers of that morning and the night before the short but featured paragraphs announcing that 'Mr. John Brandon, the promising young painter of the Post-Futurist school' had astonished the public and especially his circle of friends by winning the Arts prize for the best short story; and as Johnny on the chesterfield busily digested a mass of information from the gaudy folders of innumerable steam-ship companies, the postman banged at the door and a veritable cascade of letters poured in and pattered on the floor. 'Congrats from your friends,' I said cheerily to the now recognized genius as I went to pick them up; and he smiled largely and replied, 'Don't disturb me; can't you see I'm busy? You read 'em, old thing, and tell me anything that's peculiarly pleasing.'

As I picked up the budget I was surprised to see that all the envelopes were typed and business-like. 'Great Scott!' I gasped, 'all the editors in town must be after you,' and ripping open the first I read aloud, 'Dear Sir, With reference to the enclosed account for one hundred and fifteen dollars, we trust that you will now be able to remit immediately . . . .' I threw it aside and opened another. 'Dear Sir,' I read, 'In view of yesterday's news, we hope that the enclosed statement for one hundred and seventy-five dollars which has been running for over a year will be settled forthwith.' I feverishly tore open a third whose writer clamoured for a cheque for seventy-five. . . . 'Good Lord!' I exclaimed, 'there are dozens of 'em,' and we gazed at each other horror-struck.

'The tripe-merchants!' said Johnny at last in deep disgust. 'Well, they can all go to Hell,' he added with a fine carelessness. 'I'm not going to chuck my trip to Europe for the sake of these ravening sharks.'

'Here's one from the bank,' I muttered as I caught sight of the familiar envelope, 'what the deuce is it about?' and I ripped it open. 'Dear Sir,' I read, 'We regret to inform you that the balance to your credit amounting to four hundred and fifty dollars and thirty-one cents has this date been attached for goods unpaid by the Myers Furnishing Co. on the authority of a judgment granted against you last March.'

Johnny's mouth fell open; then he made a plaintive, clucking sound like that of a hen robbed

foully of her nest-egg and, rising, picked up his brush and slapped a large blob of pinky-purple colour on to the shoulders of the shepherdess that simpered on his easel, 'Perhaps old Gulderstein'll give me twenty-five on this,' he sighed, 'and then I can have a week-end at Oakville.'

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

The Canadian Novel

THE following is offered as bearing on recent discussion and criticisms of Canadian Literature that have appeared in THE CANADIAN FORUM. It is exactly what it purports to be—a letter written over a year ago to a friend who had asked for some suggestions as to really representative Canadian books which he might send to a friend in England. A literary man in his own city had told him that there was no such thing as a Canadian Literature.

Toronto, Dec. 28th, 1920.

Dear C——:

I am not sure that I grasped the nature of your problem or the exact purport of your friend's opinions in our short telephone conversation the night I left Montreal. As I understand it, you wish to send to someone in England a Canadian novel which will be really representative of Canada; and your friend declares that there is no such thing because we have as yet developed no distinctive Canadian Literature.

I felt, as I told you at the time, that he was wrong; although I could not on the spur of the moment give you reasons for the faith that was in me. Since then I have come to the same conclusion as your friend—that the book you are looking for does not exist, although I have reached this conclusion by disagreeing with all his premises.

You would not expect one book to constitute a library. Why should you expect one book to represent everything of the life and character and habits of thought of this country? You, of course, would not expect this; but that is just what destructive criticism of the kind offered by your friend demands. If a book deal honestly and well with one little part of this immense task, it seems to me that is about all you can reasonably ask of it; and if you agree with me there, almost any book by any one of our better known authors should not be regarded as unworthy of being sent on the mission you have in view.

You ask the question, or your problem as you state it demands an answer to the question: What is Canadian Literature? Your friend says there isn't any such thing. Bridle, in his article on your friend Suzor Coté, divides Canadian painters into the following groups, and this classification is equally applicable to Canadian authors:

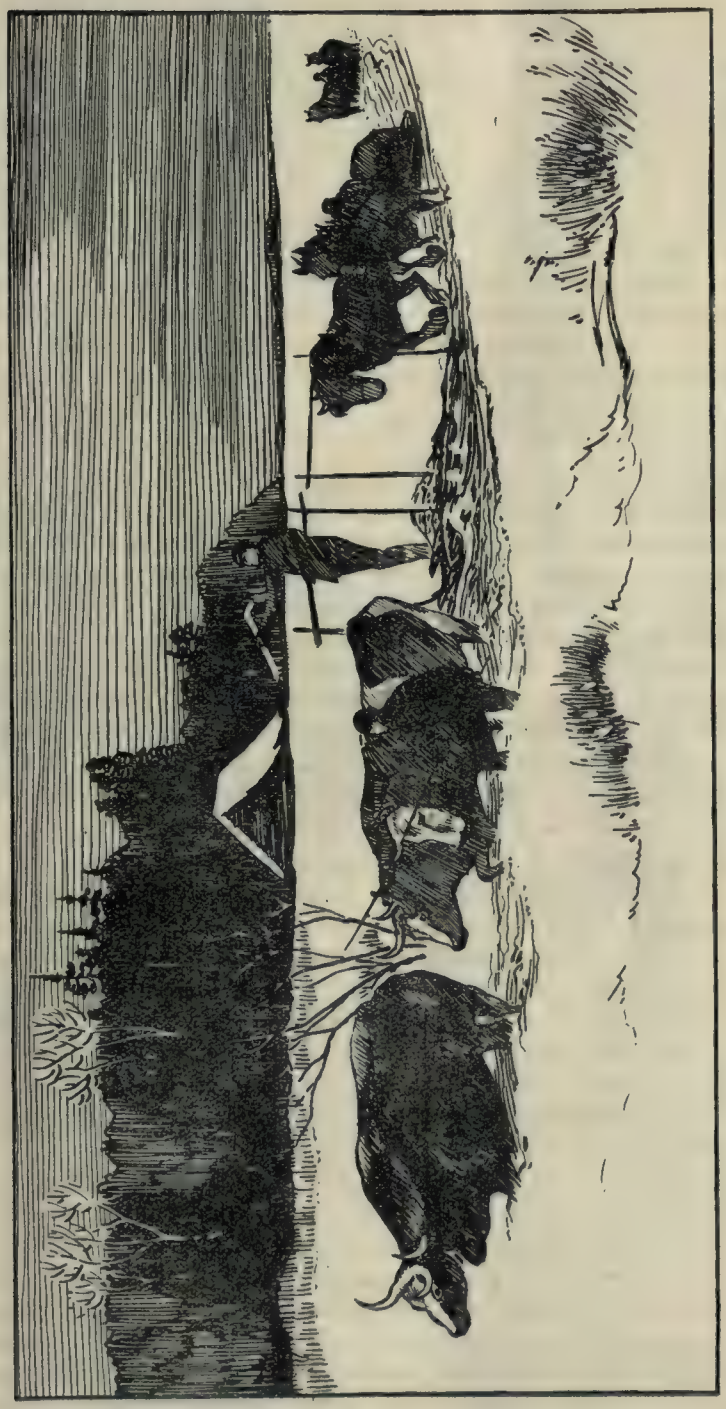
CLASS I	CLASS II
Born in Canada	Born anywhere
Living in Canada	Living in Canada
Interpreting Canada	Interpreting Canada
CLASS III	**CLASS IV**
Born in Canada	Born in Canada
Living anywhere	Living in Canada
Interpreting Canada	Interpreting anything

To these I would add at least two more classes:

CLASS V	CLASS VI
Born in Canada	Born anywhere
Living anywhere	Living in Canada
Interpreting anything	Interpreting anything

Now if we are looking for something representatively Canadian, such a classification may be of assistance to us in making our choice. But the measure of an author's greatness—a novelist author, that is to say—lies not in the place of his birth or residence, but in his ability or success in interpreting, and the greatest novelists would be those falling under the classification of 'interpreting anything'. I do not use this classification here as embracing everything, but as not limiting them merely to interpreting Canada. The greatest novelists, I would say, are those who are masters in the interpretation of human emotions, which are not national but universal. But such an author, if he is to live by his art, cannot live in Canada, or if he does, he must market his wares elsewhere. He is usually forced by circumstances to expatriate himself. His work then is regarded by many people as representative of Canada only in the sense that a hot-house orchid is representative of the tropical country in which it originally grew.

It is not work of this kind, as I understand it, that you are looking for. You want something that interprets Canada. Thus, in the first place, you limit your choice to something which is likely of necessity to be on a somewhat lower plane of literary art. Take the case of a novelist like Gilbert Parker. He occupies a place partly in Class III and partly in Class V. Some of his work, not all of it, is the very finest art, but we find it unsatisfactory as an interpretation of Canada. But he is not primarily interpreting Canada; he is interpreting human emotions. He must have a background and if his background be Canada, what difference does it make for his purpose whether it be absolutely true to the original or not? He is entitled to make his own background to suit himself, but we, with the narrower view, finding the background inaccurate in some respects, condemn the whole work. Now Parker, in my opinion, is the greatest novelist that Canada has produced; but for your purpose, for the reasons I have stated, you are limited to some of our lesser novelists, because it is only they who can furnish you with what you want. If you want French-Canadian pea soup, and get it, you have no right to complain because it isn't some



BREAKING THE ROAD
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different kind of a concoction by some world-famous New York or Paris chef. And I am sure you would not be ashamed to serve pea soup to your English friend if he were your guest.

Now if an author living in Canada and writing of Canada, and without the protection of copyright which he would have in any other country, is able to win a place and public in Canada against the fiercest kind of competition from the current literature of all the English-speaking world, it little becomes us to sneer at and belittle his work. His work must have something worthy and distinctive and characteristic, or it would never get a chance to rear its head in Canada. It is not he but his detractors who deserve to be dismissed as unrepresentative of Canada.

The same detractors have said the same things about Canadian poetry. 'Why is it,' they ask, 'with our boundless plains, our vast forests, our mighty rivers, etc., etc., that no Canadian poet has yet struck a distinctive note?' And this denial, by the way, is always out of accord with the facts. Among critics of this class there seems to be a formula according to which they demand that a Canadian poem be constructed. It must be a sort of metrical descriptive geography, a rhymed catalogue of the physical features, the flora and the fauna of the country. I followed your suggestion and read Polly Masson, finishing it only last night. In it is quoted Sir George Cartier's poem, *O Canada, mon pays! mes amours?* This is a poem written somewhat after this plan and there are many such in English. The same requirements are demanded by the same people of the Canadian novel. And yet I think I would not place works built after these specifications in the highest scale of literary art, worthy as they may be. But if that is what I am demanding, I should not turn up my nose at it when I get it.

If you can agree with me even in part, while your field for choice may not be very large, it is by no means so limited but that you could send your English friend quite a little library, if you so desired, really and truly and honestly representative of Canada and of a degree of literary merit of which you would have no reason to be ashamed.

I shall not venture into particular recommendations, but I am taking the liberty of enclosing a couple of things which I wrote, one a couple of years ago and the other only two or three weeks ago. Neither has been published and probably never will be. I regard them for the present merely as exercises in writing done while temporarily in the mood for that sort of thing. But they will perhaps emphasize, and go into particulars about, some of the points I have raised.

Yours sincerely,

J. Addison Reid.

A Policy for Art Galleries

ONE might be considered unduly optimistic to find the plastic arts in Canada in a hopeful state to-day. Reduced to statistics the situation would not warrant any rush of new students to the art schools. Yet there is an increase of students, more exhibitions, more people to see them and a more intelligent appreciation than there was a few years ago, and this in spite of the fact that most of the artists work along lines quite contrary to the convictions both of the press and the public. Mere selling of paintings has probably decreased. The recent exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, when one canvas along safe traditional lines was the only sale, was not the cause of any particular comment. One exhibitor remarked that 'at any rate it's more than most Canadian manufacturers would do on an open market.'

Canadian art is not suffering from popularity at home. It would probably be given more serious consideration abroad, and outside recognition will be a real stimulus. Not the recognition that comes from exhibiting in Salons or Royal Academies or winning medals, but rather from sending small Canadian exhibitions abroad until our art is recognized as a reflection of our life and environment, as is, for instance, the art of Scandinavia or Spain.

Most of the criticism of Canadian art, instead of being based on a conception of what our art should or might be, is merely based on its differences from or disregard of Barbizon and other European traditions; and however much respect one has for these traditions it is not worth our while trying to reconcile them with the development of an individual art-expression in Canada. In the arts we have the unusual condition of a profession whose members do not try to give the public what it wants, but who go on year after year producing works which are of interest to only a few people outside their own profession. There is but one purchaser in the field—the National Gallery, which has shown both judgment and courage in its purchases.

The lack of a market has not been altogether a detriment. The prospective sale is a curb to the artist spirit. A steady market through a dealer means the end of all creative effort. If there were some assurances that the outstanding canvases in our exhibitions would be purchased, however, it would tend to raise the general standard. One would like to see purchases being made for five or six public collections to be housed in schools, libraries, or other buildings. We are too prone to associate pictures with art galleries, and generally build the gallery before we have anything to put in it. A million-dollar gallery housing ten thousand dollars' worth of humdrum old-fashioned paintings makes an art museum. Having no funds, we have no policy.

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A definite policy is much more of a necessity in an art collection than in a library, as scrapping one foolishly purchased picture might be equivalent to scrapping five hundred books. Unless we intend to have a great gallery embracing art from its earliest beginning, we had better not start with an isolated Italian miniature. We might have a National Gallery with a policy of eventually representing art through all phases of its development, but even a million a year would not make such a museum of international importance to-day. But with good reproductions, copies, and an occasional original it might become an educational centre. The municipal gallery with a limited endowment would show wisdom in leaving old masters alone. Scattering a master's work all over creation makes appreciation and study more difficult for the student and less interesting for the traveller; it is a poor policy for a country to allow its most cherished possessions to become an object of trade. And when the old master is taken from an Old Country collection which may be seen by the public to a collection on this side which may not be seen, the connoisseur is much more a nuisance than a benefactor.

Along with this we find an immense traffic in old master junk—copies and imitations, to which the high values of the occasional original help to give a speculative value—and all duty free, welcomed by the dealers, the press, and the galleries. But when a tube of paint comes along it is held up and made to pay taxes, and yet the tube of paint, and not the imported old master, will determine eventually our place in the domain of fine arts. The Municipal Gallery might confine itself to contemporary work, devoting sections to French, American, Spanish and other painters, but striving to acquire examples of the outstanding painters of each country, not merely a few miscellaneous works by popular and second-rate artists which may find their way out here. Why should we be satisfied with paintings which have been wandering round exhibitions and sales-rooms for fifteen years trying to find a purchaser?

Private collectors run in droves, otherwise we would have interesting little collections of Swedish art, the Italian hill painters, Russian landscape painters, or New England painters, all fine in their way. But, as it is, Mr. Brown buys a Kock-kock; Mr. Smith buys a Kock-kock; Mr. Jones buys a Kock-kock; Mr. Smith buys a de Bock; Mr. Jones buys a de Bock; Mr. Brown buys a de Bock, and so on. Many public collections show this same group spirit.

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> Of all the floating thoughts we find
> Upon the surface of the mind.

Some writers, such as Cobbett and Newman, are absent whom it would have been pleasant to see, but all anthologies are open to this objection. At any rate what is given is alluring enough to send readers to the complete editions of the various letter-writers, though perhaps few appetites are as robust as Mr. Saintsbury's, who wishes Walpole had left sixty instead of sixteen volumes.

What makes a good letter? This question is discussed by Mr. Saintsbury in his introduction, where he speaks too with learning and without pedantry of the history of this kind of writing, and where he also shows his devotion to parentheses, his wide catholic delight in life and books, and his interest in good wine. A letter is a substitute for talk and should have the spontaneity and wholeheartedness of the spoken word. There should be no eye to publication. 'It is just,' writes Swift to Stella, 'as if methinks you were here and I prating to you.' Which is the best prater in the book is a matter of personal taste, but many of them, such as Cowper, Lady Mary, Lamb, and the Carlyles, have the gift of keeping the natural tones of their speaking voice and yet of making their letters works of art. For the happy skill which has gathered a book full of delightful examples of this art we give our best thanks to Professor Saintsbury, who has carried through his task with the same gaiety that sustained him and his readers in his larger ventures in literary history.

Crome Yellow, by Aldous Huxley (Chatto and Windus).

Mr. Huxley has written a delicious book which will appeal to all lovers of good literature. With the possible exception of Max Beerbohm and Kenneth Grahame we know of no writer of to-day whose humour is so delicate, whose touch so light. The reader is guided through a series of scenes in the old-fashioned country house of Crome, in which poet, artist, philosopher and others discuss—we might almost say,

> Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,

so audacious are some of the topics; but Mr. Huxley's wonderful style and his rare humour allow him privileges which few authors can enjoy. The climax with which many a chapter ends is in each case admirably effected. There is, perhaps, nothing better in the book than Denis's description of his poetic passion for the beautiful word 'carminative,' a passion which had grown up with him from his childhood, when he saw the word on a medicine bottle, and how he was on the point of publishing a poem containing the glorious line,

> And passion carminative as wine,

when a happy (or shall we say, unhappy?) chance prompted him to look up the word in a dictionary. It was a stroke of genius, too, to make that dictionary German-English! But we must not spoil the reader's pleasure by giving away any more of the author's secrets, though we should like to tell him what reflections suggested the architectural design of the mansion of Crome, to repeat something of the conversation between Anne and Mary in the bedroom, to mention Denis's three favourite contemporary poets, and—but the reader who loves Sterne and Peacock and Lamb must order the book for himself, as we have done. Indeed it is a book more suited to grace the private shelf than to lie, unrecognized and unwelcomed by the undiscriminating philistine public, upon the shelves of a public library. As one of its admirers observed, what a book for a nunnery!

Criticism

Thomas Hardy, A study of the Wessex Novels, Second Edition, with an Appendix on the Poems and 'The Dynasts,' by H. C. Duffin (Manchester University Press).

It is gratifying to find a University Press publishing a critical examination of a living writer by one who is clearly an apprentice to the art of criticism. It is doubly gratifying to those who believe that criticism by contemporaries has an opportunity of delving deeper than criticism by posterity ever will. The contemporary has an instinctive body of knowledge which more than outweighs the enforced objectivity of historical criticism. In the case of Thomas Hardy we doubt whether posterity will have much to add to what Lionel Johnson, Lascelles Abercrombie, Harold Child and Middleton Murry have said.

Mr. Duffin's book, first published in 1916, cannot be placed alongside the work of these practised hands. But he has a gift of almost uncouth sincerity, of

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vehement preferences, of fearless unreserve, that the hardened professional may well envy him. He drives the reader helter-skelter back to Hardy and that is enough to justify him. The book may be recommended particularly to the student, more still to the solitary student, of Hardy. There is matter for argument everywhere, especially on the score of *Jude The Obscure,* which probably has fewer upholders in Canada than in England.

The poetry cannot be dealt with satisfactorily in an appendix. As it is, Mr. Duffin spends too much of his time 'spotting winners' and too little in determining what winners and losers have in common. And his flashes of discrimination are marred by his use of the touchstone of 'pure poetic quality' which, in Hardy's case, is a flagrant begging of the question. Hardy, alone in his time, is forcing upon us a sweeping re-valuation of the term 'poetic quality.' He is our Wordsworth.

Drama

Esther and Berenice, Two Plays, by John Masefield (The Macmillan Co., New York).

Esther is an adaptation from Racine, *Berenice* a translation. They were made 'for the use of a little company of amateur players who wished to try their art in verse plays.' There is little more to be said. The volume adds nothing to Mr. Masefield's reputation; there is not an inspired word in it. One is driven off to extrinsic questions—the relation of Racine to the English mind, the impossibility of reproducing the manner of Racine in English, and the vagaries of Mr. Masefield's career.

It is evident by this time that we cannot expect steadiness of growth from Mr. Masefield. He is not a beginner, but his direction of growth, his creative self-control, his self-knowledge are as precarious as they were fifteen years ago when he was, as we thought, beginning to find himself. The balance of temperament which has enabled writers like Hardy and Conrad to put out all that was in them is denied to Mr. Masefield. He has done splendid things, but he has done them spasmodically. Hence, we must presume, these pedestrian translations of French drama from the pen of one who should be writing great dramas of his own.

Fiction

Peter Whiffle, by Carl Van Vechten (Macmillan, $2.50).

This volume, as one learns from the jacket (the only quiet feature of the book), 'may be said to belong to the "literature of escape."' It purports to be a sketch of the life and works of one Peter Whiffle, a literary eccentric who was always gathering material for a book which he never wrote. Mr. Van Vechten is a clever writer, with quite a turn for epigram, and with a Shavian self-confidence that enables him to chat with the reader over a printer's error on page 240 of another of his own books. He is very smart, very sophisticated, very familiar with the Village in New York and the Left Bank in Paris. Most of the volume is gay salon chatter, with some club anecdotes, saucy or otherwise, about more or less well-known people. There are breezy literary criticisms, facile, but as superficial as most other things in the book. There is really only one serious character, and that is George Moore, the cat. Consequently, conversation sometimes flags, whereupon the story is apt to become as enumerative as a battle roll-call in the Mabinogion. The list given of the necromantic subjects that Peter studies must have involved quite as much labour in collection as would have been required for the filling of the page with literature. After all, one is left with a feeling of regret or annoyance that such a gifted writer should seriously exercise his talent on a compilation that chiefly needs a carminative.

The Soul of a Child, by Edwin Björkman (Macmillan, $2.50).

'All great art is a matter of cataloguing life, summing it up in a list of objects,' said Peter Whiffle once. If this is true, then the first part of *The Soul of a Child* is great art. There is, of course, definite justification for this, since the book deals with the ten years of a boy's life between five and fifteen. Naturally, then, the first part gives us a minute, objective description of the home, that of a lower middle-class Stockholm family. The boy's growing consciousness of the outside world is sympathetically and convincingly revealed. He is an only child and sensitive. Here we have a partial accounting for the total absence of the glorious boisterousness and mischievous high spirits that are characteristic of such typical American boys of fiction as Tom Sawyer and Penrod. One doubts if Mr. Björkman's psychological conscience would permit him to indulge in Toms and Penrods. They are too perennially delightful. On the other hand, he will not allow his hero to lead the dream life with which so many lone children solace themselves. The last part of the book is much more subjective. It is really a remarkable study of the crisis of puberty, at times depressing, but profoundly true. The high school life is well and soberly told, with the boy companionships, the dying away of interest in school studies, the emergence of new ambitions. The characteristic problem of puberty itself is discussed frankly. The morbid condition described is probably by no means so uncommon as many would like to believe. There is one lapse in the book, one touch of melodrama, in the prize-distribution chapter. Still, someone has to be head of the class. There is no glamour, and there are no hectic moments, but in a style that is direct, vivid and careful, the author has told an interesting story.

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Cytherea, by Joseph Hergesheimer (Macmillan, Toronto; $2.50).

An excellent example of the numerous class of novels which deals with life at arm's length. It is as free from the distant glamour of romance or sentiment as from the close sympathy of imaginative insight. The reader is kept calmly interested, and is only very occasionally reminded of the actual pressure of real life. He is a disinterested spectator almost all the time. Mr. Hergesheimer's characters are quite as real as are all our chance acquaintances. Compared with people into whose lives we have any insight, they are shadowy and generalized. This is true in spite of the fact that Lee Randon and Savina, the two chief characters, are both pathological studies. Great fiction never finds its escape from the commonplace in the pathological. Interesting though this may be, it can never stir our imagination as the intensely normal can, and it must be admitted that *Cytherea* leaves us cold and unconcerned.

The general theme is the reaction of a group of mature men and women to the sudden freeing of manners in American society after the war. The subject must be interesting to all who have experienced anything comparable to this liberation, but it is disappointing to find that Mr. Hergesheimer's observations of the phenomenon carry us so short a way in the understanding of human nature.

Lucretia Lombard, by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page & Company, N.Y. & Toronto, 1922).

In this novel the usual stock-in-trade of 'lighter fiction' is nonchalantly shuffled into some sort of form, the main object apparently being to achieve a triumphant, if incredible, happy ending from a tangled web of embezzlement, spiritualism and matrimonial problems.

Kathleen Norris's popularity, which, according to her publishers, is great, can only, I think, be accounted for by her light-hearted conception of a Fate as a benignant and unscrupulous match-maker of great ingenuity in the scaling of any obstacle in the course of true love. Invalid husbands are poisoned by fortuitous (but innocent) mishandling of drugs, great forests opportunely catch fire, and impediments in the shape of guileless fiancés are, when no longer loved, snuffed out by heart failure. In fact, by hook or by crook (largely the latter), Fate clears the way. But I don't know if anyone much cares.

Economics

The Founders of Political Economy, by Jan H. Lewinski (P. S. King and Son, London).

Dr. Lewinski is Professor of Political Economy in the University of Lublin, in Poland. His book is an apt illustration of the difficulties which beset intellectual workers in central Europe during and after the war. He complains in his preface that, instead of completing his studies in London, as he had hoped to do, he was compelled for a long time to depend on the sources available in Warsaw. Nevertheless, the Polish libraries seem to have served him well, for he quotes from a large and varied pamphlet literature.

His book has the virtue of brevity. He has compressed within less than 170 pages a critical analysis of the methods of investigation and the theories developed by the Physiocrats, Adam Smith and David Ricardo. There is an excellent small reproduction of Quesnay's *Tableau Economique*. Malthus, unhappily, receives very scant attention; the theory of population is perhaps regarded as off the beaten track. Room is found, however, for a final chapter on the successors of Ricardo.

Dr. Lewinski here permits himself certain *obiter dicta* which cannot but rouse opposition. It is surely the height of unwisdom to leave unguarded such statements as the following, which dismisses the 'productivity' theory of wages: 'This theory is based on some examples, but it does not take into account many facts which are not in accordance with it, and can hardly be considered as an economic law.' Whether the writer of this casual judgment has any taste for academic controversy, we have no means of knowing; if he has, we respectfully suggest that he devote his next book to modern theories of wages. He must be aware that he has trodden on the tails of several very famous coats; and economists, through more than two centuries of wrangling, have remained pugnacious animals.

On the whole, however, the discussion is solid and thorough. Less ground is covered in detail than, for instance, in the similar study by Professor Davenport; but there is all the difference in the world between a handbook and a bulky treatise. Both have their uses; and the busy student (to whom a big treatise is sometimes a doubtful blessing) will find this short handbook very useful.

Sociology

Prohibition in America and Its Relation to the Problem of Public Control of Personal Conduct, by Arthur Newsholme (P. S. King and Son. London).

Arthur Newsholme, K.C.B., M.D., late principal medical officer of the Local Government Board of England, and Lecturer in Public Health at Johns Hopkins University, has published a very well written, very convincing, and very fair opinion on this subject.

In a small book of some sixty odd pages he produces an appalling number of statistics to prove the value of prohibition as a prohibiting agent; and in spite of any opinion you may have held previously on the subject he carries you with him, not on a wave of enthusiasm, but of sound proof and common sense.

By accurate tables he has proved beyond a doubt that Prohibition is the result of years of steady work by thoughtful people; and is not the reaction of an hysterical people trying to be a nation all at once, on the occasion of a tardy entrance into war. He deals very fairly with the objections to national Prohibition, and instead of attacking them gives, as his side of the argument, the results of national Prohibition during the first year of its operation.

He explodes the bogy of prohibition causing increase in the use of narcotic drugs and quotes a former President of the American Medical Association as saying: 'The number of these cases (drug addicts) is very small compared with the number that were made drug addicts by the free use of alcohol in the past.'

He claims that undoubtedly the domestic manufacture of alcoholic drinks has greatly increased, but states that in balancing up results, smuggling, illicit manufacture and sale, and increased domestic production of alcoholic drinks together, are not on such a scale as to counterbalance the increased abstinence resulting from prohibition.

The essential points are that the majority of the American population are rapidly losing their appetite for alcoholic drinks, and that the young people have less opportunity to acquire the appetite.

Short Notices

The New Student (The National Student Forum. New York).

We have received two copies of this excellent little bi-monthly paper and can only wish it every success in a bitterly partisan world. It is the organ of the National Student Forum, a newly formed organization designed to link up the various liberal (*i.e.*, open-minded) discussion clubs in American universities, and it has no platform beyond that of academic freedom and the right of freedom of speech for students. Its object is to put before the members of the Forum, and others, the *facts* concerning all subjects which affect them. This does not confine it by any means to academics, and we may expect to see its editor devoting much space to such questions as the coal strike and to great political issues. Canadian students could scarcely do better than to follow this example.

The Times Survey Atlas of the World (Macmillans, Toronto, $60.00).

This atlas has been prepared since the signing of the Peace Treaties, under the direction of Dr. J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. It is bound in half-leather. Among its attractions is a Gazatteer-Index of over 300 pages, which contains more than 200,000 references.

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Trade and Industry

	Feb. 1922	Mar. 1922	Apr. 1922	May 1922	May 1921
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	159.1	157.1	158.2	158.5	176.8
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$21.07	$20.96	$20.66	.....	$22.84
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	81.6	81.8	82.8	.....	86.5
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	108.1	108.5	112.0	112.3	108.6

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the middle of each month, but, owing to a change in the method of computation at Ottawa, from May 1922 onwards the figures will refer to the end of the month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

A GOOD deal of wisdom is condensed in Mr. Reginald McKenna's recent warning that we must not confuse stock exchange activity with trade revival. The international boom in securities is pursuing its course of three months past with few variations. The doubts that overshadowed May 31st, and the fear that the French might precipitate a crisis in Europe, have produced a temporary small setback in the bond market. In the stock markets the rise in Canadian securities has been somewhat smaller than, for instance, the rise in the leading American securities; but, as our table shows, there has been a small upward movement.

Nevertheless, industrially, the month has been one of stagnation. Stagnation in prices has probably been accompanied, except in the seasonal industries, by something not unlike stagnation in the labour market. Though the automobile industry has been active in this country (as well as in England and the United States) there has been no such general recrudescence of activity in Canada as appears to have occurred during the last four months in the eastern United States. We have not yet recovered the ground which has been lost during the last twelve months.

Meanwhile, it is coming to be recognized, more and more generally, how vitally the prospect for a revival later in the year depends on an improvement in the position of the Canadian farmer. An interesting article by Professor David Friday in a recent number of *The New Republic* suggests that, so far as the recent history of the United States is concerned, the products of industry and of agriculture have from year to year been of almost equal value. In those years in which the value of agricultural products has appreciated, there has been a quick increase in the value of industrial products too. In those years in which the value of agricultural products has declined, there has been an almost exactly corresponding decline in the value of industrial products. Moreover, since the prices of industrial products are a good deal more stable and less easily reduced than the prices of farm products, the fall in the prices of farm products has been accompanied fairly uniformly by a corresponding reduction in industrial employment. Cheap crops make idle factories. American and Canadian experience in this respect seem to have been somewhat similar.

Of the prospects for an impending revival in the purchasing power of the Canadian farmer it is still exceedingly difficult to speak. The recent fall in wheat prices is not a good augury, but the harvest in the Northwest is still so far distant that a reversal of present market conditions is easily possible before it is gathered. Meanwhile, although the seeding has been somewhat delayed on the prairie, it is a delay not altogether to be regretted. Seeding in the dry areas was delayed by a very heavy fall of snow at Easter which, as the snow melted, insured an adequate supply of moisture for the growing months to farmers who have been gambling for years past with insufficient moisture. Reports from west of Winnipeg state that generally the precipitation has been almost ideal. Though the area sown to wheat seems to have been somewhat smaller than the corresponding area last year, unless some unforeseen change in weather conditions spoils the present prospect, there should be a fairly heavy crop.

G. E. JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE session has been concluded at Ottawa. Members have gone to their homes for a few months to think it over. It is safe to say that few of them, few at least of the government supporters, will follow the good British custom and make occasion to describe in public addresses what has been accomplished. Indeed singularly little has been accomplished, and for two very good reasons. The government is Liberal by name and Conservative by nature, while the Senate, Conservative in age and interests as well as in politics, stands ready to block any advanced legislation which might happen to filter through the Commons. As a matter of fact the government lies much nearer the Conservative opposition than it does to the Progressives with whom, before the die was cast, the Prime Minister sought an alliance. It is on personal grounds mainly, and because the political memory of Quebec is long, that Mr. King and many of his followers must remain for the present in a different camp from Mr. Meighen and his followers. Were it not for this Sir Lomer Gouin and Mr. McCrea would not find it hard to agree with Sir Henry Drayton and Mr. Stevens. When time has healed wounds that are still tender, it may well happen that the two old parties will unite against a reconstituted party of progress.

PERHAPS in no single act of the session was the character of the government more clearly shown than in its attitude towards the resolution moved by the Labour member for Centre Winnipeg. A committee was appointed to deal with this resolution, which asked for the restoration to all accused of political offences of the right to trial by jury. It will be remembered that in the unrest following the close of the war, at the time of the Winnipeg strike, the laws were hurriedly amended so as to make it possible for government officials to deport, without trial, those regarded as politically undesirable, whether British subjects or not. Mr. Woodsworth asked that the time-honoured liberty of the subject should be restored, and that every man should be able to claim a trial by his peers before being adjudged guilty of that most elusive class of crimes described by the term 'political.' One would have thought that Mr. King, whom the Toronto *Globe* loves to depict as the grandson of the little rebel, would at once have shown himself the champion of liberty. The question was referred to a committee. The committee also received the task of reviving the immigration laws. Mr. Woodsworth, who is an authority on immigration, was called before the committee, but, contrary to the usual practice with movers of resolutions, was not made a member of it. The committee reported that the whole Immigration Act needed further consideration. Meanwhile they deferred any action on the particular subject of the resolution. The government turned a deaf ear to the requests of the Labour members that the legislation which had actually been invoked against Labour leaders should be definitely repealed. Liberals and Conservatives alike are guilty of blocking the restoration of rights essential to political freedom.

IT is to be hoped that the day of millionaire fortunes, made from the easy exploitation of Ontario timber resources by political favourites, is drawing rapidly to a close. How easy that exploitation has been, even recently, is revealed by the report of the Riddell-Latchford Timber Commission just made public. After a full and careful investigation the commissioners find that in 1919 alone 1,065 square miles of timber were sold privately without the decent precaution of advertising, that crown timber officers have frequently been untrustworthy, that the Doyle rule as employed for measuring present day small timber is hopelessly inaccurate, that lumber from berths of different grades and prices has been mixed up and paid for at the price of the lowest grade, that the system of book-keeping employed in the Department of Lands and Forests is scarcely good enough for a country store (to use the words of the report), and that as a result of these conditions the Province has not only been systematically defrauded of revenues due under contracts made, but has also lost heavily by the contracts themselves. On the basis of the two interim reports action has already been taken in the courts and, as a result of judgments by the courts and of voluntary settlements, half a million dollars have already been paid over by

various companies, with six hundred thousand dollars still to come. This is some slight indication of what has probably been going on for years. It was not taken notice of while timber still abounded, but, with the mounting prices of lumber and the destruction of our forests by fire and the axe of the woodsman, people are beginning to demand an accounting from timber administrators. The labours of the commission have thoroughly aroused public opinion. In its report are contained practical suggestions for the complete re-organization of the Department and for the maintenance of our timber supplies. With the support of public opinion and the course of action marked out, the Department now has its opportunity to institute a policy which, instead of making a few millionaires, will provide an abundant and perennial supply of lumber at reasonable prices.

SINCE the days of Ryerson, rural Ontario has been traditionally keen on education. But recent legislation has involved all Ontario, and particularly the rural sections, in grave practical difficulties. In attempting to carry out the act respecting adolescent school attendance it has been discovered that school accommodation is quite inadequate. Many townships and counties whose school taxes even now are greatly in excess of those in the cities fail to see how they can provide the necessary buildings and equipment. In order to arrive at some solution of the difficulty the Minister of Education invited the County Councils to send delegates to a conference in Toronto on July 5th. In a multitude of minds there is much wisdom, but it can be given practical direction only where there is effective leadership. Each delegate's ideas were based principally on the apparent needs of his own township and county. It developed at once that a system suitable for a wealthy and thickly populated county like Brant would not do at all for a relatively poor and sparsely populated county like Frontenac. The method of paying for the secondary education of pupils who attend schools outside their own immediate locality is so varied and so complex at the present time that the conference remained at sea in its discussions, and more than one delegate was heard to advocate in despair that there be no further 'tinkering' with existing school legislation. The Minister is, no doubt, making an honest effort to secure the best advice possible and he is to be commended for going for advice to the pepple most vitally affected, but it would appear that the solution of the difficulty is not to be found thus. The dry bones of our educational system need to be quickened into life. Its complexities await the touch of a mind at once simple and masterful which sees bricks and souls in their proper relation.

TO those who have persistently regarded the leaders of the Free State as men who held their pledges lightly, willing, if necessary, to jettison the Treaty should circumstances admit of an even more successful assertion of Irish independence, the siege of the Four Courts supplies an effective answer. They waited only long enough to be sure that the nation was behind them before using all the means at their disposal against the Valeristas. The troops on whom they relied have acquitted themselves excellently in that most difficult of all forms of warfare, street fighting. Despite the widespread and devastating ruin of historic buildings, the number of casualties seems to have been unexpectedly small. A pathetic feature of the struggle has been the extreme youth of many of the prisoners. De Valera, Childers, and O'Connor have traded on the idealism of boyhood, and boyhood has paid a cruel penalty. At the time of writing it seems that the back of the rebellion has been broken; but, just as unsettled conditions persisted in many parts of Ireland for many weeks after Easter, 1916, so, too, we must look for a slow pacification to follow the battles in Dublin. It may be months before the last of the Flying Columns has done its work, and the law of the Free State is acknowledged everywhere; the process will certainly be costly. Still longer and more difficult will be the task of yoking in the service of the Free State the devotion and nobility which so recently betrayed Young Ireland into the hands of reckless diehards. It is the fanatics on either side who must be feared.

ONE has only to turn to history to remind oneself that the classical injunction which restrains the living from reproaching the dead has nothing but the most temporary validity. Obviously, too, there are cases in which even this brief respite of personal respect must give way before broader and more pressing considerations. One of these cases, we believe, arises out of the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson; for the evil consequences of this particularly stupid crime can only be aggravated by obituary laudation which refuses to recognize the relation between the political situation that made the crime possible and the victim who strove himself to create the situation. Since Sir Edward Carson's partial retirement, Sir Henry Wilson has stood for all that was bitter and uncompromising in Northern Ireland. He made no secret of his hatred of the Treaty, or of his hope that events would furnish an excuse for the reconquest of the South. His whole political doctrine was a doctrine of force; and his whole political activity, in the few months of his public life, resolved itself into an effort to create a situation that would involve the re-employment of force against his fellow countrymen. His fundamental conception of politics, and particularly of political methods, was, in fact, hardly distinguishable from that of his maleficent antagonist, Rory O'Connor. Both fanatics, they displayed the common failing of their kind in a wilful disregard of the inevitable reactions of their

policy. It will be said that Sir Henry Wilson has paid the penalty in his own person. He has; but he has not exhausted it. That never happens in these cases; for the ideal assassination, according to Mazzini, in which all the evil and oppression for which the individual stands perishes with him, is to-day, whatever it may have been in the days of absolute government, a fatal illusion. The people of Ireland continue to bear the burden of Sir Henry Wilson's intransigence, just as they continue to bear the burden of Mr. O'Connor's and of the other fanatics', Orange and Green, who carry on his methods and his ideals. Only the realization of these facts can mitigate the evil that has been done.

LAST month witnessed another political murder the consequences of which are already being felt, not in a single country, but throughout Europe. Important as it was, the part played by Dr. Walther Rathenau in the slow task of European reconstruction during the last two years was only an indication of the part he seemed destined to play in a more generous future. Not only had his ability and his political vision marked him out as one of the few men capable of organizing a common effort towards re-settlement, but his increasing reputation with men of good-will in countries besides his own, combined with the apparent stability of his career in a day when leases of power are brief and uncertain, se med to have endowed him with that rare and essential quality that the Americans have described in reference to their presidential candidates as 'availability.' Now all of that is wasted. At the very time when great qualities are most needed, Germany loses the man who was capable alike of directing great industries and of applying far-reaching social reforms, of extracting the best from capitalism and of anticipating at the same time a higher social order. What is more serious still is that Europe loses one of the few possible means of a reasonably early reconciliation between France and Germany.

AT the time of writing it is almost impossible to discover the exact connection between the assassination and the succession of disastrous events that now threatens to overwhelm the German republic. One hesitates to believe that they can all be the direct result of the death of a public man however eminent. What seems to be more likely is that Dr. Rathenau's murder was itself in the nature of an effect rather than a cause, though an effect that has brought with it calamitous subsidiary effects of its own. The prime cause lies further back. The policy of conciliation for which Rathenau stood has never been without opponents in Germany, and naturally their bitterness has grown with their growing conviction that that policy meant inevitable humiliation for the German state. Each fresh ultimatum, each additional threat of force by France, has meant something more than a blow to the prestige of those Germans like Rathenau who were honestly attempting to discover some solution of the impossible provisions of the Treaty. It has meant an intensification of the hatred with which a minority of their fellow-countrymen regarded them. Already this spirit had claimed one noteworthy victim in the person of Erzberger, and already one determined attempt had been made to upset the republic that was the cause of all this humiliation. The reason the second attempt has been so long delayed lies, no doubt, to some extent in the hope cherished by all moderate men in Germany that Mr. Lloyd George would succeed in persuading the French government to modify its unrelenting attitude. For the moment that hope seemed to be unattainable. Genoa had failed; the Bankers' Committee had failed; and M. Poincaré pursued triumphantly his devastating course. What is more natural than that the extreme elements in Germany should have found in this situation a favourable moment for a fresh attempt at counter-revolution? The murder of Rathenau and of other men of independent mind, such as Maximilian Harden, was to have served as the signal. Though the general plan seems to have miscarried, it is impossible to say at the moment what the outcome may be; for the menace of a violent social revolution always lurks in the background. No person has summed up the situation better than the German Chancellor when he declared that the assassination of Walther Rathenau was simply a foretaste of the state of madness to which French policy was driving the German people.

ON July 8th, 1822, Shelley was drowned. To turn back to his poems is to be amazed at the intensity of his feeling and imagination and the courage of his experience. He is for ever set beyond and above all minor poets by the double fact that his knowledge of the powers of the spirit seems all intuitive, his knowledge of suffering and passion all experiential. Knowledge of himself is all the knowledge that he needs. In *Prometheus Unbound* he compares the soul of man with 'unextinguished fire.' But he is speaking for himself and he knows too well that the world is held back from perfection by the negative forces which extinguish and discourage. Shelley, the apostle of perfectibility, the poet of revolt, has 'a passion for reforming the world,' not through prohibition and restraint, but through setting free the fire which is the soul of man. To us of these days, when reform so often means putting fresh chains on man, Shelley speaks with a clear, positive challenge

> to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

In the education of children, in social relations, in international politics the line is clearly drawn between those who believe in authority, repression, domination

and those who hold with Shelley to the ideal of man 'sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed,' man

> Whose nature is its own divine control,
> Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea.

What a death-blow such a faith, if widely accepted, would deal to most of those who concern themselves with the moral life of our Canadian communities! Where are the leaders that call to the more abundant life which Shelley proclaims? Where is the family or church or school which raises the standard of creative living? Shelley seems remote indeed from our civilization. For what could be more uncomfortable than to think of human nature as 'unextinguished fire!'?

IN his newly published volume of poems Mr. Thomas Hardy prints an apology which comes nearer to being a public pronouncement on the times than anything of his that we can recall. It is not deeply interesting but coming from so important an Englishman it is bound to be examined by future students of this epoch and on those grounds alone calls for our consideration. Mr. Hardy believes that to-day 'belief in witches of Endor is displacing the Darwinian theory,' that 'men's minds appear . . . to be moving backwards rather than on' and that 'whether owing to the barbarizing of taste in the younger minds by the dark madness of the late war, the unabashed cultivation of selfishness in all classes, the plethoric growth of knowledge simultaneously with the stunting of wisdom, "a degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation" (to quote Wordsworth again), or from any other cause, we seem threatened with a new Dark Age.' This utterance, which is based, it would seem, upon a conviction that poetry in 'this century of free verse' is in a parlous state, gains in weight from the fact that Mr. Hardy is very much revered by the younger generation of poets. But it is the hidden idealism of the thought that is of immediate importance to us. Mr. Hardy takes poetry so seriously as to identify it with religion, regarding the two as 'different names for the same thing,' 'the visible signs of mental and emotional life', and until this ideal dies outright we must refuse to despair.

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The Ontario Experiment in Government

NEARLY three years ago Mr. Drury was called from his fall ploughing to be Prime Minister of Ontario. He was not then a Member of the Legislature. Very few of the members elected were personally known to him. The Farmers were a minority in the House. Even with the promised support of the Labour group—a promise which was not redeemed in the case of two of the group—the new Premier had barely a majority, not indeed a working majority. Yet no other leader could command an equal following, and he accepted the task of forming a government.

For some days he hid himself from the public in a little room in an out-of-the-way office building in the city of Toronto. To this retreat he called leaders in the Farmer and Labour movements. From it he sent out emissaries to inquire into the fitness of this or that member for various portfolios. His task was rendered the more difficult because most of those from whom he had to choose were quite unacquainted with public life, and because the outstanding men in the Farmers' Movement had not offered themselves as candidates for the Legislature but had chosen the Federal field, where agrarian policies have a more direct application. Within the Farmer and Labour groups our modern Cincinnatus found it impossible to form a complete ministry. He was constrained to call to his assistance as Minister of Agriculture a former lecturer at the Agricultural College and a prominent dairy man, and as Attorney General a lawyer who was closely identified with the Prohibition Movement.

When the Prime Minister and his two extra-mural colleagues had finally with much tribulation secured seats, the new Cabinet set to work. All of the members were innocent of Parliamentary experience, to say nothing of the administration of Departments of Government. But the Conservative party had been too badly shattered in the election to offer any effective opposition, and several of the Liberal members, friendly to the Farmers, gave the government fairly constant support. Thus it has survived three sessions and lived long enough to give critics an opportunity of estimating the sweeping qualities of a new type of broom.

On the whole the people of Ontario were disposed to give the venture a fair chance. They were weary of the petty strife of the two old parties, whose differences in principle, slight even in the national field, become in provincial politics indistinct to the point of vanishing. Besides, many Canadians of to-day, especially the growing industrial population, take their politics less seriously than did an earlier generation, and here was a political phenomenon which might prove interesting and amusing.

But there were some thoughtful citizens who wondered how men accustomed to handling the comparatively small business of an Ontario farm would succeed in managing the great business of the wealthiest province of the Dominion. Honesty they expected in the administration, but parsimony and incapacity for big projects they anticipated as well.

It was not strange, then, that the first and most spectacular trial of the strength of the Drury Government should come in connection with the operations of the Hydro Commission. Here was an administrative commission, indirectly and to a degree directly responsible to the Government, which had been appointed to direct the development and distribution of hydro-electrical energy. Under an enthusiastic and energetic chairman the commission had extended its operations till the power commitments of the Province had passed the $50,000,000 mark and might approach $100,000,000, while in addition an ambitious scheme of radial railways was projected to connect the cities in central and western Ontario. The latter enterprise first gave pause to the Government. The rapid increase in the use of motor trucks and motor cars and the alleged failure of many similar ventures in the United States led the Government to decide that it could not permit the commission to proceed with the radial scheme without further investigation. So a commission was appointed to review the work of a commission, the one an investigating commission which the Government favours, the other an administrative commission to which it is not equally partial. The city dailies almost without exception were vigorous in their protests. The rural press was equally strong in its support of the Government, and professed to see in the radial enterprise on the one hand an ally of the tariff in building up the city, particularly Toronto, at the expense of the country, and on the other hand a dangerous impairment of the credit of the Province. The Sutherland Commission finally reported, and in general its findings were hostile to the radial scheme, to this extent justifying the Government's hesitation. It was now deemed advisable to examine the expenditure on the Chippawa power canal and plant, which had yearly surpassed the original estimate. At the present time a second commission is engaged in this work. Whether this policy be praised by posterity as wise economy, or damned as narrow parsimony, it will at least be said that in running counter to the strongest newspapers the government has shown no lack of courage.

Almost as controversial has been the attitude of the Government and particularly of the Attorney-General, Mr. Raney, in the enforcement of the Ontario Temperance Act. Like the hydro question this was an inheritance from former governments. The Act, whatever its good or bad qualities, had the support of the electors, having obtained almost a two-thirds majority in a referendum. In many parts of rural Ontario—in fact in almost all rural Ontario not peopled by those of French and German descent —the prohibition sentiment was overwhelming. Gradually in the previous fifty years, by local option, the sale of intoxicationg beverages had been eliminated from the townships and villages and even from certain towns and cities. The larger centres were much less sure of prohibition and some of them gave a majority against it in the referendum. The law was rendered difficult of enforcement because of adverse sentiment in the cities, because of facilities for importing liquor from Quebec and 'short-circuiting' within the Province for some time after the passing of the Act, because of the fabulous profits from rum-running at the United States border, and because the manufacture of liquor within the Province was not illegal. Opposition to the Act (particularly to the espionage employed in its enforcement), often bitter and sometimes unscrupulous, has been encountered chiefly by the Attorney-General. Naturally pugnacious, Mr. Raney has replied in kind. As a result he always moves in a hurricane and is on occasion accused of every vice except lack of courage.

Attention to the hydro and Mr. Raney has served to draw the public mind away from matters of perhaps greater importance. The educational policy of the Government has been singularly neglected. No striking reforms have been made, and such changes as have been achieved in a system notorious for its rigidity have been scarcely noticed in the press. It is a significant fact that Mr. Drury in his earliest speeches as Prime Minister had much to say of an educational awakening; it is equally significant that during the past two years he has been almost silent on the subject. Two valuable pieces of work have been accomplished, the adoption of certain changes in the high school curriculum which were recommended by a committee of representative educationalists, and a movement for the organization of trustees which has brought some appearance of life to the annual convention at Toronto. But the improvement of the status of the teacher, and especially the rural teacher, which would make possible a repetition of the days when our boys were taught by men, and the country knew what it was to have a teacher who had a stake in the community, and not a young school mistress here to-day and away to-morrow—this is left to the law of supply and demand and the stereotyped system of training schools. The thorny question of division of taxes as between separate and public

schools, where the minority claims an injustice and a violation of the spirit of the British North America Act—this has been left to the courts, to the letter of the law which killeth. The great opportunity to remedy a manifest injustice to the French-speaking citizens of the Province, an act which would do more for Canadian unity and the happiness of generations yet unborn than any single act within the scope of provincial powers—this has been left to time and chance.

Disappointing also has been the progress made in forestry. For twenty years Mr. Drury has been a public advocate of forest conservation and forest extension. Yet his ministry has so far achieved little of a constructive character. A timber probe revealed great faults in the previous administration. Certain monies thus lost to the Province were recovered and presumably the leakage has stopped. Provision has been made for assistance to counties which care to undertake reforestation, and Simcoe County has made a beginning on the now barren pine planes a few miles from Crown Hill. But a broad constructive policy which will see to it that lumber companies return as much to the land as they take away and which will stimulate the planting of the hundreds of thousands of acres now lying idle in settled parts of the Province still awaits a minister of vision and energy.

Mr. Biggs has been building roads. He has not been lacking in enthusiasm and capacity. As a minister, he has occasionally been lacking in discretion. The social and economic value of good roads is undoubted, but within the near future the province will have to face two questions. It will have to consider how great an expenditure on road-building is warranted by the density of our population, and it must ascertain whether adequate provision for the maintenance of the new highways has been made. If they are allowed to fall into disrepair a large capital outlay will have been wasted.

Social reform has not been neglected, and here, as on the whole with this Government, good administrative appointments have been made. Mothers' Allowances for widows left with insufficient money to bring up their families properly are being provided under a capable board. A series of standard minimum wages is being established, again under good officials. The minimum wage law, however, applies only to women workers, and its real test comes with a period of falling prices. The Workmen's Compensation Act as amended and administered, is criticized both by certain manufacturers and by the medical profession, whose complaints seem to have received scant attention.

In the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Doherty has made substantial progress. An experimental scheme of rural credits and provincial savings banks has called down upon his head the warnings, and even the protests, of certain financial interests, but it merits a fair trial. Already through his assistance co-operative selling of fruit by the Niagara fruit growers has been carried on during one season with marked success, and plans are again developed for a similar province-wide handling of dairy produce. In a period of serious depression in agriculture, following rapid deflation and the virtual closing of the best of our export markets, the Minister of Agriculture appears to be doing what he can to assist the farmers of the Province.

The Government, then, has its weakness and its strength. Its success has not been so marked or so uniform as to assure a favourable verdict when an appeal is made to the country in a year's time. On the other hand neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives would seem to have strengthened their position appreciably during the parliamentary term. The Labour group has been ineffective and has not maintained its strength in the province. It is probable that some arrangement will have to be made between the Farmers and the Liberals, after the next election. If Proportional Representation, or at least the transferable vote, is used at the polls, such an arrangement will probably be preceded by a similar compromise in the minds of the electorate in the several ridings.

What Happened to Germany

II

THE record of what has happened to Germany is not completed by the preceding article. What follows is not said in a spirit of carping criticism. I fully appreciate all that can be said in extenuation of the conduct of certain powers. When political realities and economic realities *appear* to be incommensurable, the statesmen of France are hard put to it to act rationally. Germans, of course, see in such incidents as those I am about to record nothing but France's venomous desire to disintegrate Germany and to terminate her national existence. With this view I have no sympathy. On the other hand, one must needs be callous not to admit the inevitableness of the German view once the effects of French policy in Germany are understood. To record all these effects would carry us far beyond the bounds of an article like the present. I content myself with the recital of a few of the most disturbing effects.

Germany agreed to the ultimatum in May, 1921, unconditionally. No alternative was left her. But

the German Government stated distinctly, and this statement was made frankly in the Reichstag and was well-known to the Allied Powers, that whatever hopes might exist for the fulfilment of the conditions of the ultimatum, it would, even with the best of intentions, be impossible to meet these conditions if any considerable part of the great mining and industrial district of Upper Silesia were detached from Germany. In view of the total vote of the area in question (taken under Article 88 of the Treaty) Germans had some justification in expecting that Upper Silesia would remain undivided and part of the Reich. The plebiscite resulted in a majority of 228,119 (out of a total vote of 1,190,731) in favour of continued union with Germany. The final award took account, however, of the vote by communes, and fixed an artificial line (as best it could) separating Polish districts together with many German districts from Germany and transferring them to Poland. Almost without exception Germans regarded the award as an outrage, especially so after the previously negotiated 'secret' treaty between Poland and France became known. By this treaty Poland agreed to maintain a standing army of 600,000 effectives (with French staff officers) and accorded to France the sole right to exploit the undeveloped coal areas of the Pless-Rybnik district (in Upper Silesia) and also the right to participate, up to 49%, in the financial reorganization of all Upper Silesian mines that would be transferred to Poland. In return France agreed to contribute to the support of the Polish army one franc per day per soldier, approximately 220 million francs annually.

Germany agreed to the ultimatum in the expectation, also well-known to the Allied Powers, that the so-called sanctions imposed after the failure of the London Conference, in March, 1921, would be abrogated. The sanctions were imposed for the purpose of forcing Germany to come to an agreement as to her reparation payments. Fairness obliges one to confess that Germany's speedy and unconditional acceptance of the terms laid down by the Reparation Commission (in the ultimatum) entitled her to be freed from the onerous burden of the sanctions. These were of two kinds. Under the military sanctions the Allied Powers went beyond the Treaty and occupied the two great Rhine ports of the Ruhr district (Ruhrort-Duisburg and Düsseldorf) with their troops. Under the economic sanctions they transformed the main artery of commerce of the whole Rhenish-Westphalian region, the Rhine River, into a veritable tariff wall. All commerce between the left and the right bank of the Rhine was subjected to an export and an import duty. Goods going east paid an export duty before they could be shipped across the Rhine. Goods going west paid an import duty before they could enter the occupied territory. Moreover, all clearings had to be made through the Inter-allied Rhineland Commission located at Ems and were, in consequence, subjected to delays of weeks and months. Now, the region in question is not only a commercial but also an industrial unit, so that the consequences were disastrous—so disastrous indeed, that the British perceived that the goose which was to lay the golden egg was being strangled to death. In the fall of 1921 they insisted on the abolition of the economic sanctions. The commerce of the region remains, however, under the regulating control of the Inter-allied Rhineland Commission, though the afore-mentioned export and import customs have been abolished.

Article 168 of the Treaty restricted the manufacture of arms, munitions of war, etc., to factories or works approved by the Powers, and required Germany to close down all other establishments. Immediately following the revolution (November, 1918) the so-called *Reichswerke* (government arms and munition works) were re-organized as private undertakings and transformed into plants for the manufacture of sporting arms (shot guns and revolvers) and sporting munitions, including also collodium and cellulose for the manufacture of films. After the signing of the Treaty the German Government submitted to the Council of Ambassadors the plans for the transformation of three former government plants (those of Spandau-Haselhorst, Erfurt, and Wolfgang) then incorporated as the *Deutsche Werke*. The plans were declared to be within the Treaty and consent was given (see the note of February 10, 1920) to carry them out under the supervision of the Inter-allied Military Control Commission. This was done. The expense incidental to re-adaptation (not including new machinery) was nearly 240 million marks (approximately 1,000 million marks at the present rate of exchange). Re-adaptation was done under the close supervision of the Military Commission. It involved the destruction of all parts of each plant that were deemed adaptable for war purposes; the dispersal of all heavy machinery among other industries so far as it could be used there and its re-adaptation to peaceful purposes; the blowing-up of the foundations of this machinery, etc. These changes and the installation of new machinery were effected apparently to the satisfaction of the Military Commission. The old technical staff was dismissed, a new staff taken on from other industrial works, and production was under way. During the spring and summer of 1921 the *Deutsche Werke* were a successful going concern, building up in particular a large export trade. They employed over 11,000 men and women. Suddenly, in the fall of 1921, the Military Commission forbade the completion of the plans, and issued orders

for the dismantling of important parts of the new plants and for the immediate discontinuance of the manufacture of collodium and nitro-cellulose. The orders meant the destruction of the new industry. When the German Government protested, an extension of time was granted (3 months) in which to satisfy the requirements of the military commission.

Precisely the same situation was brought about in the spring of 1921 in the aviation industry. I need not go into details. Commercial aviation, which was developing with leaps and bounds in Germany, was suddenly prohibited at the instance of the French. Germany was deprived of the greatest part of her new fleet of commercial planes, was obliged to destroy all airplane material, and to discontinue all except three unimportant commercial airplane routes.

The foregoing instances will suffice to indicate how the delicate machinery of industry, commerce, and trade is disturbed or thrown out of gear by Allied supervision, control, or interference. The effects are doubly disastrous in a period of political and social, as well as economic, transition such as that through which Germany is passing. In a very practical as well as theoretical sense, instances like those mentioned are inevitable under the Treaty. Readers of Mr. Baker's articles on the Secret Minutes of the Paris Peace Conference must admit that Mr. Wilson's objections to continued supervision of German industry and commerce after peace was restored have been amply justified in the sequel. President Wilson regarded 'all (such) restrictions of the entire flying activity of Germany and her allies after the signature of the Treaty of Peace to be neither wise nor practicable.' He also opposed the proposed restrictions on Germany's chemical industry on the same grounds, and the prophecy of a man who has been called 'an impractical idealist' has been fulfilled.

I have stated already that the present situation need not be interpreted as substantiating an aggressive and malicious policy on the part of France toward Germany. But I have also stated that this interpretation is a natural one for the Germans to put on it. The result is increasing misunderstanding between two neighbours who should begin to understand each other. The economical result is the gradual disintegration of Germany. It is a case where so-called political realism clashes with economic realism. The two should not clash, and the question arises whether France's political realism is realism in fact, or whether it is not rather a species of political idealism (and 'idealism' may sometimes be vicious) superinduced by her whole past history, by her recent experiences (1914-18), and by the Treaty itself. A people like the French cannot hope to dominate a people like the Germans indefinitely, if for no other reason than their inferiority in numbers. This the French know and the knowledge must, and does, create an hysterical attitude of mind which distorts every move of their ancient enemy into preparation for war. Is this vicious circle unavoidable or is there not a way to break it?

JOHN FIRMAN COAR.

The Spiritual Adventure of Research

Scrisse in vento.—PETRARCH

SEASONED with very big words, the utility of Research Work, Post-Graduate Work, etc., seems to be the topic of the day. We hear from morning to night of the benefits a country gets from men taken away from the routine of teaching, and searching, in the seclusion of ivory rooms (*Turris Eburnea*), for new stars in heaven, or for flies and mosquitoes with coloured eyes, which are never seen here below. We hear of the wonderful prosperity of German industries derived from dyes and potash—all due to the collaboration of the scholars working in laboratories; American industrial corporations are following in the same steps and will soon make the label 'Made in America' a synonym of perfection. We are told in round figures how many millions are being brought to Canada, year after year, by the research work of Saunders at Ottawa with the wheats, and every little university professor, hearing of it, naturally wants to be another Saunders and also discover the new wheat that will make the country prosperous and mankind happy.... If only they had the time and were not bothered with the routine of teaching! They would not mind having some graduates associated with their research work, if only they could be free of the elementary training: that high-school work which is still the chief business of the American and Canadian universities to-day.

God forbid that we should scorn the noble men who do real research work, and don't imagine that we want to make fun of the scholars who look for a new star or try to find the laws of microscopic parasites. But it is necessary to make plain that the success of their investigations does not depend on the material condition in which they live or the kind of work that they do, so much as on the spirit working within them. This is perhaps the greatest incentive—for the soul to be in contact with God, Whom we will call here Spirit or Truth—and so to discover facts concerning the ruling of the universe.

The ancient Greek and Roman peoples were greatly puzzled as to how they could reach that state of mind that would bring them in contact

with the First Cause. Nevertheless Stoics and Epicureans were agreed on one point, namely, that it is not due to external conditions surrounding the body that the soul is kept awake. 'It is not by going to the summit of Mount Etna that you will be free from low cares; it is not by living in Hortensius Gardens that your mind will be away from pre-occupations and miseries.' On the other hand the Gospel states very plainly, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit'.

When Jesus says that the Kingdom of Heaven will suffer violence, He does not mean by 'violence' mere confinement, seclusion and retirement, but also work, active work, penance, fasting and prayer. In the Middle Ages the problem of how man could be purer and nearer the Spirit in his earthly life was carefully studied, and in all the rules of the monastic orders, work—manual work and teaching—are important elements in the attainment of those objects. The mystics knew very well the great danger of keeping the soul away from practical activity. Drought, spiritual drought, was the most feared danger for the castle of the soul. In modern times things are working in the same way. Behind every great invention was a man who worked hard, not only to develop and perfect his discovery, but, in most cases, also in a practical way in order to make his living. When Peter Curie, discoverer of radium, was crushed by a truck in the streets of Paris, he was returning from the College of France on foot, not driving home in an Overland.

Many of the most valuable discoveries have been made with very poor instruments, and sometimes without the means to procure the necessary machinery to bring them to perfection. The important discoveries of Cajal on brain cells and histology of the nerves were made in a kitchen sink, and the poor fellow had to hide his paraphernalia from his wife, who was anxious to throw it into the garbage pail as there was no money in it,[1] and we suppose that when old Father Mendel established the basis of genetics, he had not much to work on except a few seeds and a garden plot. The same thing applies to Fabre, the French entomologist, who had only a few cases in which to preserve his larvae and the cocoons with which he made his momentous experiments. But all of these had their eyes open, not the eyes of the body only, but the eyes of the soul. Cajal was teaching at Barcelona University; Fabre was a poor school teacher with a ridiculously small salary, and so forth. And such was the case, as every one knows, with Saunders at Ottawa.

[1]And the naughty woman was wrong because Cajal was given the Nobel Prize for his discoveries ten years afterwards.

I know of a man (if in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell) who wrote the third volume of his book, which has now a certain reputation, in the bathroom of a slum-apartment in Toronto on Queen Street, and he did not feel the need of a much more elaborate laboratory, because he was engrossed in his subject and easily forgot his environment.

All these considerations are not to prove that scholars should be left to starve in order to acquire the gifts of the Spirit. It would be silly to suggest that laboratories and libraries will hinder a man who has divine inspiration, and will interfere with his research work; but it must be thoroughly understood that in order to produce some spiritual work, it is not enough to pick up a man who wants to indulge in research work and leave him alone in an ivory room to lay the golden egg, because what he will lay will be a lemon.

It is surprising how sometimes the spirit is stimulated by the difficulties which it has to surmount, and how healthy it is for a man, who has a real, true desire for research work, to have a little spiritual gymnastics of practical work, as, for instance, teaching. Six to ten hours teaching a week, in the class of work which is now usually done in the Canadian and American universities, will not spoil any scholar who wants to fit himself for research work, but that forced daily relaxation from the things that are taking up so much of his mind will act as a spur to return with more enthusiasm to his research work. Out of the 144 hours of the working days of the week, 10 hours devoted to practical work are not going to kill anybody.[1]

I remember the great wonder it was to me to see the work done by the twelve monks who are now permitted by Italian law to live at the Monastery of Montecasino, the first settlement of Benedictine Monks. Those twelve men officiated at the services in the gigantic Monastery; they had a school for the children in the mountains; a seminary; a school of painting; a printing press; and, in addition, were doing real research work—travelling sometimes to compare manuscripts in order to publish the best editions.

It will be objected to all these considerations that, although there is some truth in my comments when it is a question of the moral sciences, it becomes a paradox when it is a question of physics and natural science in general. It will be said that to-day we

[1] In fact for the real scholar, only intellectual work will bring him some rest. This is to say that when he is tired of one class of work he only succeeds in getting distraction for his mind in other work of the same kind—not in playing billiards or poker. Renan used to have a long table with three books started at the same time and when he was tired of the one on the left side he went to the central book, and when tired of this he started to work on the book on the right side.

are not living in the time when experiments can be made in a kitchen, and that scholars require at least collections of reviews and special libraries—but although these are really necessary, true genius will not be discouraged by such handicaps. I know of a man here, who used to go across the border only to see a book in the Library of Congress at Washington, and I am sure that many American scholars are surprised when crossing the ocean to see how simply and calmly their colleagues in the Old Country carry on research work with very poor equipment.

Opportunities should be created for people who do real research work, and they should be given every facility and the least possible manual work, but in no way should we try to force the creation of scholars by an artificial life. It is necessary, too, to be warned against people who have illusions that they are specially fitted for, and have a vocation for research work. In the kingdom of the spirit there is a great danger from people who have had sensations which do not bring a full conversion, and, when passed, leave no more traces than spiritual pride in the persons that suffered them. Those are the half-artists, half-poets, half-scholars, half-mystics—a pest of people who are doing more harm than vulgar and common personalities. Tolstoi says that a sinner is preferable to an apostate, and this is also true in the field of science. Very often a man is better as a research student than he is when he becomes an assistant professor. It is well-known that the Doctorate dissertations in the Universities are the cream of German science. Many times the half-developed scholar spends his whole life in perfecting and improving what he has felt in the days of his youth. Very few men really grow spiritually throughout life. Very few are constantly producing under new waves of inspiration. Such people are sometimes really unfit for teaching. They are so absorbed by the subject that is occupying their minds, that they become a perfect nuisance as teachers. That was, for instance, the case of Carl Justi, who really could not speak before a class. I remember walking through the Forum at Rome one evening in the pouring rain, when I saw a little figure standing by a lamp-post looking at the Trajan Column, and apparently unaware that it was raining as his umbrella remained furled. He was Mommsen. For him it was not evening and the day was not wet—his thoughts were far away! You could not expect a man of this calibre to do efficient elementary teaching. We are told also that Kant always walked with an umbrella, but it is very possible that he, too, walked unconscious of rain when engrossed in his meditations. Those are the men who require a tower of ivory, not the ones who *feel* . . . that they *could* . . . if only they *should* . . . etc.

Nevertheless something has got to be done in order to stop the emigration of the graduates of the Canadian Universities abroad in their endeavour to become thoroughly acquainted with a special line of the science.[1] But how are we to create the group of men who will do that higher teaching? Two things will aid immensely. The first thing to do is to associate those who, scattered all over Canada, are doing a little of this work. The spirit of collaboration does wonders—'where two or three are gathered together in My name . . .' This was the system adopted by Liard for the restoration of the scientific spirit in the French Provincial Universities. He gathered in certain of them the scattered investigators around, who were working on the same line, and to-day good work is being done at Toulouse, Grenoble, Montpellier, Bordeaux, etc.

The second and perhaps most important thing yet is the colonization of these new groups by missionaries taken from abroad, as did Japan as well as Canada in the second part of the nineteenth century. It will be necessary to pay some of these men very highly and perhaps to have them here a long time in order to teach methods of further research. But unless those two schemes are adopted it is absurd to talk of retaining in Canada the graduates who are ambitious for science. 'Where the flesh is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'

J. Pijoan.

Sacred Books

It is a curious and interesting paradox that the book which the West has practically unanimously held as sacred for over a millennium and a half is the product of Oriental religious experience. Homer, the Eddas, the Germanic Sagas, never acquired that peculiar relation to social and individual life in the West which would enable them to rank as rivals in authority of the Torah, the Koran, the Zend-Avesta, or the life of the Buddha.

But nothing more curious in history is observ-

[1] The condition of the Canadian Universities is somewhat critical. After a period of growth doing High School work the country has begun to feel that something more is needed. We are passing to a second stage of growth and having the same trouble as the first. Bishop Strachan in his letter of application for the University of Toronto was already ambitious that the University at the seat of the Government should 'be a complete system of education in Upper Canada . . . to the most profound investigations of science'. He said: (Dec. 1825) '. . . The youths are in some degree compelled to look to the United States where the means of education, though of a description far inferior to those of Great Britain, are yet superior to those of the Province, and a growing necessity is arising of sending them to finish their education in that country.'

able than the process by which the Sagas, the history, and the social code of a small Semitic race, joined to the fragmentary records of the life and sayings of one member of that race and the correspondence of another, have become the supreme standard of ethics in Western life, and have acquired the epithet 'Holy Bible'. The impartial spectator from Mars, observing the movements of Western thought to-day, might detect four streams of tendency, varying considerably in volume and intensity.

In the first place he would observe a somewhat narrow but intense stream of thought gathering within itself the impulses and the heritage of medieval thought and regarding this collection of Oriental literature as the direct utterance of a personal God. In their view God has communicated directly to a number of specially selected depositaries infallible information concerning the origin of the world and man, the history of a small portion of the human race, and the future of the whole of it. He has imparted instructions which, if faithfully carried out, will secure the eternal happiness of all men. The infallibility thus guaranteed covers the original communication of the contents of this book in Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek, including in the process a good deal of translation from Hebrew and Aramaic into Greek, and possibly, though the loophole is a large and uncertain one, the subsequent translation from these languages into many others. It covers the historical process of selection by which certain documents were retained in the sacred group and others, after some degree of uncertainty, rejected. It also covers a long and extremely complicated process of oral and documentary transmission.

The stream of thought thus described still passionately defends the original guarantee of the whole of this remarkable process. To those who constitute it the Bible is still 'the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture'.

Secondly, the impartial spectator would observe a very large body of what could hardly be described as thought, but rather as feeling and habit, which, while not noticeably anxious to carry out the instructions contained in this 'sacred' book, nevertheless regard with apprehension and suspicion any attempt to examine the grounds of its 'sacredness'.

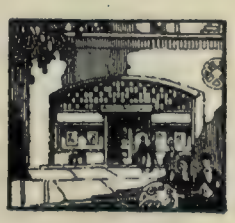
They regard any such attempts as part of a general tendency to undermine the structure of society, to be classed with the rise of Unionism in labour, the attack on the rights, equally 'sacred', of property, in short as Bolshevism.

Thirdly, furnishing perhaps food for ironic reflection to our spectator, he would observe a fairly large and influential group, partly clerical, partly lay, who have abandoned the medieval position, but who for various reasons refuse to accept the full results of the abandonment of this position. Their attitude is, broadly speaking, the pessimistic one that men cannot be trusted with the truth. Covered up with specious and ingenious reasons it is nakedly the position of the old lady whose daughter returned from one of Mr. Huxley's early lectures with the horrible information that we were all descended from monkeys. 'My dear', said the old layd, 'let us trust that these things are not true, *but if they are* let us pray that no one may get to know of them'.

Lastly, he would observe a small but growing group, strong and intense, yielding nothing to the first group in sincerity, who believe that truth or reality are the objects of progressive search and discovery, and that nothing is to be feared from the results of scientific historical methods applied to the literature which constitutes the book called the Bible. If the results conflict with previous views or theories about the book and its character then these views must be abandoned, however far-reaching the consequences of the abandonment may be.

The task of the impartial spectator would be confined to the description of these streams of thought. Prophecy or the estimation of values would be outside his interest, presumably. But while the attempt to describe has its value in clarifying thought, and in some measure attaining to the vision of things as they are, the very vision of things as they are impels one who is not an impartial spectator, but a contestant in the dust of the arena, to ask further questions. Two, out of the throng of insistent questions that present themselves, are here raised.

First, it is clear that the question of values lies not so much in the book itself as in the varying attitudes with which it is regarded. Out of the reaction of the four different groups described some historical issue will emerge. It is not so much a question of the absolute rightness of this or that section of thought, as the resultant balance of values for life in general that may ensue. Each tendency represents some value, regard for the past, the ten-



Ashley and Crippen
Photographs
61 Bloor West North 8252

dency to move along habitual lines with as little social friction as possible, the tendency to compromise, the tendency to adventure. None of these can ever wholly conquer or absorb the other, but in so far as the signs of the times may be read it would seem that the spirit of adventure is destined for a time to dominate the other tendencies and may produce great changes in a short time. We are, for good or evil, moving away from external authority of any kind, whether of sacred books, sacred institutions, or infallible individuals.

The other question, narrower and more concrete, is the question of the general verdict of historical criticism upon the book. It is not easy to summarize a century's work, but the main lines are quite clear where prejudice does not obscure the vision.

It is clear that the Hebrew race shared in the primitive history and development of other Semitic races, passing through the various stages of totemism, animism, polytheism and so forth, whose traces are manifest in the literature. It is clear that their early sagas are of Babylonian origin and share with other creation and flood sagas the characteristics of primitive speculation upon the origin of civilized life. It is clear that the social codes of the Hebrews are closely related to those of other allied Semitic peoples, and have been built up by slow degrees of social evolution. It is clear from comparison with the monuments of antiquity that Hebrew historians have the general characteristics of other early historians; sometimes the evidence confirms their narratives, sometimes it shows the presence of disturbing and distorting elements which produce an unreal history of events—notably the evidence of excavations in Palestine as testing the historicity of the accounts of the Hebrew conquest of Palestine.

It is clear that the whole religious outlook of the Hebrew people was dominated by a particular view of the future which coloured their literature and their history, and of which it can only be said that history has not justified their outlook. It is further clear that the records of the life of Jesus and of his sayings, while they give us a priceless and imperishable picture of that unique spiritual adventure, are nevertheless full of uncertainty as to details, and are largely coloured by the point of view of the early Jewish-Christian community.

Lastly it is clear that the history of the rise of the early Church, the transition from Judaism to that strangely absorptive religion which came to be called Christianity, is rather concealed than described in that literary masterpiece known as 'The Acts of the Apostles'.

The further question of the religious or spiritual values enshrined in this literature must be dealt with in another article.

S. H. Hooke.

Poems

Merry April

It Ver et Venus—Lucretius.

Skies are glowing,
Branches burgeon;
Soft south breezes blowing
Ever urge on
Green blades growing;
Shrill out frogs at eve, lisp rills by day:
'Here's merry April come a-courting May'.

Greet ye the Spring,
Lush leaves frost-freed;
Orchard and woodland ring
By lawn and mead,
While thrushes sing:
'Away with puckered brow! with care away!
Here's merry April come a-courting May'.

Up! young and old,
Let no foot lag;
Never a beldam scold,
Or greybeard wag,
Winter's tale 's told;
Silverlocks with Ruddycheek go play,
Here's merry April come a-courting May.

The First Hepatica

Alma Venus, tibi suavis daedala tellus
Summittit flores.—Lucretius.

Welcome! sweet flower, the firstling of the year!
A little while and thou wert fast asleep
Couched in the hollow of the woodland here;
For all thy kind, when winter snows lie deep,
Cowering in dell and glade, close cover keep.

Then Nature murmured low, as is her use,
Crooning o'er her still-cradled young: hard by
The tinkling lilt of rivulet let loose
From icy clasp, the enduring pine's soft sigh,
Both bade thee rise, for thy dream-love was nigh.

And thou didst rise, though wrapped in slumber still;
The bonds were loosed, the prison-gates flung wide,
To give thee passage at thine own sweet will
Into the light and warmth of this hill-side
Where fairy forms and frail like thee abide.

The bright sun greeted thee, the April sky
Did cheer, and into thy wan cheeks 'gan steal
Something of heaven's own blue; but still thine eye
Was closed, thy face uplifted-half to feel
Her quickening touch who should those lids unseal.

She cometh now, to bend with welcome due;
  Her kiss is on thy brow, her kiss that sent
A tinge of red enlivening all thy blue
  Into a delicate purple—wondrous-blent
  The glow of love with heavenly calm content.

Did no glad tremor thrill thy fragile form,
  Or stir the silver-silken down, when thou
Didst feel that gentle breath, those lips so warm,
  Laid for one moment on thy pallid brow,
  To bid awake and pay the vernal vow?

Thy steadfast love no rival dare beset:
  The arbute keeps its fragrance for the May
In the oak-coppice yonder, and as yet
  The willows drowsing by the water-way
  Their catkins' snowy velvet scarce display.

Even in this quiet dell, where no winds blow
  But all day warm airs brood, thou art alone;
Thy fellows all are laid in slumber low,
  And on thy sunward slope—dead leaves are strown,
  Dry brackens trail, with draggled tresses brown.

Thou votary of Spring! with upward gaze
  Wide-eyed thy face is lifted now, as there
Thou did outpour thy soul in song of praise
  Not the less clear and sweet that we despair
  To catch with our dull ear its cadence rare.

Pure-passionate flower! the firstling of the year,
  Farewell! the vernal Influence divine
Help thee live out thy tiny span, nor fear
  Rude hands about thy bower—for it is thine,
  And thou hast fashioned there thy Nature-shrine.

Man's Part in Nature

A heart that watches and receives.—WORDSWORTH.

In lonely musing far afield
  I wandered yesterday;
And Nature everywhere did yield
To genial Spring, by wood and weald
  Her tribute pay.

How wonderful, methought, the change
  From scarce a week ago;
Aloft the birds no longer range,
Mateless, unmusical, and strange,
  But sing below.

Gay robin in the orchard trees,
  Song-sparrow in the lane,
Bluebird soft-flitting through the breeze,
Redwing beside the reed-bed—these
  Join in one strain.

And thou alone, hast thou no word,
  No note of gratitude?
Who bade the eye and ear record,
Did surely to mankind afford
  His lyric mood.

Let plumage, lilt, and airy glee
  Of pinion play their part,
And Nature's song of love shall be
Harmonious hymn of praise for thee
  Within the heart.

A Broken Reverie

Leave me my dream, Spirit of discontent;
  Must I forever toil, or dreaming feel
  Athwart the sunlight of my fancy steal
The shadow of thy form? Surely He meant
My dreamland for a Paradise Who sent
  Me, the home-lover, forth from boyhood's home;
  Leave thou me then in innocence to roam
My Eden—leave it sunlit till day be spent.

'Fool's Paradise?'—Ah! no, that taunt may do
  To mock another dreamer with, not me
  Who hear the music of the mountain stream
And soothing sadness of the lone curlew
  Upon a Scottish moorland;—let me be,
  Spirit of discontent, leave me my dream.

Life

The toiler toiling in the fields all day
  Moves slowly on with downbent head and eyes,
  Intent upon the task that near him lies
Nor letting any look beyond it stray;
Till, the day fading into evening gray,
  He leaves his work to mark the light that gleams
  Down in the lane beyond the stile, with beams
That bid him welcome on his homeward way.

And in this life of ours we too must pore
  Over the immediate task with straining sight;
And shall not we, the long day's toil who bore,
  Rising from work to meet the enfolding night,
Ah! shall not we, with steadfast look before,
  Catch some faint glimmer of a far-off light?

FRANK MORRIS.

The Devil's Apocrypha

I WAS very proud of my invitation to the Horton's for supper. The good lady who boarded me and mothered me in general looked askance at the whole affair, and hoped I woudn't let those people

get too friendly with me. Even her big, genial husband was doubtful. Jake Horton was an honest, industrious, good-living man, so far as he knew, a good hand in the sheaves at a threshing, and a man who lived up to his lights. But there was the rub. His hereditary lights were very dim. He had come down three years before from the backwash township of Matipen, left dead sixty years ago when the sawmills vanished. Hideous degeneration had followed and the whole community had become leprous with incest and idiocy. The Hortons had fled from the plague spot, but the taint must be in them. There was Nellie, a sulky little dunce: she showed the stock.

While I was thinking of these warnings, Nellie was trotting along beside me, and she was anything but sulky or a dunce. She was really animated, and was, at this very moment, trying to recover her gravity after learning that I didn't know robins' eggs when I saw them. She had escorted me to her home along a grass-grown side road, bordered by grotesque old stump fences. When I had taken over the school she had been a sulky pariah, but somehow I had secured the key to her dark little soul, and she was now one of my bright hopes. That was why I was being taken home to supper, and that was why I was proud of it. I was still an idealistic young teacher.

The Hortons lived in the old homestead of the farm on which he was employed. The new house itself was stone and imposing. But the Hortons' home was comfortable. The ceilings were low, the walls papered with newspapers and flour sacks, the floor was bumpy with the relief effect produced by durable knots, and draughty because of the holes left by sundry knots that had dissociated themselves from their boards and had dropped out. On the walls were several brown smears that were disagreeable in their suggestion. There were two pictures tacked up. One represented Queen Victoria in gorgeous raiment, of course; but the other was evidently intended to tell the story of a card quarrel in a gambling den. The dishes were displayed on the white pine table with pitiful and anxious pride.

Mrs. Horton called to her husband, who was washing noisily outside the other door. Supper was already on the table, and we sat down as soon as he was ready.

The conversation was inconceivably difficult after the first formalities. The card-players glowered at me from the opposite wall, and in the most distressing pauses I stared gratefully at them. I must have been even more boorishly attentive to them than I knew.

'I'm most ashamed to have that there pictur in the house, but fer all it's so wicked, it's kind of nice to look at sometimes.'

'It is very pretty, Mrs. Horton,' I assured her.

'Well, now that's what I tell Jake. An' it's so real like that I gits real scairt of them sometimes at night when he's late out.'

'What is it supposed to be?' I asked. Here was a golden find, a subject for conversation, and I was determined to make the most of it.

'Now, I can't say as I rightly knows. If you was to ask me, I'd say it was a game of pedro, and the feller with the christie—'

'Aint I showed you forty-leven times that it aint pedro?' interrupted her husband. 'It's "high, low, jack an' the game" or "seven up", one of them two.'

'That's one way how I know that pictur is wicked,' said Mrs. Horton, 'becuz it starts more rows between me an' him than you could shake a stick at. But another couple of years and he won't know a game of euchre from pom-pom-pull-away.'

'Why, how's that Mrs. Horton?' I asked.

I was quite unprepared for the effect of my innocent little question. Nellie immediately radiated a self-conscious importance that it did me good to see in the repressed little school-girl. The two parents assumed a sepulchrally solemn air, at which I should have been alarmed if I had not recognized it. It is the expression Jacob must have worn at Bethel, the expression the old Puritans, even into our time, wore when speaking of the mysteries of God. But to-day it is almost restricted to funerals, and to the religious conversation of the orthodox sinner who is instinctively, but not habitually, devout. I squirmed a little.

'It's only right you should know it,' said Mrs. Horton, 'bein' as you done it, in a way.'

'The missis means I quit the cards,' explained Jake, observing my look of bewilderment.

So I was a missionary. I had read the story a hundred times. Bad, drunken parents, poor little ragged girl, nice kind teacher who awakens the girl and lends her angelic wings, which she passes on to her parents. It is an edifying story, far more often true than our barren cynicism will admit; but I didn't feel the part. I liked poker.

'Well, you see, it's this way,' continued Jake. 'I was a cracker-jack at cards from the time I was knee-high to a grasshopper. I could pull a lone hand an' pull your pardner's best any time I'd a mind to. I've brung as high as three hundred jots of smokin' out of camp in my turkey in the spring.'

'Lots of camps won't let the boys gamble with money and they use plugs of tobacco,' Mrs. Horton interpolated for my enlightenment.

'An' luck—I'd the luck of the lost,' said Jake, with as much modest pride and enthusiasm in his tone as the gravity of the occasion could allow.

A BREEZY SHORE
BRUSH DRAWING
BY
J. E. H. MACDONALD,
A.R.C.A.

'I've drew four to a royal from a bull, an' I've pulled the two Johnnies from my pardner in euchre, time and time again. It scairt me sometimes, 'pon my soul it scairt me. An' I was right.'

It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the gruesome majesty of intonation and retardation in the utterance of these last four words. They had the weird impressiveness of an incantation, and Horton's simple features acquired a dignity of expression of which I should never have conceived them to be capable.

'I got a warning, a token, an' I'll tell you about it. I found out about a man as had jest sich luck as me. It seemed he was a king, or a high mucky-muck of some kind, named Deemilly. Anyway he lived all by himself in a hell of a big house, with a couple of hired men to do the work. Now it seems some strangers dropped in one night out of a storm, and the old lad lickered them up an' they played cards. The old king or whatever he was bet them all ten games han' runnin'. They could see they was somethin' queer about it all, and the old king or whatever he was got peakeder and sadder lookin' every time he bet them. Then one of these here strangers told old Deemilly, this king or whatever he was, that he would put up a cheque that was in a envelope he had. He didn't know how much it was fer, seein' as he had jest got it an' put it in his picket, but old Deemilly was to put up as much as there would turn out to be in this here envelope. Old Mr. Deemilly, this king or whatever he was, didn't want to, but bein' as they was in his house, he guv in, an' he lost. Well, sir, you'd a thought he was off his base, he was that tickled to lose. An' when they come to open the envelope they wasn't a damn cent there, nor cheque nor nothin'. Old Deemilly just seemed to get stupid then, an' it turned out that he 'd sold hisself to the devil, and the devil was to make him beat every game he was to play for money. The old king Deemilly or whatever he was, he tried to back out every which way, an' this time he kinda thought maybe he was makin' it go. But he hadn't.

'But the way he knowed for sure he hadn't was the queer part. He'd a hell of a big lookin' glass in a door, an' whenever he looked in the lookin' glass after he druv the bargain with the devil he seen the devil lookin over his shoulder an' grinnin' at him.

'Well, sir, I was that scairt when I know'd about this that I couldn't sleep scarcely. I didn't think as I'd sold myself to the devil, but there was my luck, an' I was scairt I might of did it when I had a little jag on some time, or when I put my mark on the pay sheet somewheres. It took me a week before I could get up enough nerve to take a squint in the old lookin' glass. But I thought if I did belong to the devil I might as well know it, an' tuk a look one day, an' I fair jumped out of my hide, but it was only the missis alookin' over my shoulder most as scairt as I was. But I tell you what, that done me for cards, an' don't you forgit it. I chucked the old pack in the stove, an' went outside an' watched the smoke come out the chimbley.'

He paused here and filled his pipe. A general release of tension could be felt in our little party and yet I knew that it was not all told since Nellie's eager importance was not explained, nor my part in the story. But I was so keenly interested in the folk-lore aspect of the tale that I could not resist the question which that interest suggested.

'But how did you find out about it at all Mr. Horton?' I inquired.

'Nellie, go in the other room an' get the book,' said he. 'It's under the Bible.—The book that has it in was here in the house when we come, but we couldn't none of us read, an' it was only four months ago that Nellie got so's she could read it, an' she read it to us. She lays it to you, Nellie does.—An' it's that as learned us what book-learnin' can do.—Nellie is goin' to have the biggest schoolin' in the land, if we got to send her to business college to do it.'

Nellie had by this time returned, and proudly and reverently she placed it in my hand, while the two parents looked on soberly, as if at a scripture reading by a visiting clergyman. Some of it had been torn off. Across the top of the first of the remaining pages, I read, *The New Fiction Monthly*, underneath on the same page '*The Devil's Reflection* by Gerald Howe, author of *The Merkle Mystery*, *The Chateau De Mille* and other stories.'

I had not the heart to make any comment.

J. D. Robins.

The Royal Toun o' Sterling

I

A YEAR ago I found myself speeding northward from Liverpool in a toy-like English train of great swiftness, noting the changing accents of the loiterers and officials at each new northward station. Many were unfamiliar and it was not till we had crossed the Esk that I caught the rich burr, that common denominator of all lowland Scots, which is as well known to every Canadian as his native tongue. An hour or so more through hills with the grey stone dykes and the storm-battered hawthorn hedges of the north and I was set down on Stirling's platform where the station master, in top hat and gold-laced frock coat, brought R. L. S.' remarks vividly to mind.

Stirling drops the mantle of age upon the Canadian straying in her worn, grey streets. The inhabitants wear it indifferently enough, but, fresh from the new-sprung cities and untrodden wildernesses of his own country, the evidences of past centuries and generations crowded about hovel and royal ruin in this little town impress him with a complete sense of his youth. Ten minutes' tramping will take him into the green fields on any side, yet, on every hand within its compass, are the relics of ancient struggles and ruined beauty, from the castle standing gaunt and ivy-covered on its crag to the Old Bridge on the one side and Port Street on the other. Age and mellowness and quiet reign almost supreme despite the motor charabangs (quite as ugly as their name) and the clashing of the cobbled ways under iron tires and massive 'tackety' boots. From east to west in Scotland these abominable but enduring pavements prevail and lend the remotest village an air of bustle that a brisk manufacturing centre might envy. Many a Canadian town, for all its recent birth and the vigour of pioneer growth, may well strike a stranger as 'sleepy,' but I doubt whether one could be found in Scotland deserving that adjective. There is something in the stern grey streets and the bracing atmosphere which speaks of a hardy life through the centuries. Stirling, however, despite this national characteristic, its new shops and the miners flocking in on the afternoon trains, seems to the stranger within its gates the abode of vanished grandeur and romance, and of present peace. The Royal Toun has gradually been eclipsed by Edinburgh, yet, though times have passed over her head and kings no longer rest therein, she retains the air of courtly favour which the latter, with her commerce and far-stretching New Town, has lost forever. Auld Reekie has the attraction of a city of present, as well as past, greatness and of architectural beauty, while Stirling, no less glorious of old, has the quiet charm of all small towns closely encircled by a beautiful countryside, and in her case by a countryside filled with romance and legend.

A century is no great matter in the life of this little burgh, down whose main street drovers from the hills with their wise dogs shepherd herds of cattle and sheep. Speculating archaeologists have it that when all the carse ground at the crag's foot was rolling sea-water it raised an impregnable and grim island fortress above the waves to bid defiance to the surrounding hills. However that may be, it has held a castle and a residence of kings since the time when history emerged from myth. The full tide of domestic peace or foreign invasion, of romance and knightly sports, or the transactions of the Three Estates flowed about and within its walls, and the generations climbing its steep, windy ways have left trace on trace of their doings. It was not, however, in the finds of an archaeologist, to be laid bare after long searching, that I delighted when wandering through the streets, but in the visible and picturesque remains lying side by side with, or in the very midst of, the modern community. Every ramble resulted in a new find and a new thrill of discovery. The Canadian at home may become used to the thrill of discovering unknown places—rivers that have scarcely echoed to the dip of the paddle or the axe-stroke at nightfall, lakes whose shores have no human traditions, and great stretches of bush where the trails are made only by the deer and bear—but he finds little scope for exploring antiquity. In Scotland things are reversed and he experiences a new and intense excitement in coming upon relics which were the everyday landmarks of generations long dead. A casual chat with a shop-keeper or a road-mender will give a new significance to an unnoticed bit of wall or a mound with great trees upon it. One may have withstood the siege of English armies before Bruce established Scottish independence, and the other may have borne a castle which claims a name in history. There is perhaps no place in Scotland so crowded with tradition as is Stirling, market town and mining centre.

It is, therefore, a place of strange anomalies. On Saturday nights the streets are filled with a sauntering idle crowd of workers—miners with the coal-dust newly washed off, labourers and others in their best clothes. They are there merely to see and be seen, though many with a week's wages in their pockets have been 'gettin' fou an' unco happy'. Gradually they drift away, some by bus to Bridge of Allan, St. Ninian's, and Bannockburn, but the poorest, the most ragged—and the most drunken—return to to the narrow closes and courts of the town itself. These are squalid enough now, but in the so-called days of chivalry they were built by nobles of the court beneath the shelter of the castle and, no doubt, looked grand to their lordly owners. Even yet, over the doorways of several, can be traced the remains of armorial bearings.

Where the Dumbarton road branches from that leading to Bannockburn there is a large grocery built in brick instead of the prevailing grey stone and with a great display of plate glass. Its modernity is obvious to the most casual, yet if one chances to glance high up at the eastern wall there is to be seen the carved effigy of a wolf, set in a niche, and below it an inscription which runs, if I remember rightly,

> Here in old times the wolf lived,
> In a hole in a rock lay in ambush.

In that position the verse was scarcely illuminating but I scented matter for discovery. Inquiry among the few people I knew led nowhere, so, summoning my self-assurance, I descended on the shop of Æneas

Mackay, bookseller, Celtic enthusiast, and local historian, and, feeling something of the shame of the *parvenu*, asked for the explanation of effigy and inscription. With a smile for my question and Canadian accent, I was told that the last wolf in the district had been killed near that spot. He must have been a fearless fellow, for, on the corner from which I had seen his epitaph, rose the ancient burgh gate. Perhaps, intent upon a raiding expedition along the wall, a part of which still buttresses the buildings at that point, he was set upon by the village curs and cut off, or an arrow or spear transfixed him from above. At any rate he has his memorial in Stirling's most pretentious shop.[1]

There is a spot beneath the castle crag which had throughout my stay a peculiar fascination for me. To all appearance it was a mere mound in the centre of a small sheep pasture, but when seen from the heights it assumed a very different aspect. From there one could trace four octagonal terraces rising above the field and on the top a hollow holding a rounded hummock. On four sides low ridges like raised paths led to the lowest terrace, while flat channels and other ridges could be seen running across the pasture. Though evidently long given over to the sheep trodden turf the lines were distinctly visible. I found it was known as the King's Knot and had inspired at least three different theories to account for its origin: first, that it had been an ancient judgment seat; second, the ground for forgotten games of the king and his nobles; and third, a garden — the King's Garden. The last is undoubtedly the true one if the traditional name has any significance, and from the lines in the sod it is difficult to imagine it as anything else than a conventionally planned garden. Nevertheless there is a certain nameless attraction to it that is only heightened by its complete surrender to mundane affairs. Judgment seat, sporting green, or garden, it must have appeared vastly different some odd centuries ago and have been the ground for many picturesque and beautiful sights. As a garden full of flowers and bordered paths it would look exceeding fine from the castle walls and one could imagine it the scene of the gallant episodes of Scottish romantic poetry.

The Castle itself has a garden which, if it lacks the pretentions which the Knot once claimed, has all the charm of quaintness and the unexpected. After wandering through the numberless stone chambers, vaulted passages, and paved courts one comes suddenly upon this little patch of flowers and grass at the highest point of the castle. On two sides are buildings and on the other two a high wall with a sentry's walk and parapet commanding the highland north. There are one or two trees, and a long bed of larkspur and roses borders the diminutive lawn with a delightful air of security. But the garden has a grim story of its own. In one of the rooms looking down into the enclosure James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas in the neck for opposing him and the body was cast into the garden from the narrow window of a neighbouring closet. Four hundred years later James's descendant, Victoria, put a stained window in the closet with the Douglas arms and the Douglas motto, 'Look sicar.' One wonders if the worthy queen noted the grim humour of it all.

The castle was the scene of many a grim tale and of many cheerful and beautiful ones, but in short and disjointed jottings it is only possible to suggest Stirling's charm of age. Not a tithe of the legends that cling about it can be mentioned, and the whole wealth of the countryside must be left untold. From the birthplace of 'Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane' historic roads lead southward to Bannockburn; a far range of interest, but with the whole gamut in the short miles between.

H. K. GORDON.

[1]The records show a Royal allowance for wolf-hounds, 1283 A.D.

Literary Competitions

A prize of five dollars for the best BALLAD *in not more than 48 lines.*

We award the prize to Lionel Stevenson, 1075 Beach Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. He has succeeded in using the ballad form with a certain narrative felicity and compression. The word 'sweet', however, in the last line of verse five scarcely fits in with the reader's conception of the heroine.

We greatly regret that 'The Moon Fishers' by Mrs. Innis, 696 Markham Street, Toronto, can scarcely be considered a ballad. Its beauty, however, will not let it pass unnoticed and we award it a second prize of a year's subscription to THE CANADIAN FORUM. Both poems are printed below.

THE WOODEN WIFE

[*Being the legendary origin of the Cowichan tribe of Indians*].

When Stut-zen was sent down to earth
  A friendless man was he,—
The elder tribe of heaven-born
  Refused him company.

Sadly he built his lonely lodge,
  Tended his lonely fire,
While all his soul was inly seared
  With one intense desire.

FICTION - SPORT - TRAVEL - HISTORY

THE BALANCE

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He found a block of yew-tree wood
  And wrought with patient care
Until three moons had waned above
  His silent long despair.

He rudely carved a woman's form—
  In his eyes beautiful—
And set a spindle in her hand
  Enwound with wild-goat's wool.

* * * * * *

Beyond the hills Tee-com-it ruled,
  A chief of noble race,
Whose daughter conquered all men's hearts
  By her surpassing grace;
Yet not a brave had ever won
  A smile from that sweet face.

She scorned their courtship, one and all;
  But when the news she heard
That sons of God had come to earth,
  She rose without a word.

She crossed the hills, she reached the grove
  Where Stut-zen's dwelling stood;
She flung the image in the flame,
And straightway anguished moanings came
  Out of the scorching wood.

She sat her down where it had sat,
  And set herself to spin,
Till Stut-zen from the chase returned,
  Called by the mournful din.

'Who art thou?' faltered he amazed,
  And quietly she said,
'Thy wooden wife, transformed by God
  To flesh and blood instead.'

'Not so! I loved the wife I wrought,
  So beautiful and mild,
But thou art hideous. Fiend, avaunt!'
  Gazing at him, she smiled.

'If I be not thine ugly stick,
  I am no fiend, I trow,
And I will be thy wife instead. . . .'
  Growled Stut-zen, 'Be it so.'

LIONEL STEVENSON.

THE MOON FISHERS

These the gods set upon a seaward hill,
One idle evening when the world was new,
And first with great amazement they were still
And then with sudden tears, all direfully,
'Alas,' they cried, 'the moon is in the sea.'

'Alas, alas, the moon is in the sea,'
While down the flowery slope they heedless fled,
And parted the pale waters eagerly
That halted and repulsed them chill with dread,
Crying, 'The moon, the moon is in the sea.'

They fished for it with tendril-woven line,
Tearing the vines that wove along the shore,
And nets they cast of delicate design
After the spider's pattern, and evermore
'The moon,' their plaint, 'the moon is in the sea.'

And some fell down upon their knees with tears
Crying the gods, their fathers, 'Oh behold,
That coin is squandered that should feed our years,
See how the drowned rays fill the waves with gold,
The moon, oh look, the moon is in the sea.'

At last their frail nets torn and weary they
Upon the fain sands rest them and have done,
And as they sleep, behold the rising day,
And as they wake, behold the rising sun,
'Oh sing the moon that vanquishes the sea.'

M. Q. INNIS.

Our Bookshelf

Poetry

Late Lyrics and Earlier, with many other verses, by Thomas Hardy (Macmillan; $2.25).

We have heard much of late years about child prodigies in poetry. Mr. Hardy is an ancient prodigy. He is now eighty-two. About half the poems in his new and ample volume of nearly three hundred pages have been written, he tells us, 'quite lately', presumably since the appearance of *Moments of Vision* in 1917. With the help of occasionally appended dates and other signs it is possible to identify many of these latest poems written at approximately eighty years of age, among them 'Jezreel', 'According to the Mighty Working', 'Going and Staying', 'Voices from Things Growing in a Churchyard', 'By Henstridge Cross at the Year's End', 'The Master and the Leaves', 'Surview'.

The strength, mastery, and variety of these poems makes one wonder whether any other old man of eighty ever did the like. English literature offers no parallel. And Goethe comes into mind only to be dismissed again, for Goethe at eighty showed rather the miraculous retention of youth than the growth of new and more penetrating vision, whereas Mr. Hardy, far from resisting his old age, yields to it almost affectionately and is rewarded by discovering in it a vein of poetry more spontaneous, perhaps more serviceable to mankind, than any he had worked before.

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By H. G. Wells **$1.75**
And now H. G. Wells fairly bristling with a host of new ideas, has proceeded to skirt with magnificent buoyancy the fascinating edges of psycho-analysis as he relates rambles, romances and delectable conversational exploits of a vivacious American girl and a keen-witted Englishman.

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In *Late Lyrics* and the volume before it Mr. Hardy has made old age lyrical. He has written poems which he could not have written if he were not as old as he is. Other men have written of old age, but they have been content to muse and divagate. Mr. Hardy alone has succeeded in concentrating on it and extracting its quintessence, as in 'The Master and the Leaves'.

> We are turning yellow, Master,
> And next we are turning red,
> And faster then and faster
> Shall seek our rooty bed,
> All wasted in disaster!
> But you lift not your head.
>
> 'I mark your early going
> And that you'll soon be clay,
> I have seen your summer showing
> As in my youthful day;
> But why I seem unknowing
> Is too sunk in to say!'

It would not be surprising if some of the aged lyrics of Mr. Hardy's recent volumes stood the test of time better than anything of his, prose or verse, from former years. His art is perhaps more perfect than ever before. The structure of his poems now is such that after reading and appreciating them in the customary way the mind can continue to dwell on them as if they were so many finely composed etchings. And, on the score of philosophy, the student of Hardy's thought will take these late volumes, not as parerga, but as the flower of a long life of contemplation. The change from earlier moods is summed up in 'Going and Staying' which first appeared in two stanzas asserting the predominance of pain in the universe and now reappears with the additional stanza,

> Then we looked closelier at Time,
> And saw his ghostly arms revolving
> To sweep off woeful things with prime,
> Things sinister with things sublime
> Alike dissolving.

The change, thus indicated, is towards a more unreserved acceptance of life as absorbingly significant in its smallest as well as its largest manifestations, and towards a profounder charitableness, no longer thwarted by the forbidding aspects of things, but reinforced by the close scrutiny of a life-time. Seldom indeed has it been given to a creative thinker to fulfil himself as Thomas Hardy has done.

B. F.

Moonlight and Common Day, by Louise Morey Bowman (The Macmillan Co. of Canada; $1.50).

This is a collection of very readable, rather charming verse, all of it sentimental, most of it fanciful, a little of it imaginative. Louise Bowman is keenly perceptive of the atmosphere of nature and feels the varying manifestations of the physical world as expressions of the moods of a sentient being. She is also very much alive to contrasts, whether those effected by differing aspects of the same place under differing weather conditions, or those brought about by the mere passage of time. In some instances the thoughts she evolves from inanimate things are a little far-fetched and over elaborated, but in others she makes her effect and conveys a real impression of an inner unity between man and nature. Her selection of words is sometimes haphazard and she is apt to jar the reader by the use of a weak or colourless adjective. Much the best poems are the shorter and simpler ones in which she expresses herself symbolically as in the poem called 'Dinner of Herbs'.

R. P. L.

Drama

Possession: A Peep-Show in Paradise and *Angels and Ministers, Three Plays of Victorian Shade and Character*, by Laurence Housman (Jonathan Cape, London; 2s. 6d. each).

In these four plays, particularly in the three contained in *Angels and Ministers*, Mr. Housman has set out to do dramatically what Mr. Strachey achieved in essay form in *Eminent Victorians*. In his own words, he 'would have these old characters look young again, or not at least as though they belonged to another age.' And in fact he draws his characters—Queen Victoria, Disraeli, Gladstone, etc. —with sympathy. Readers who distrust the satire of Mr. Strachey's brilliant but egotistical cleverness in portraiture, will find Mr. Housman's characterization tempered by the kindliness of one who was himself a Victorian, and—a necessity to the dramatic form—their attention will not be drawn away to the author's own personality. But his sympathy has not succeeded so well in evoking living men and women as has the satire of the essayist.

A graver fault, however, lies in the almost total lack of dramatic incident or development in any of the three plays—*Possession* demands a word to itself. 'The Queen: God Bless Her!', 'His Favourite Flower', and 'The Comforter' must have been written more for the reader than for the play-goer. In 'His Favourite Flower', the worst offender, there are 273 spoken lines of which 215 are uttered by one of the three characters, and the reader searches in vain for a dramatic turn. The other two are somewhat better, but their subject matter—which the author infers is historically true—is quite unfitted for dramatic form. Mr. Housman would have done better to mould his material to his medium, or to choose a medium fit for his material.

But in *Possession* he was not so bound by his subject. His characters are fictitious and their situation—in Paradise—is, perhaps, even more so.

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Yet we find much the same lack of dramatic movement,[1] while to produce it on the stage, with its suddenly appearing and disappearing characters and 'properties', would tax to the limit the ingenuity of most managers. Its clever and unusual conception, however, goes far to redeem it.

Before many pages are passed one is reminded of two texts from Scripture—'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also', and 'A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven'—for the play is built on the idea that what we covet here shall be ours hereafter. The scene is laid in 'The Everlasting Habitations' and its principal characters are three very Victorian sisters. Their treasure on earth has consisted of their possessions and the petty details of a narrow and selfish life, and these are the rewards which fill them with content after death. The scene, therefore, is their Victorian drawing-room filled with cherished furniture and ornaments, and their life that of an upper middle-class household about fifty years ago—with modifications. The 'action' consists in the arrival from earth of two of the sisters, and their adjustment to these modifications. Thus the domineering Laura, whose ruling desire was to possess—not to love—the souls of others, finds to her disgust that 'with people it is different' than it is with material possessions: people can *possess themselves* if they wish. The transitory appearance of other characters—of Laura's husband, William, and Mrs. Robinson, the mother of the sisters—is used to suggest that 'The Everlasting Habitations' hold other sorts of mansions, but this relief could have been achieved with much more vividness and dramatic effect. Nevertheless the play on the whole is worked out with skill and humour, and the characters leave an impression of reality and truth.

H. K. G.

Sport

Golf from Two Sides, by Roger and Joyce Wethered (Longmans, Green; $3.50).

Eheu fugaces! The ancient moralist likened the passing of his years to the swift flight of the weaver's shuttle. The ancient golfer, laying down this book of youth, might find a fit emblem in the still swifter flight of a well-hit drive. The book is full of memories, not to say ghosts. The chapter on Golf at Oxford with its gay charm has yet the reminder that golf 'after the war' has been an anodyne. The frequent mention of Frilford Heath irresistibly suggests an amusing experience of my own. It fell upon a time that in a local competition at that delightful course I tied with the godlike individual who at that time was the Captain of the Oxford golf team. The tie had to be played off at a certain date. Lured by hopes of a possible half-blue, and being an impecunious undergraduate, I played what was for me a daring stroke and hired a car, or what purported to be such, from a local garage, arranging to drive the gentleman upon whom my hopes were fixed in state to Frilford Heath.

Immaculately attired, and proceeding majestically up the High, the envy of my friends, we suddenly stopped dead for no ascertainable cause. After prolonged research into the vitals of our chariot the driver succeeded in re-animating it. It balked again on Folly Bridge, and twice on Boar's Hill. To cut what was certainly a long story short, we took nearly two hours to cover ten miles, and my opponent maintained a reserve and restraint in speech which I could only regard as praiseworthy. I was beaten by 2 and 1. The return journey was worse, and finally three miles from home, our driver resigned, hinting darkly at explosions and sudden death. Oblivious to the delicate beauty of the distant vision of Oxford of which Mr. Wethered speaks so charmingly we plodded home in silence, ominous to me, heavily laden with clubs. Perhaps the crowning jest of the gods, flouting my hopes, lay in the fact that the proprietor of the defunct chariot, upon my flat refusal to pay for the fiasco of which I had been the victim, hunted up the honourable Captain's address and sent the bill to him! But I am supposed to be reviewing a charming book and not my mis-spent past. The authors' style is clear and crisp, like their play. Their literary foursome can only be pronounced a delightful success, and is, as far as I know, the first of its kind. All golfers will get it and read it and enjoy its youthful fragrance.

S. H. H.

History

By Star and Compass, by W. S. Wallace (Gundy; $1.25).

A while ago, we heard quite a good deal about the quest for *the* Canadian novel. The attempt to reach that mythical masterpiece is probably still solemnly proceeding, but very unobtrusively at present. Meantime there is another trail along which annual expeditions are now being sent. It is the trail to *the* story for young readers of early Canadian explorations. After the war came Dr. Locke's little book, *When Canada was New France*, and Dean Harris' *Cross Bearers of the Saguenay*. Then the next year we had Long's *Knights Errant of the Wilderness*, and now W. S. Wallace follows somewhat the same general course. The wonder is that there is so little overlapping of material, even in the story, told in three of these four books, of Radisson and Grosseilliers. All of us will be grateful to Mr. Wallace for giving us the little extract from the Hudson Bay Company records, instructing their

[1] A querulous colleague raises the question at this point whether one would expect to find dramatic movement in Paradise.

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captain 'to use the said Mr. Gooseberry and Mr. Radisson with all manner of civility and courtesy'. He has been very happy in his use of quotations from primary sources, and indeed in his general selection of interesting aspects of the great explorations. As a matter of fact, the only unattractive feature of the book is the quality of the paper used.

D. R.

Fiction

The Secret Places of the Heart, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan; $1.75).

Let those beware of bitter disappointment who, remembering *The History of Mr. Polly* and other happy novels by Mr. Wells, take up this his latest with pleasant anticipation. For though it is a novel in form, it is in reality a composition of Creative Evolution, Psychoanalysis, and a plea for the Conservation of the World's Fuel Supply, hung on three or four characters as a didactic tapestry might be hung on wooden pegs. The whole book, especially when dealing with the fuel supply, reminds one strongly of Mr. Wells' own *Salvaging of Civilization*, and there is more than a hint in it of the introduction to *Back to Methuselah*. The book would have been far more effective as a series of essays, and gives one more excuse to the author's enemies to shake their heads and point out that he is no artist, while his friends will 'wish he hadn't'.

But Mr. Wells is, as usual, stimulating. His 'public', the ordinary reader interested in the more important subjects of the day but with little time to study them at length, will find plenty of matter in *The Secret Places of the Heart* to set him thinking—thinking along the lines of modern thought, of a wider conception of humanity and human effort. For Mr. Wells has set himself openly on the side of the angels, and if occasionally he says something to embarrass the angelic hosts, they are usually willing to forgive him for the sake of his obvious sincerity and enthusiasm.

H. K. G.

Short Notices

The Chapbook, A Miscellany (The Poetry Bookshop, London; 1s. per copy).

The readers of this excellent little monthly were full of regrets when it suspended publication some time ago, and will welcome its reappearance now at a reduced price. The first two of the new series (numbers 25 and 26) have been received and contain between them twenty-nine poems by contemporary writers. Among these W. H. Davies, Lascelles Abercrombie, and Harold Monro (the editor) will perhaps be the most familiar to Canadian readers. *The Chapbook* does not confine itself to poetry, and, from time to time, issues are given over to music, criticism, and the drama. Anyone interested in the arts, either as author or general reader, should not fail to subscribe. Eight shillings and eight pence cover the subscription for the current year and should be sent addressed, *The Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire St., Theobalds Road, London, W.C. 1.*

The Spirit of America, by Henry Van Dyke (Macmillan; $2.25).

A series of lectures delivered originally at the Sorbonne, in order 'to help some of the people of France to understand more truly the real people of America'. Perhaps coloured somewhat by Dr. Van Dyke's romanticism, these lectures are interesting as showing an idealistic American's interpretation of the American spirit.

Peacemakers, by Ida M. Tarbell (Macmillan; $1.80).

Some interesting personal impressions of the Washington Conference, but even shrewd Miss Tarbell has nothing startlingly new to disclose from her firsthand impressions. There are no glorious 'scoops'.

Peace and Bread, by Jane Addams (Macmillan; $2.00).

Canadians will remember how Miss Addams' peace activities during the war compelled the cancellation of a lecture arranged for a leading educational institution in Canada. This book gives an intimate autobiographical account of her position and her efforts. It will not destroy the patriotism of our youth.

An Amazing Seance and an Exposure, by S. A. Moseley (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; 3s.).

An amazingly badly written account of some spiritualistic seances in Wales and London, with an introduction by Conan Doyle and a couple of ghost stories dragged in to pad out.

Q.E.D., by Lee Thayer (Gundy; $1.90).

A romantic detective story, with a quite ingenious murder mystery. Not too much of a tax on the brain.

Japan and the Far East Conference, by Henry W. Taft (Macmillan; $1.25).

Another book on Japan, fair and sane, but written for, and chiefly interesting to citizens of the United States.

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Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	157.1	158.2	158.5	.....	169.8
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$20.96	$20.66	$20.53	$20.58	$21.74
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	81.8	82.8	89.2	.....	88.1
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	108.5	112.0	112.3	.....	103.9

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the middle of each month, but, owing to a change in the method of computation at Ottawa, from May 1922 onwards the figures will refer to the end of the month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

MONEY is still as plentiful as ever, and the rate of discount has again been reduced both in London and New York. Governmental finance on the continent of Europe goes from bad to worse, but there is no doubt that (even in the worst administered of the new states) agriculture and industry have undergone a revival. Steel in the United States, the most accessible barometer of American conditions, points strongly to Set Fair. Commodity prices have stiffened. Best of all, because it is most nearly related to the comfort of each one of us, the volume of employment in Canada, recorded at the close of May, shows an increase over that in the corresponding month of the year before, *for the first time since the fall of 1920.* The most recent index of employment, published at the head of this page, suggests an increase of industrial activity, compared with May of last year, of more than 3%—clear evidence that the tide has at last turned.

There is all the difference in the world, however, between convalescence and complete recovery. The former is likely to be a fairly slow process, and occasional setbacks need occasion no surprise. Month by month it has been insisted in these pages that the next development towards normal must occur in agriculture, and as harvest approaches, the city dweller searches with some anxiety for reliable crop forecasts. Another poor return to the farmer involves a relapse, almost certain, into general stagnation; a good return will act as a powerful tonic.

The Dominion Statistician reports a decrease of 3% in the area sown to wheat in the West, which is not surprising, since the war produced an expansion of 65% in the wheat acreage of Canada, and Soldier Settlement has broken much fresh ground since then. But the bearing of this on the future crop volume is a remote one. The yield per acre may vary by as much as 25% from one year to the next, and far more than neutralize this small reduction.

Crop reports are not unanimous. Rumours of another failure in the 'dry belt' of Alberta are met by the statement that moisture has been ample almost everywhere. Indeed, in southern Saskatchewan, widespread floods were reported some weeks ago, and a reliable correspondent in that province describes the trains as travelling at one time from Moose Jaw to Regina 'thro' a raging sea.' Neither wheat nor oats seem to have been damaged by the general frost of June 8th. The July *Letter* of the Canadian Bank of Commerce states that 'the crops are emerging from the most critical period of their growth in a healthy condition.'

Scarcely less important, however, than local conditions affecting the yield in Canada, are the world-wide conditions determining the price to be secured. A large crop will do comparatively little to stabilize economic conditions generally, unless it can be sold more profitably than that of last year.

Some timely reflections on the market are suggested by a quotation from Mr. P. S. Goodman's estimates in *The Round-Up* of May 20th, to which a wide currency in this country has been given by Mr. Wood, of Alberta. 'In the past two seasons,' says Mr. Goodman, 'the settlement of balances has caused a flow of 660,000,000 bushels from surplus to deficient countries, or at the rate of 55,000,000 bushels a month. This surplus has been the chief price-making element.' The directions in which it has gone are apparently as follows:—

England - - -	240,000,000 bushels
Continental Europe -	320,000,000 bushels
Asia - - - -	20,000 000 bushels
Elsewhere - - -	80,000,000 bushels

A drought is predicted in Asia this season, and the next few weeks should prove or disprove the forecast. But even if Asia should increase her imports, her place in the market is a small one. On the other hand, there are indications that continental Europe, the largest purchaser of 'surplus' wheat, is becoming more nearly self-supporting. A decisive reduction in the demand from this quarter would react on prices strongly. In the event of another world harvest on the scale of 1920 and 1921, we shall do well not to count on any substantial hardening of prices. Over-confidence at this time may be sharply penalized.

G. E. JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE note addressed by Lord Balfour to the debtor nations of Europe was both wise and timely—wise, because it boldly faced the facts in all their nakedness; timely, because the crisis of revision has arrived. For some weeks before its appearance a determined agitation in the continental Press had created an impression that England was ready to remit the debts of France and other countries, as the price of a settlement on Reparations, while acknowledging her own indebtedness to the United States and beginning its repayment. Mr. Asquith has endorsed the double project in the House of Commons, and other Englishmen support it. But there is a strong, instinctive opposition against which the remnant of English Liberalism, in the wilderness or elsewhere, vainly preaches. In their treatment of foreign affairs, Mr. Asquith and his followers retain their command of the grand manner; but, however magnificent the gesture, they cannot now pretend to contact with reality.

A FACT on which the Balfour note insists is that England went into debt to the United States primarily on behalf of her weaker allies. In effect, a large part of the loans made by the government of the United States to Belgium, France and Italy was underwritten by the British government. England, by refusing to guarantee them, could easily have avoided the most awkward of her present obligations; her nearest European neighbours could scarcely have escaped defeat.

THE meeting of the Premiers at No. 10 Downing Street closely coincides with the cabled recovery of Lord Curzon—whose power to persuade himself of almost anything is exemplified in his new belief (the result, it is said, of auto-suggestion) that "every day and in every way he is getting better and better." But the public will rightly regard the conference as an issue between M. Poincaré and Mr. Lloyd George, in which Lord Curzon, Senator Schanzer and the rest hold a secondary place. Behind the great question, What practical treatment of the Reparations problem gives the best hope of preventing a collapse in Europe? looms another question, no less difficult. What further instalment of the truth dare the French politicians admit to their electorate? Mr. Keynes said in 1919 that it was much easier to bamboozle Dr. Wilson than to de-bamboozle him. *Mutatis mutandis* the phrase has a present application. It was safe and easy for place-hunting allied politicians to bamboozle their weary public three years ago. The de-bamboozling process is positively dangerous in 1922.

UNOFFICIAL forecasts anticipate that M. Poincaré will offer as the price of debt remission to cancel the Class C. Reparation Bonds. Since their nominal amount is about 80,000,000,000 gold marks, this looks like a sweeping concession. As such it will probably be resented by the French intransigents. But every sensible man has known from the beginning that the Class C. Bonds were worthless. No payment could conceivably be made on them—to cancel them is no concession. Nevertheless, there is an element of reassurance in the rumour. If he should offer this unreal cancellation, M. Poincaré will thus declare his willingness to reduce the *nominal* amount of Reparations to about $12,000,000,000. This is not more than a quarter of the ridiculous indemnity which was written in the Treaty of Versailles. It is less than a sixth of the sum which the government of the Tiger promised, in the French Chamber of Deputies, to collect from Germany. Even the reduced sum may never be collected. A dry, fresh wind is scattering the cloud of falsehood which served as a smoke-screen to the Conference. The public is learning dangerously fast.

A QUESTION of etiquette has been raised by the proposed removal of the British embargo on Canadian cattle. The Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, Mr. Manning Doherty, with Lord Beaverbrook (surely necessity makes strange bedfellows) went direct with their complaint to the British public, and it appears as though the embargo must soon be lifted. In a published interview Mr. Doherty gives Lord Beaverbrook much credit for the handling of the publicity campaign, but—evidently thinking that the meek no longer inherit the earth—reserves

a little for himself. When a government has no daily press to sing its praises we suppose it must develop its own lungs. But someone has now given to the *Ottawa Journal* an account from the proceedings, hitherto secret, at the Imperial Conference of 1921 of certain words used by Mr. Lloyd George in reference to the same Mr. Doherty. The British Premier describes Mr. Doherty's action as "a very dangerous precedent" and holds that no Canadian minister should "take part in an agitation here on a question which is purely a domestic question." The point is well taken; but Canadians will gratefully remember that this interference has removed a slur on their cattle. For it exposed a dishonest defence on sanitary grounds of a measure which was essentially protectionist and economic. The dispute has cleared the air.

THE results of the recent provincial elections in Manitoba were hardly in the nature of a surprise. After Ontario and Alberta had given their verdict against the two-party system, even the newspapers, which live and move in that system, had slowly come to realize that the revolt amongst the farmers is the result of a feeling of injury, deep-seated and determined, not temporary or capricious. Few observers, however, could have supposed that Mr. Norris would fail so utterly. He is a decent man, and his ministers had done well on the whole. They really deserved better of the people of Manitoba for having been the means of ridding the province of a government as corrupt and blind as any we have suffered from in Canada. The scandal of the new Parliament Buildings in Winnipeg is well remembered; even more disgraceful was the fate of thousands of children who were prevented by political trickery from securing even the rudiments of an education. But Mr. Norris was honest; and Dr. Thornton, his Minister of Education, if less than liberal in his attitude towards Mennonite and French minorities, was at any rate earnest and thorough. The name Liberal, however, was too much for the people of Manitoba. Even Mr. Norris' plea that he held no brief for the federal Liberal party could not save him. He returns to the Legislature with a mere remnant of followers, to wonder why he was not born as shrewd as Mr. Martin, the late premier of Saskatchewan.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been paid by the press to the fact that the much heralded campaignof the Progressives resulted in the return of only one candidate, Mr. Craig, a Winnipeg lawyer. Very little support was given Mr. Chipman, who championed the "broadening-out" idea, and was regarded as a probable choice for premier in the event of a victory for the Farmers. Mr. Chipman's uncompromising attitude as editor of the *Grain-Growers' Guide* was probably responsible for his failure. He fell between two stools, having alienated the financial interests on the one hand, without making any appeal to the strong Labour vote on the other hand. His defeat has been construed as an evidence of the weakness of the Progressives and as a proof that Mr. Drury would do well not to depend on the cities. But the Winnipeg voters who called themselves 'Progressives' need not be ashamed of electing only one candidate out of ten who presented themselves. We do not know what the term 'Progressive' means in the provincial politics of Manitoba, but it is quite certain that a large number of those who are really progressive voted for Mr. Dixon, who again as Labour leader headed the poll. Presumably Mr. Drury will arrange some compact with Labour so as to avoid the conflict between Labour and Progressive candidates. Moreover, those city dwellers who wish to vote Progressive will have a man with a record and a policy to support; in Winnipeg the Progressives had neither.

THE question has recently arisen whether the Indian in Canada is an infant or an adult in respect of his capacity to make agreements with his pale-faced brethren. Judging by the manner in which it is proposed to settle the grievances of the Six Nations Indians, they are children in the eyes of the Department of Indian Affairs. Some months ago representatives from the Indian reserves waited upon the Government at Ottawa to ask that certain injustices be removed. The Minister of the Interior promised immediate attention to their request and, as a first and very wise move, went himself to the reserve to confer with the chiefs. It appeared that the way had been opened up for successful negotiations, when an unfortunate communication again disturbed the situation. The chiefs of the Six Nations were informed by this letter, written over the signature of the Minister, that the Department had decided upon the proper way to settle the differences. A commission of three was to be appointed, one member to be the nominee of the Indians themselves, and, contrary to the usual practice in arbitrations, the other two to be named by the Crown. But as a condition of the appointment of this commission the Indians were to pledge themselves to be bound by its findings. Since in addition to the specific grievances certain questions, of which the Indians have no knowledge beforehand, are to be submitted to the commission by the Department for decision, the Indians have reason to be greatly concerned. It is as if they were asked to give a blank, signed cheque to the Minister. From the beginning of British rule in North America it has been the practice of the Crown to enter into treaties with the Indians through their chiefs and thereby to recognize their right to make such treaties. The

chiefs of the Six Nations cling tenaciously to what they regard as their treaty rights. They look upon themselves as allies rather than as subjects of the British Crown. To have all such pretensions roughly brushed aside is unlikely to pave the way for a settlement of existing grievances. It is not surprising that the Indians have rejected the proposal.

WHEN the farmers came to power in Ontario, beekeepers hoped that their industry would at last receive attention. Nowhere else in the Dominion could better honey be produced. It is ranked by dieticians among the most valuable sweets, and (if it were sold in greater quantities) could easily rival the commercial preserved fruits. But it needs protection, and nothing has been done. Thus, the Provincial Apiarist is forced to warn prospective beekeepers to avoid some of the richest districts owing to the prevalence of the two bee diseases, American and European Foul Brood. These have spread so widely that there is scarcely a large apiary which has escaped infection, while many smaller ones have been destroyed. The law forbids the sale or removal from one district to another of diseased bees or infected equipment, and authorises fines not exceeding fifty dollars. The Province maintains four inspectors to enforce these regulations and, when requested, to assist beekeepers to combat disease. Such half-hearted measures are in any case a waste of time and money; at present they are not even being carried out. Nothing but rigorous inspection, and compulsory destruction or treatment of infected colonies, can eradicate or even check these plagues. Every beekeeper should be required under penalty to register with the Department of Agriculture, and to report either type of Foul Brood as soon as it appears. Full-time inspectors—twenty-five would not be too many for the Province—should examine all apiaries at least once a year, with power to treat or destroy infected bees and material. A small expenditure, well-directed, would quickly bring a large return.

THE Ontario Legislature has passed a bill permitting the conversion of certain streets into playgrounds by the expulsion of vehicular traffic for a number of hours each day. A rider is affixed thereto requiring that the "unanimous consent" of the residents be obtained in each case. As it is next to impossible to secure the "unanimous consent," the act has proved quite ineffective, and the authorities in Toronto, for example, have not been able to close a single street. At first glance it might appear that the fault lies with selfish citizens who either have no children or who put convenience ahead of humane considerations. But the difficulty may not be thus easily located. Every town-dweller knows that our towns are not built with a view to rapid traffic and that the downtown streets are very much congested for most of the day. He will have observed also that on many of these same streets live hundreds of children, the very ones whom the act is most designed to benefit. To give street playgrounds to the children who need it, without further congesting traffic to an intolerable degree, will be a real problem so long as we are confined to our present streets and methods of transportation. Where there is a will, however, there is generally a way, and a solution will be no doubt found. The act is a much needed move in the right direction. It is to be hoped that opinion is sufficiently strong to secure supplementary measures that will correct the letter of the law and set free its spirit.

ON July 30th the amateur golf championship of Scotland was won by John Wilson, a school-teacher. A prominent contestant in the same tournament was a mail-carrier of Montrose, John Ripley by name. This event is quite in accordance with the Scottish golfing tradition and the social status of these winners of distinction evokes no surprise. But for Canadians there is a moral to be drawn. Did anyone ever hear of a school-teacher winning an open golf championship in Canada in competition with a mail-carrier and others? We doubt it. For the manner in which we have organized golf (and the same is largely true of tennis, in which field we are not even entering a Davis cup team this year) has made it practically impossible for such things to happen. Our golf clubs have originated all too frequently as ventures in real estate and have even been financed as good stock speculations for men of means and leisure. Great golfers (and tennis players) will be developed in abundance when it is realized, as it is beginning to be realized, that the best brawn and sportsmanship are not confined to men whose bank accounts can meet the fees of exclusive clubs. Fortunately, the much-needed touch of democracy is beginning to be felt. Thanks to the public spirit of Mr. Ralph Connable, Toronto now has the inexpensive, so-called "municipal", links, which are within reach of small purses. We look to them to remedy the wrong conditions that have prevailed.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: After a prolonged illness Professor J. J. Mackenzie died at Gravenhurst on August 1st at the age of 57. He had been Professor of Pathology in the University of Toronto since 1900, and by his great energy, foresight and knowledge had built up a department which, for efficiency, now stands second to none.

On the outbreak of the War Mackenzie at once offered his services. He was gazetted Captain in the C.A.M.C. in April 1915 and in the following month went overseas in charge of the laboratories of the No. 4 Canadian Hospital (University of Toronto) established at Saloniki. He returned to his duties at the University in the Autumn of 1916, but the following summer found him again overseas, this time in England where he carried on investigations with the late Professor Brodie on certain problems in the physiology of respiration, that had been suggested by the experiences of the War. In the Autumn of 1921 signs of a streptococcus infection—how acquired is uncertain—began to show themselves, and Mackenzie was soon obliged to relinquish his University duties. During the long illness that followed there was no abatement of his natural cheerfulness and interest in affairs. Never was there a braver struggle. No one knew better than he to interpret the insidious progress of the disease, yet to the friends who visited him he was ever cheerful and uncomplaining. He was one of Nature's big-hearted noblemen, beloved by all who came in contact with him, friends, colleagues and students. Mackenzie was not one of those who personally contributed largely to the literature of his special subject. He preferred to stimulate others to investigation, and many important studies, suggested and supervised by him, have appeared from his laboratory. His knowledge of his subject and his powers of clear exposition made his teaching both thorough and stimulating, and by his students and his colleagues, both at home and abroad, he was acknowledged as a master in his chosen field. He took an active part in the proceedings of the many scientific societies of which he as a member, and was honoured by a fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada and the Presidency of the Royal Canadian Institute. His interests were by no means confined to his special field of science; they extended to both literature and art, and he delighted especially in good books and good music. Of him it may truly be said that he was a scholarly, cultured gentleman, whose loss will be sincerely mourned.

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A Conference on Unemployment

THE news that the Canadian premiers will meet this month or next, to consider remedies for unemployment, has been received without excitement. The priest and the levite, who still run true to type, are already questioning the need for such a meeting. The doctor, the district nurse, the settlement head, the downtown minister—everyone, indeed, who comes into contact with present distress—will be haunted by the thought, *Two years too late.* More intimately concerned with trade depression than anyone, the jobless worker whose saving sense of humour is his last line of defence—the dyke that guards the social system—may be moved to swift, unkind, sardonic merriment. Little good is served, he will bitterly reflect, by shutting stable doors after the horse is stolen, but the gesture is instinctive with the politician. *Is the present calamity one that we should have foreseen? Then let us meet to talk it over.*

This is, nevertheless, a case in which Mr. King himself is clearly not to blame. Summoned to power less than a year ago, with an exceedingly precarious majority, he has inherited the great industrial problem that proved too much for his predecessors. More gravely handicapped than they were, he must deal with a situation that grows more difficult as it develops, while it steadily loses in dramatic quality. Public attention is arrested in a temporary crisis; whatever the remedies proposed, a measure of support and sympathy can be relied on. But if this was a crisis two years ago, at present it is something more; it is fast becoming a condition in the daily life of thousands.

What are the facts? Despite the welter of opinion, which insists that while beggars and ne'er-do-wells abound, everyone has work who wants it, the facts are quite beyond dispute. They may be summed up in a single sentence. Of every six workers who were employed in Canada two years ago, one is at present unemployed. While we have been thanking God that we are not as other countries—notably the British Isles—our own situation has been as bad as theirs, or very little better. The chief points of difference between the Dominion and the Mother Country have been, firstly, that England boldly faced the facts, while we did not, and, secondly, that England has systematic means of relieving unemployment, while for our part we have none.

The need for preparation has been pointed out time and again, and has received academic assent from authorities with little taste for the work that it involves. The time to provide against depression, as everyone knows, is before the slump begins; but there were always strong reasons for delay. *Sloth said, Yet a little more Sleep: and Presumption said,*

Every Tub must stand upon his own bottom. Action was always put off until to-morrow.

A price must be paid for unreadiness—a price which no people has yet succeeded in avoiding. The price of this lack of foresight is being paid now—on the instalment system—by families whose savings have been exhausted and homes broken up; by workers whom hunger so weakens, that when they get back to work they can do nothing; by sickness directly traceable to such privation; by despair and sometimes suicide. The price will continue to be paid, even when trade has revived; not mainly, however, by scattered families and individuals, as at present, but by the nation as a whole, in the permanently impaired efficiency of some of its workers, and the permanently embittered memories of others. Unemployment is the failure of capitalism; and as such it must be dealt with.

The task of the premiers is twofold. Their immediate business is to devise a plan by which —since no magic wand can create employment— relief can be provided well and inexpensively for those who face the winter without resources of their own. Less immediate, but no less important, is the need for measures which can be carried out in times of normal activity, to minimise unnecessary suffering during future trade depressions. Time and again have emergency methods of relief proved futile. We can afford to depend on them no longer. On the other hand, past experience shows clearly that depression and prosperity succeed one another like the regular ebb and flow of ocean tides. Public opinion is hardening against men in responsible positions who refuse to reckon with and plan against this alternation—who refuse to make preparation for the lean years in the respite afforded by the fat. Whether incurably stupid or criminally negligent—a third alternative is hard to find—they are likely, when they face the people, to be given a short shrift.

The case is so plain that in unitary governments it is inevitably realized. For nearly twenty years industrial issues have been among the dominant forces in English politics. Each successive government, when the time came to go to the hustings, has been anxious to get all the credit possible for its industrial legislation. A series of administrations at Westminster has organized the labour market thoroughly, providing insurance against unemployment for more than twelve million workers. There has been no limitation on the legislative power: there has been no doubt as to who was financially responsible for each change. The rate of progress has accordingly been rapid.

In a federal system issues clear more slowly. Apart from the profound, instinctive conservatism which dominates all politics in Canada, the division of powers between provincial and dominion governments creates endless difficulties and delays. Few far-reaching social reforms can be said clearly to be within the scope of either province or Dominion. Almost all of them require some special arrangement for co-operative working, unforeseen by the makers of our constitution. The financial questions involved in any project must be made the subject of a special bargain, between men on either side who feel bound by pledges of economy. Too often the temptation to decline responsibility proves overwhelming. "Passing the buck," the costliest of all devices, becomes a legitimate form of statecraft, and abuses flourish.

Such leadership as there was came generally from Ottawa. It is now many years since Sir William Mulock (then the Postmaster-General) gave his first chance to a young research student called Mackenzie King, who was credited with advanced views on social reform, and did good service in reforming the practice of awarding contracts. Subsequently the same young man has more than once found himself in a position to give help to others of like mind. Since those days there have generally been a few men in the departments possessing at the same time the vision to plan for future needs, and the confidence of a minister or two, without whose support they were powerless. In order to carry out the constructive policies they planned—and by no means all of them were welcomed—the Dominion government has sometimes literally been compelled to bribe the provinces by subsidies; almost unconsciously, a system of grants-in-aid has been evolved.

Will the coming conference on unemployment reproduce this familiar situation? Such an event is, unfortunately, not improbable. The provinces are not all alike in their attitude to social problems. The political complexion of their governments is not the same. They are by no means equal in taxable resources; and they have suffered unequally from the depression. Even if Mr. King can lay before the provincial premiers an effective plan—and this is a large assumption—the hesitation of two or three of the provinces may waste precious time, and be dissipated only by more subsidies.

Whatever the result of the meeting, Mr. King's leadership will be critically tested. Before assuming office he toured the country widely, regaling tolerant Canadian Clubs with addresses on industrial relations. If he spoke the language of the pulpiteer, his stated purpose was severely practical. His was the formula —so he told his hearers—which would reconcile capital and labour. To-day, perhaps a good deal sooner than he looked for it, he faces a problem which will test his knowledge and resource.

At the worst, the conference will meet and talk and part, leaving a bluebook to confess its impotence. At best, if in spite of Sloth and Presumption it succeeds, it may do much to give a new direction to Canadian politics. Almost unconsciously during the

last generation we have developed an industrial society. Canadian politicians have continued to wrangle on old issues—have lived in the past with Sir Charles and Sir John and Sir Wilfrid, while the Canada they knew was disappearing. No doubt the dead are always reluctant to bury their dead: forgetting the new world that each age brings to birth. Not unconnected with this is the townsman's loss of interest in politics, which makes Canadian elections tame affairs. He will no longer interest himself in bygone quarrels as he once did.

Even the tariff controversy lacks reality. As almost every voter knows, no party in the state can afford at present, whatever its majority, to do much to the tariff. As the need for revenue forbids any but a trifling reduction, so does the need for markets forbid any but a trifling increase. Timidity drives the Conservative to bleat for a "low" tariff; and the Liberal to bleat for "adequate" protective duties. One minister of finance appoints a tariff commission and dare not produce its findings; another tries to serve God and Mammon by proclaiming a small reduction in protection and (as the result of a juggle with the sales tax) making a camouflaged increase.

In this welter of unreal controversy the country is waiting for someone strong enough to break away from the ancient good which time has made uncouth. There are some two million workers in the towns and cities of this country; many thousands of them out of work, still more with an uncertain hold on employment. The problem of keeping, or securing, continuous work at wages is a vital one for most of them. A political philosophy which does not take account of this is doomed. But a programme free from catchwords, which promises a real reduction in the risk of unemployment, will arrest their attention as nothing else could do. The need has existed for a long time; but never more urgently than now.

Expansion of the Guild Movement

THE Building Guild movement, which has exercised a powerful influence on the mind of the British building workers, has furnished the inspiration to similar movements in Europe, although the movement in Italy is an exception in that it started independently from the British movement.

It is significant of the attractiveness of the Guild idea that it developed in Great Britain and Italy without mutual inspiration. The outstanding feature of the Italian Guild movement is that the Guilds were created, first, to relieve unemployment; secondly, to provide an outlet for the overflowing energies of blackleg-proof unions. All the Italian Guilds are closely connected with the Trade Union movement. For instance, the National Federation of Building Operators enumerates amongst its objects the creation of Guilds of production and labour, and at its last congress passed a resolution affirming that "in order to overcome the underproduction of houses and profiteering in rents and building materials, it is indispensable that the building industry shall be declared a national service . . . devolving most of its functions upon the municipalities and entrusting the actual work of construction to the Building Guilds. . . ."

The same congress instructed the Federation to coordinate the numerous local Guilds into a National Federation of Building Guilds, which is to be a section of the N.F.B.O., giving as its reason that "the unions have reached a stage in which . . . they must engage in actual production."

This National Guild is based on local Guilds. Each member of the local Guilds must pay for at least one share, the price of which is fifty lire, and no member may own more than one hundred shares. There are no dividends paid on these shares, unless one may term the twenty-five per cent. of the profits that goes to the workers, in proportion to the wages they have earned, a dividend. Twenty-five per cent. of the profits is transferred to mutual aid funds, and the remaining fifty per cent. goes to the sinking fund.

The National Guild is at work constructing a long railway line for the State Railways, and is responsible for all large scale works that involve the interest of vast zones and distributes them amongst the district Guilds. It is also the financing agency for national construction and takes over and manages subsidiary industries, such as quarries, brick, cement and lime factories, together with the workshops which prepare building material.

It is backed by two hundred thousand members of the N.F.B.O.; it controls labour and the labour market, and is capable of engaging in any kind of construction work, from road and bridge building to the building of the finest residences in any part of the country. Tremendous work has been done already by its affiliated Guilds. During the last two years most of the reconstruction work in the war area has been carried on by the local Guilds. The National Guild has an expert staff and a schooled, disciplined rank and file. It is not out for profits, but wants to realize the principles that will make it possible and feasible to transform the building industry into a true national public service, free of "red tape" and working in conjunction with the public administration in the interest of the community.

The other European communities in which the Guild movement is in action are Austria, Hungary, Germany and Holland, all of whom owe their in-

spiration to the example of the British building workers.

Soon after the conclusion of the war, building workers in many parts of Germany united to form productive co-operative societies. The new movement was very successful, and in September, 1920, the Building Trade Unions took over its management and formed the Union of Social Building Corporations as a limited Company, with a working capital of twenty-five million marks. According to its stipulations, this Union is formed for the purpose of "forming and promoting social or co-operative building corporations and to represent them in their relations to government, Parliament and communities." The profit made must not exceed five per cent. of the capital invested. Most of the local societies adopted the name of "Bauhütte," which in the middle ages was the name of the gatherings, and afterwards of the Building Guilds.

The Union comprises at present about two hundred corporations, with twenty thousand workers. It is managed by hand and brain workers, and a partner can only transfer his share to another partner. Private people cannot be partners. The Committee of Control assists the Managing Directors and the Works Committee in technical and administrative affairs. The Committee of Control represents the associations of building workers, societies for establishing small dwellings, the provinces and the state.

During the last year the turnover amounted to 300 million marks. It has been successful in reducing the cost of building, as during the years 1920-21 the tenders of the "Bauhütten" were 400,000,000 marks below those of private concerns. Some instances may be given: In 1920 the City of Bonn wanted tenders; the lowest given by private concerns was 500,000 marks, whilst that of the Guilds was 200,000 marks, being 143 per cent. cheaper. In Darmstadt private tenders for carpentry amounted to 72,000 marks; the Guild only asked 35,870. In Heilbronn the cost of excavating was reduced, through competition of the Guilds, from 26 to 17 marks per cubic yard, although the wages at the same time were raised 27 per cent.

In January, 1922, the movement was recognized as of general utility and was, therefore, exempted from the special taxes on corporations, thus enabling Guilds to obtain credit more easily from public funds, notwithstanding the opposition of private building interests.

Turning to Austria, we find in existence the Builders' and Civic Improvers' Guild. The Guild aims at a close union between those who make and those who use the products of a whole branch of industry, viz.—of the Building Trades and all the trades connected with it. Three organizations are in association in the Guild. The first is the Builders' Union, comprising both manual and administrative workers in the building trade. The second is the Garden City Association, a co-operative organization for the laying out of garden cities. The third is the Austrian Lodgers' Union, the object of which is the protection of the lodgers' interests, and in a country where living in tenements is the rule, such an organization is of great importance.

The object of the Guild is to gain full control of the building of new houses and flats, and the keeping in good repair of houses already existing. The Builders' Union, the Garden City Association, the Vienna Town Council and the Government have founded institutes to provide the Guild with building materials, and the Builders' Union is at work on several settlements. The Guild is built on democratic principles, and the Executive Boards of the three bodies which constitute the Guild send a certain number of members to the Guild council. At present the Guild has about two hundred thousand members.

The Building Guild of Hungary owes its creation to the National Federation of Building Trades' Operatives, which has twenty-five thousand members and is largely Marxian in spirit. Two years ago the Federation of Building Craft Unions was transformed into a real industrial union of the Building Trades, and out of this organization grew the demand for a Building Guild, which would include technicians and office workers as well as manual workers, and be based on the principle of democratic self-government, having as its objects greater efficiency, higher output and better craftsmanship, with continuous pay and no distribution of profits.

The first local Guild was started in Budapest, and the number of volunteers asking to be enrolled in the Guild surpasses, at the present time, the working capacity of the Guilds. It is even more remarkable that the support given to Guild action is stronger in small towns and country places than at the Capital.

In Holland a Building Guild has been formed at Amsterdam, with similar objects to those of the British Building Guild. The Social, Democratic, Syndicalist, Christian and Catholic Building Unions are each entitled to two members on the Guild council, and provision is made for other unions to have representation on it. The Guild carries on propaganda for the creation of a national body. With the exception of some small contracts, no information has been available to indicate its success, either in the amount of contracts received, or in lower costs of building.

In Ireland a National Building Guild has been created out of the Dublin movement, and at the present time, according to the *Voice of Labour*, plans are on foot for the reorganization of the whole Irish fishing industry as a national Guild, working in conjunction with Dail Eireann.

According to the statements sent out by the National Federation of Trade Unions, steps are now being taken to create a National Building Guild in France. The initiative in the matter has been taken by the Union of Technicians, who are working in conjunction with the organized building workers, having as their object the building of houses for public bodies, and all sorts of building work for local authorities, especially devoting their energies to reconstruction work in the devastated areas.

The French Seamen's Federation is proposing to start a merchant fleet of its own and wishes to buy seventeen vessels from the French government, having a total tonnage of 112,000. A separate co-operative organization, under union control, is to be formed to take charge of the enterprise.

The French Miners' Federation has formed a company and started work in a quarry, which has been quite successful so far. The Belgian miners have put some of their own money into the enterprise as a sign of international solidarity. Meanwhile, in connection with the devastated areas of France, the French and German Building Unions have agreed on a plan for doing the work, partly with German labour, through the German Building Guilds, on terms which would eliminate all profit. The French workers would be represented on the governing bodies of the Guilds doing the work. This plan was overwhelmingly approved by the residents of the areas in question, but the French government stepped in and refused to allow it to be carried out.

Turning to the western world, the only sign of Guild ideas in action is in Tampico, Mexico, where the dockworkers have taken the management of the work of the port into their own hands and are running the dock on Guild lines. But there are interesting developments elsewhere, on slightly different lines. In Boston a small experiment is carried out by a number of building trades' operatives in co-operative house-building, without direct support from their Trade Unions. They have between thirty and forty contracts in hand and have gone along working on rough plans which they themselves have drawn out, buying materials as best as they could. It is claimed that their costs of production have so far been about 15 per cent. below those of private contractors. Again, in Minneapolis the Bricklayers' Union has organized a plan to build better and cheaper homes for the workers, and at St. Paul there is a co-operative undertaking, owned and controlled by the workers, for the purpose of building homes. This enterprise, in the short period it has been at work, has already effected a saving of from twenty to thirty per cent. in the price of houses. Its funds have been contributed by the unions.

These American experiments, however, are not strictly Guilds, and so far there is no indication that American or Canadian workers are likely to be seized with the inspiration of Guild ideas and the conception of work as national service, which the European workers are endeavouring to translate into action, in spite of the opposition of private interests.

JAMES T. GUNN.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

Original Sin

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In the June number of the FORUM appeared a letter objecting to a little article of mine, 'A Plea for Original Sin,' which was in the April issue. Since the letter, while scrupulously temperate and fair-minded in tone, was a counterblast to what was evidently regarded as a sort of plea for immorality, I hope I may be pardoned for setting forth some ancient views which cannot possibly be of the slightest consequence to anyone. It is extremely disturbing to a sensitive mind to be considered a villainous abominable misleader of youth.

I can quite sympathize with your correspondent's attitude, but he has misunderstood mine. I agree with many of his remarks and trust that a further explanation of my own point of view will satisfy him and any young people who were troubled over the advisability of running amuck in the interests of literature—a course the efficacy of which the correspondent naturally doubted.

He says, quite truly, that the article in question 'is written with an elusiveness which makes it difficult to pin the author to any positive plea for sin. One can therefore accuse him of nothing. . .' The tone of the article, its very title, I had thought, would have made it impossible for anyone to take parts of it with such extreme literalness. It was not at all a reasoned set of immoral precepts designed to compass the ethical perversion of growing minds. I hasten to say that I believe in morals as much as anyone. What one objects to is the dominance in conduct of rigid and sterile moral formulas, and the association of morality with art. In a world where there are no absolutes, narrow formalism in morals, belief in a code because it is a code, may be more blighting to the soul than the worst licence. Morals are nothing except as a matter of individual struggle, though we commonly use them as a foot-rule with which to measure our neighbour. Morals are continually degenerating into a set of formulas as mechanical as addition and subtraction—that is the objectionable side of 'middle-class morality'—and they are in continual need of being revitalized in the individual soul. It is one of the accidental functions of art to perform that office by giving us honest, high-minded treatments of all aspects of human life, all of which demand our sympathy. My little piece was not, then, a deadly anarchistic bomb intended to shatter morals and release us all for a grand carnival of the senses; it was only a modest fire-cracker placed under the chairs of the twin Muses of Canadian literature, Sentimentalism and Insipidity. I was trying to say that morality and art in Canada are hand in glove,

when they ought to be strangers; that there is not, among the general public, the state of mind which appreciates and encourages artistic honesty, and which is the indispensable prerequisite for the growth of great art; that this tendency to shrink from anything 'unpleasant' keeps Canadian literature anaemic and provincial. If a D. H. Lawrence or a Sherwood Anderson arose among us—not that they represent the summit of achievement—a dozen societies would undertake their suppression. Truth, plain or pathological, makes us uncomfortable; we do not want anything that can't be read aloud at a Sewing Circle.

Obviously 'glad sinning' is not the one essential of literary distinction, or every penitentiary would be a new Athens, and of course, as your correspondent remarks, only the man of original mind can make literature. But isolated individuals can make little headway against the powerful herd-instinct. We are all much too confident in our ability to know right from wrong, and much too ready to apply it. In treating his characters the artist neither judges nor condemns; our attitude towards him should be the same—a point of view taken from the Gospels does sometimes seem subversive of the Christian morality we have so painfully achieved. We have in Canada more than enough books which tell us of the virtuousness of virtue and the viciousness of vice; if our morals are worth keeping they will not be damaged by books which attempt to do neither, but merely to give an honest picture of human life.

Yours, etc.,

DOUGLAS BUSH.

Cambridge, Mass.

A Flag for Canada

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

"Prince David" Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has had printed and distributed to the public schools of Ottawa, and to at least one Toronto daily paper, a pamphlet entitled "How to Honor the Flag". One reads in the pamphlet itself that it is issued in the interests of Canadianization. The zeal of the ladies of the I.O.D.E. for Canadianization is admirable but it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that they are even more anxious to prevent the conception of a Canadian flag than they are to insist on the honor due to the British flag.

This cloaking of imperialist propaganda in the camouflage of Canadianization is indeed a pretty paradox, but the Daughters of the Empire would be doing a better bit of Canadianization were they to use their great power and influence in regularizing the use of a Canadian flag, than by discrediting the use of the Red Ensign, with the Arms of the Dominion of Canada, which flag-hungry Canadians have unofficially adopted as their very own.

The first three clauses of the pamphlet are as follows:

"1. The only authorized flag for use on land throughout the British Empire is the Union Flag, commonly called the UNION JACK.

2. The UNION FLAG is the National Flag of Canada as of all other parts of his Majesty's Dominions and may be flown by all British subjects. (*Canada Gazette*, Vol. XLV., page 4574.)

3. The Red Ensign, with the Arms of the Dominion of Canada in the fly, is intended to be used by Canadian Merchant vessels. (*Canada Gazette*, Vol. XLV., page 4574.)"

Regarding these clauses it may be said,—that, authorized or unauthorized, Australia, New Zealand and Canada fly flags of their own.

The Australian Flag (being the ensign with the Southern Cross) was chosen twenty years ago by popular competitions in which thirty thousand contestants took part; the preferred design was submitted to King Edward VII and received his approval.

As long ago as 1889 Lord Stanley, Governor General of Canada, wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty concerning the Red Ensign of the Canadian Mercantile Marine that it had "come to be considered as the recognized flag of the Dominion ashore and afloat."

Under the circumstances it is right that those of us who are interested in the achievement of a regularized Canadian flag should not remain silent.

Having asserted that Canadians, or at least some Canadians, want a Canadian flag, one may be accused of manufacturing a demand for a Canadian flag, out of one's own narrow experience and narrower prejudices, warned that "the flag that braved a thousand years (this reckoning being a poetical inaccuracy!) the battle and the breeze" is good enough for anyone with British blood in his veins, and informed that there is not the slightest evidence available in support of the ridiculous theory that Canadians have any desire to fly a flag, other than the Union Jack of glorious traditions.

The reply is this: Whether they know what they are doing or not, Canadians have for years past been declaring themselves in no uncertain manner in favour of a Canadian flag. And their negligent governments not having supplied them with this national emblem of patriotic devotion, they have pirated the Canadian Mercantile Marine of its ensign, and put it to the nefarious task of announcing to the four winds of heaven the fact that, concerning their native land, Canadians are as human, loving, demonstrative and proud as Englishmen.

If this fact is not evident from the display of so-called Canadian flags on occasions of public rejoicing, honest men will be convinced of the truth of this contention by enquiring, as to the number of Union Jacks demanded by the public, in comparison with the demand for the Canadian flag. The earnest seeker after truth will learn that the flag dealers of Toronto estimate that the demand for the Canadian flag is anywhere from thirty-three to seventy-five per cent. of the combined demand for Union Jacks and Canadian flags.

One of the largest flag makers in Toronto, when interrogated about this interesting matter, was only too eager to vent his plaint against the ignorance of the Canadian public regarding flags. He deplored most sincerely the peculiar taste of the people (and, by the way, included the Public School Board, and the municipal authorities of Toronto) in demanding, and even inventing a Canadian flag, and by way of justification of his position, made this extraordinary remark, "I am pushing the Jack for all I am worth,—but without much success!" This state of affairs is unjust to the flag which is being pushed in, to the flag which is being pushed out, and to the unfortunate patriot who may wish to give expression to his national enthusiasm without being obliged to commit an heraldic error.

Now should there be a share of prejudice against a change of flags, on the score that any meddling with the Union Jack is an unnatural and disrespectful act of iconoclasm, let the history of flags be studied, and it will be seen that the British flag, of all flags, represents most faithfully that spirit of nationalism which will be satisfied with nothing short of a place of honour on the country's standard.

The Union Jack, or to be correct, the Union Flag, which as we know it to-day dates only from 1801, is a flaming protest against the unpatriotic prejudice, or apathy, of those who fail to demand for their own country the natural and legitimate right to fly a distinctive flag. It is true that England, Scotland and Ireland compromised and combined in the matter of flag making, but not one of these proud nations would pause to consider a suggestion to the effect that their particular part of the flag detracts from the dignity of the whole; nor would Scotsmen and Irishmen be inclined to honour the flag of Britain were the crosses which represent Scotland and Ireland omitted from its design.

It will be time enough to forgo our demand for a Canadian

flag when the maple leaf or the beaver is superimposed upon the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick.

So let it be clearly understood that Canada wants a flag of her own, and then, perhaps, when Ottawa has settled the vexed question of the Dominion coat of arms, we shall be provided with the diverting spectacle of a popular competition for the purpose of deciding the nature and design of our country's banner. Indeed one has visions of the day when the Union Jack will be hauled down amid the tears of grateful old men, and to the tune of God Save the King, to be replaced on our national flag pole by the Canadian flag, raised amid the cheers of the younger generation and the stirring strains of "O Canada!"

Yours, etc.,

HARRY BALDWIN.

Toronto, 7th July.

The War in Literature

IN these days of emotional reaction when our questionings and misgivings extend beyond the fields of politics and science into the precincts of art, it is with an almost contemptuous protest that we recall Ruskin's solemn assurances to the young gentlemen of Woolwich upon the origin and inspiration of all great art. For, to choose only the practical ground, what is one to think of a theory or a prophecy, which, when put to the test as Ruskin's has been—a splendid test, too, if magnitude of slaughter counts for anything—seems to amount to nothing but a peculiarly noxious fallacy? Surely here is no sublime truth, only an aberration of genius—a first outburst, beautiful in its way, of that perverse, romantic nonsense that disfigured so much of the later literature of the golden Victorian age. And yet one must admit that the complete truth, even for the modern world, is not to be found in the reverse of Ruskin's theory. Tolstoy alone should be sufficient proof of that; for in *War and Peace* we have at least one modern work of the highest order that derives its inspiration from a period of war and conflict. It seems to come to this, that while we may deny as vehemently as we like that war is the sole or even the chief inspiration of art, we must still admit that war, like all poignant and terrible experiences, cannot and has not failed to work upon the imagination of men and so to produce in almost every age works of grandeur and beauty.

It does not do to forget, however, that there is one simple factor upon which the creation of a great literature of war seems almost invariably to depend. That is the factor of time. For these finer products of war have never been the products of the war spirit; and even the men of genius are rare who have not to rely on time to bring detachment. This, we may be sure, is what has been in the minds of the foremost contemporary critics when they have warned us against looking too soon for any first-rate imaginative work as a result of the experiences through which our own generation has passed. Yet sometimes one cannot help thinking that we may have taken these warnings too literally, or, at any rate, have applied them with too little discrimination, so that while we wait for a Tolstoy who may never come, we are inclined to close our eyes to much that is admirable and enduring in what is already before us. Such books, for instance, as Mr. Herbert's *Secret Battle* and the *Field Ambulance Sketches* that appeared so unobtrusively two years ago from the pen of an anonymous lance-corporal may not be great books, indeed they make no pretence of being so, but they are books that possess, to say the least, very distinct value as sincere and, for the most part, objective accounts based on experiences that have been lived through and suffered. At least as much can be said of the *Civilisation* and *Vie des Martyrs* of Georges Duhamel, which show in addition the economy and the beauty of form that one is accustomed to look for in the best French work of this character. In somewhat the same category, though disclosing a certain lack of restraint both in the method and in the choice of subjects, is the Hungarian Andreas Latzko's *Men in War*; in fact this collection of terrible stories really perhaps comes closer, in outlook at any rate, to M. Henri Barbusse's *Le Feu* and *Clarté* than to the more serene, but none the less moving spirit of M. Duhamel's work. With both Barbusse and Latzko the reaction to experience has been so intense and so persistent that nearly all their work has about it a tinge of inverted propaganda. Apart from imaginative work there are, of course, such different but fascinating books as Sir Ian Hamilton's *Gallipoli Diary* and Sir William Orpen's entertaining account of the pleasures and vicissitudes of an official war-artist in France; while in French there is that extraordinary feat of journalism that describes with such insight and intimacy the daily life, the intrigues, and the prejudices of that fortunate portion of the French military caste (strangely familiar when one sees it so closely) that found itself at G.Q.G. during the last three years of the war.

Two recent English books will, however, serve better than any catalogue to indicate the merits and the limitations of our rapidly increasing literature of the war. Mr. Wilfrid Ewart's *Way of Revelation* is an ambitious book, broadly conceived, and, in its outlines, not without a certain fine simplicity. Unlike so many war books it is the portions that deal with the war that are incomparably the best; for this is very far from being the now too familiar instance of some competent but exhausted novelist seizing upon the war as a convenient background for his or her latest creation. When Mr. Ewart writes of the war he writes with a restraint and conviction that must, at least to some extent, be the outcome of personal contact and direct observation. But, good as they are, Mr. Ewart's descriptions of life in France never become anything more than

descriptions; for the characters, which should have welded them together, are little better than lay-figures moving almost mechanically about the vast stage the author has created for them. Of the opening and closing episodes, in which he seeks to give a picture of Mayfair before and after the war, one cannot say even as much. Indeed it is difficult to believe that here his descriptions are the result of anything more than the most superficial observation, while his characters—Gina Maryon with her black and silver drawing room and her cocaine, Sir Walter and Lady Freeman with their social ambitions and their political success, Harry Upton, poet and private secretary, rich, clever, and debased—are nothing but repulsive caricatures. Mr. Ewart's style, too, suffers in these chapters a corresponding decline; the impression one gets is that he is too anxious to impress upon his readers his familiarity with the scene he describes. Other irritating weaknesses run through the whole book, one of them a sort of muddle-headed mysticism, which, one gathers, is intended to serve as the up-to-date version of "God's in his heaven." In short, by attempting too much, Mr. Ewart has come perilously close to obscuring what he has done really well. The result is that *Way of Revelation*, far from being a great book, is not even a fine fragment.

The other book, Mr. C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment*, is neither a novel nor an autobiography. The nearest one can come to it, probably, is to say that it is a book of essays on the war inspired by personal experience. No question as to the character of the workmanship can arise here; for there are few men writing in English to-day who, even given the opportunity, could do this sort of thing as well as Mr. Montague. There are portions of this book that will repel many people, not merely the mean-spirited—them it will infuriate—but the mass of kindly, conventional, optimistic people who will be unable to see in Mr. Montague's ironic conflict with the shams and errors that thrived on the war anything but a bitter thrust at cherished idols, a needless desecration of comforting ideals. For the trouble is that Mr. Montague is an idealist too, an idealist who has been watching for years in silence the betrayal of many of the things for which he believed he and his friends were fighting. That does not tend to develop superficial geniality, and consequently Mr. Montague's book is not exactly a soothing book. But it is a very fine book, and also a remarkably interesting one. Imagine Sir Philip Gibbs's *Now It Can Be Told* written by a man with all Sir Philip Gibbs's greatness of heart, with more than his true vivid experience, and with wisdom and detachment and a mastery of English added, and you have an idea of what *Disenchantment* is. Like every true book about war this one carries with it more than a suggestion of the corruption and disillusionment that accompany war. The same sense of the transitoriness and futility of human lives in conflict with the inexorable march of events that one finds in *War and Peace* hangs about it in places too. Yet in years to come it will be to a book like this rather than to the self-complaisant records of successful leaders that men will turn for proof of the real spirit that animated the British people. To-day, three years after the war, we are only beginning to emerge from that state of mind in which it is the fashion to decry everything that savours of magnanimity or chivalry. The spirit of equanimity and generosity that the rancour and meanness of politicians and journalists never quite destroyed is again making itself felt. It is the expression of this spirit, still so odious to those who do not understand it, that raises Mr. Montague's book above even the greater sardonic writings.

But after all we come back to where we started. Essays, even of the power and finish of Mr. Montague's, are not imaginative works of art. Works of art they may be, but they are so restricted by the character of their form that, if we seek to judge them by the fuller standards of imaginative literature, we must regard them as inadequate. But we can admit this much by way of consolation that, whatever standard we choose to apply to Mr. Montague's book, we find in it something that is not to be found in any of the books of the war that have so far appeared, not even in the moving stories of M. Duhamel, and that is the passionate detachment with which the great book, when it comes, will have to be written.

E. H. B.

Poems

Your Green Scarf

Your green scarf blew across my breast,
Close to my side your arm was pressed,
Forgot were misery, sorrow, strife,
I only remembered you—and life.

The wind blew stinging snow in my face
As I stood on guard in a perilous place;
But I heeded not as the wild storm flew—
I only remembered death—and you.

At Camp

When under August trees I lie
  And listen to the night,
And watch the star-shine in the lake
  Like fairy nets of light:
When no impertinent chimney-stacks
  Blot heaven with their frown,
There are more stars at camp, I think,
  Than in Toronto town.

And when, beneath my friendly pine,
I watch the moon grow old
And Dawn insurgent crowd the sky
With banners of red gold,
When in the flooding stream of Day
The pale stars faint and drown—
There is more truth at camp, I know,
Than in Toronto town.

MILLICENT PAYNE.

The Royal Toun o' Stirling

II

FRONTING the castle at Stirling from a small plateau almost at the summit of the crag there is a little pinnacle which for romantic reasons of its own has been named from ancient times 'The Ladies' Rock'. It commands, east, west, south, and north, a view which has but few equals in scenic, heroic, or romantic interest, for from its height of two hundred and some odd feet, at the point where the many-winding Forth swings from its easterly course south-eastward to the sea, it overlooks the wide valley from source to outlet and scans the mountains and the long hills which ring it about in a broken and irregular amphitheatre. It is the watch-tower of the countryside and, set in Scotland's very heart, it has looked down for centuries on hills and fields of which scarce a fold or an acre is not the home of some far-known tale.

One afternoon when a great wind had driven away the clinging purple mists which for many days had hidden the farther heights I climbed to this pinnacle to watch the scene for the last time before setting out for Canada. Across the table-land, and at the head of the narrow climbing streets which now cover the old approach to the castle, stands the Rude Kirk, or the East and West Churches, where two congregations worship under one roof. It, and its predecessor destroyed by fire, has been the Parish Kirk for eight centuries, and here for generations the burgh's dead have been carried up. The first to be buried outside the Kirk were laid beneath the shadow of its walls, where such of their stones as yet remain stoop to the grass, defaced of symbol and inscription. But now the whole of the little plateau is covered from wall to paling with the roofs of this second city and many bear the silent testimony 'Three Lairs'. As I wound my way among them to the Ladies' Rock I stumbled across the memorial of a disillusioned philosopher, not so long ago chief constable for Stirlingshire.

Our. life. is. but. a. winter. day:
some. only. breakfast. and. away:
Others. to. dinner. stay.
and. are. full. fed.
The. oldest. man. but. sups:
and. goes. to. bed:
Large. is. his. debt:
that. lingers. out. the. day:
he. that. goes. soonest:
has. the. least. to. pay:

And in London, the mother of quaint things, I saw this quoted to support the demand for an Epitaph Censor! Surely this is a strange age.

But even the oldest graves here, with their crumbled or completely vanished stones, are only a modern growth. In still more ancient days this silent acreage witnessed knightly sports and the games of chivalry, and, from the Ladies' Rock, maiden and dame of the court, with a more eager blood running in their veins than the romanticists deign to declare, watched the tilting at the ring and many another contest whose names even are dead. Here that 'braw gallant', the bonnie Earl of Murray, 'played at the gluve' under the Queen's eye ere Huntly laid him on the green, and many a courtier mounted the rock to receive the reward of his skill. Such things are pleasant to think of in a time filled with ugliness and commercialism, though the graves crowd the courtly sporting place and the grey ivy-covered castle looking down on it is little more than a barracks and a haunt for tourists. It was occupied when I saw it by a small detachment of the Sutherlands who strolled about with their green tartans and khaki tunics, but at one time it was the chief fortress of the kingdom.

On that afternoon, however, I had not come to look at the castle but on the fields and moors and hills. Far away in the south-east the flat crest of Arthur's Seat notched the horizon and, close to the right of it, the line of the Pentlands rose just above the shoulder of nearer hills. Between them lies Edinburgh, the well named 'Auld Reekie'. Even at this distance, half across Scotland, the sky was darkened above it though it lay unseen itself. Nearer at hand is Alloa where Queen Mary lived in retirement before her closer confinement. There is a long railway bridge there now and some days before my last view of it a German destroyer, anchored above it since the armistice, broke loose in a storm and wrecked several piers, causing no end of trouble to railway passengers. From Alloa Bridge to Stirling at my feet lay the Links of Forth shining in the westering light like a great silver chain. The river coils upon itself in great horse-shoe loops so as almost to cut off green pastures into islands. Almost, but not quite, for with one circle almost completed it swings about again to embrace another field on the farther shore.

It is a swift running tidal river where two of its curves bend in to Stirling, and from my high seat I could see it, close beneath the crag as it seemed, rippling and dimpling with speed where the Old Bridge

crosses the upper one at the north-east corner of the town. It is an old bridge indeed, for, though little used to-day, it has served the generations of five hundred years and in its time it was of vast importance to town and castle. Stirling is one of the gates of the Highlands and that the bridge should be held was a matter of prime importance in the '15 and the '45 and at earlier periods of unrest. But long before the first Stewart was a crowned king in Stirling, in the days of the devastating struggle with England, there was an older bridge which played no mean part in it. It had great possibilities for a 'wittie' commander, and Sir William Wallace decided to give open battle to the English in a nearby field to the north of the river. The bridge then was no stone affair, but

Off gud playne burd was weill and junctly maid.

Wallace had it sawn through at two points, hinged it at one cut, propped it up at the other, and disguised the new cracks with earth. When finished it was a very pretty piece of strategical engineering. On the day of battle the English sallied out from Stirling;

Ay sex thai war agayne ane off Wallace,

but he had no intention of facing them all. When as many as the Scots could handle had crossed over the bridge, Wallace blew his horn and John the Wright, lurking under the arch, heard it ringing over the turmoil of the onset. Swiftly he knocked away the props and the Earl of Warren's host fell into the swift stream. That was the end of the battle. The English who had already crossed were driven backward in disorder till

Sewyn thousand large at anys flottryt in Forth.

This was but the most successful of the deeds which Wallace performed within sight of the Ladies' Rock. At the foot of the moorland hills six miles to the west he surprised and took the Peel of Gargunnock on a dark night. He then lay hid in the great forest, the 'New Park' of the battle of Bannockburn covering the land to the south of Stirling, before he slipped across the Forth at Kincardine. Later, hard pressed and alone, with the bridge held by enemies, he swam back at the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, a mile or so due east of the Castle Rock, to find shelter southward in the Torwood. And at last, when his struggle for national freedom was nearing a close, he gathered enough men to attempt one more open fight, and, on the bleak Sheriff Muir, which peers over the gaunt hills from the north-east, and whence he had planned the Battle of Stirling Bridge, he himself was broken and put to rout.

The deeds of Wallace about Stirling, however, are overshadowed by those of the less noble Bruce. From south to east lies the field of Bannockburn flat and open, and the long wooded hummock of the Gillies' Hill below which Bruce's camp followers hid is in full view a little to the west. If one forget the guide book plans of the battle and follow only the descriptions of writers of the time, it is easy to see at what a hopeless disadvantage the English were placed. The ground falls away from the town in wide 'terraces' to the low lying carse land and here on the second day the invaders had drawn up their forces with the marsh-bordered Bannock at their backs and the Forth, deeper and more sullen than at Stirling Bridge, hemming in their right flank. Bruce, holding the first ridge from St. Ninians northward toward Stirling could charge at will or retreat into the New Forest at his back. The English garrison, peering from the castle walls and from the pinnacle which was my seat, must have been an anxious company as they watched this rash disposition. On the day before, they had seen the great host marching down from Falkirk,

Where scheldis schynand war so scheyne,
And basnetis weill burnyst bricht,
That gaf agayne the sonne gret light.
Thai saw so fele browdyn baneris,
Standartis, pennownys and speris,
And so feill knychtis apon stedis,
All flawamand in-to thair wedis,
And so fele battalis and so braid,
That tuk so gret rowme as thai raid,

that they might well have thought with scorn on Bruce's paltry and ill armed companies. But now Edward seemed bent on throwing away his advantages and before nightfall they watched his army driven backward in disorder, southward into the hollow of the stream and eastward into the Forth, as an earlier garrison had seen their friends driven by Wallace into the river close beneath them. Edward himself managed to outflank the Scots and that evening dashed up to the great gate of the castle just across from the little cemetery where I sat. Some say that the English warden, in fear, would not admit him, but at any rate, after a short parley, he rode away out of sight down the steep approach to reappear around the base of the crag galloping westward down the road to Dunbarton.

This road vanishes at the foot of the Gargunnock Hills and looking down it one can again see the Forth, after its winding circuit to the north of the crag, bend away to its source below the mountains of Loch Lomond. The loch itself is hidden behind their shoulders, but Ben Lomond, a great purple cone, looks across to Stirling over twenty miles of level valley. It is the first of the great highland hills that range the horizon from west to north—Ben Lomond, Ben Ime, Ben Venue, the pass of the Trossachs, Ben Ledi, Ben More, Stuc-a-chroin, Ben Vorlich and Ben Chonzie, a string of names that call up a thousand associations. Here is the country of *The Lady of the Lake* and of that turbulent life of the Highlands of which the poem is but a conventionally romantic picture. Rob Roy Macgregor had a hold near the foot of Ben Lomond and the Mac-

farlanes held the mountains across the loch, from whence they could fall upon the rich cattle grazing pastures of the Forth. When 'Ye'll tak the high road' was written, the moon was facetiously known as Macfarlane's Lantern and to hear their pipe-tune, 'We come through snow-drift to drive the prey', was an omen of calamity for the lowlands. The pipes seldom sound in the hills now except for the passing brakes of tourists, but their crying in peace and feud rang through them for centuries till in 1715 and again in 1745 they called the gathering for concerted war against the Sassenach.

The effort of 1715 was broken close to Stirling, on the Sheriff Muir where Wallace was defeated four hundred years earlier, but in 1745 the Highlanders swept far into England before they met defeat. The military commander at Stirling, feeling himself in the position of a perilous frontier outpost, partially destroyed the Old Bridge for his better security, but though Doune Castle was held by Macgregors, Macdonalds, and Stewarts, and though Prince Charles slept at Dunblane some five miles away, the castle was neither attacked nor besieged with any vigour. The town, indeed, and the graveyard on the crag were occupied, but even after the victory at nearby Falkirk in 1746 the Chevalier made no attempt to regain this favourite dwelling of his fathers, and after the victory the Highlanders contented themselves with ringing the bells in the Rude Kirk tower. The Jacobites passed northward again into the hills and Cumberland, hasting in pursuit, stayed in Stirling only till the bridge could be mended.

With Prince Charlie passed the last national movement from Stirling, but there is left untold a bookful of song and tradition that excite the fancy of the stranger and the affection of the indweller. Over to the north is the home of 'Jessie, the flower of Dunblane', and nearer still, on Allan Water, the mill where the soldier wooed the miller's daughter as every singer knows. Doune Castle, the home of the bonnie Earl of Murray, I have mentioned before and over the Forth is Dunfermline where the King sat

Drinking the blude red wine

when he called for good Sir Patrik Spens. There is, besides, the little village of Kippen which prompted some unknown giber to begin the saying 'Out of the world and into Kippen', while Falkirk, the scene of two battles, has been made further immortal by 'Better meddle wi' the deil than the bairns of Fa'kirk'. To the south, beyond the village of Bannockburn, is the Field of Stirling or Sauchieburn where James III was defeated by his nobles; in the village itself, is Beaton's Mill where he was murdered in flight; and to the east lie the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, spoiled time on time by the raiding English, where his tomb lies naked to the skies.

But, older than all these, there are the nearly obliterated remains of Roman troops. Looking past the west side of the castle from where I sat I could see a farm-steading by the river bank, and here is the Kildean Ford and the remains of a Roman road. I could not see the water dimple from the pinnacle, but I knew very well that there was a rocky shallow there; for late one night, after a ramble in the deepening twilight, I had found myself cut off from the town by the Forth, dark and swollen from the rains. To the bridge was a long way round, so I set about looking for a shallow crossing. Ten minutes of tramping and I caught the flash of broken water in the faint light. But my hopes were soon dashed, for the river poured over the stones in a turbulent flood. After carefully reconnoitring, as one does before setting one's canoe to a rapid, I took the long way about home, but if I had known then that Agricola's legions had taken to the water there, Forth might have claimed one more foreign intruder.

I sat long that afternoon till, the sun going down at the back of Ben Lomond, the hills grew dark and the silver vanished from the links of water. Darkness comes at a late hour there in summer and I began to think of the fresh herrings and the miraculous array of tea-cakes to be found in the town. Leaving the cemetery I passed Mar's Lodging, built by the Earl of that name with stones brought from the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey below. It must have been a proud lodging before ruin overtook it, and, to judge from the disappearing inscriptions over its three doors, seems to have evoked popular criticism. The one on the kirk-yard side reads

ESPY. SPEIK. FURTH. AND. SPAIR. NOTHT
CONSIDER. VEIL. I. CAIR. NOTHT.

Those over the doors looking down Broad Street to the wide place and the ancient town cross are,

I. PRAY. AL. LVIKARS. ON. THIS. LVGING
VITH. GENTIL. E. TO. GIF. THAIR. JVGING.

and

THE MOIR. I. STAND. ON. OPPIN. HITHT
MY. FAULTIS. MOIR. SVBJECT. AR. TO SITHT.

A strange mixture of the haughty and the deprecating. The house later came into the hands of the house of Argyle (to whom the first couplet has always been remarkably suitable), while the first line of it has been carved below a figure of Wallace on the new Town Hall and stands a motto for all Scots.

I tramped down the steep roadway between the crowded closes where the wives of miners, and others of no repute, slatternly and stooped with toil and vice, gossiped and quarrelled shrilly while the ragged children squatted and scrambled in the gutters. Here not only Argyle and Mar but many more of high renown once took their lordly ways and builded them magnificent houses. Some are still in use, crowded with a new generation bred in poverty and hardship. Such a scene as this can put one out of conceit with the relics of feudal grandeur and I

AN ISLAND IN TYSON LAKE
BY
A. Y. JACKSON

dropped into the main street with an old song ringing in my head.

Out over the Forth I look'd to the north,
But what is the north or its Hielands to me?
The south nor the east bring nae ease to my breast,
The wild rocky mountains, or dark rolling sea.
But I look to the west, when I go to my rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be.

H. K. GORDON

The Quarrel

BY the time they reached the old eighth concession road it had begun to snow. The wind had whipped savagely against their faces all the way across the brown, broken fields, but suddenly it was white with tiny arrow-points, descending in diagonal sheets from the lowering sky. The frozen ruts caught at their unwary feet and the underbrush stretched gaunt hands for them. But this was what they had come for—a brisk country walk—and the snow was a gratuitous pleasure. Una crowded her stiff hands further into her sweater pockets, and tried to imitate her young husband's vigorous stride. He was advancing blithely upon the flying lances of the snow, his gun under his arm and his eyes searching the brush.

'Cold?' he flung over his shoulder.

'No,' she managed, in a gasp. By keeping her head down and her eyes half closed, she found that she could watch the road without becoming too intolerably blinded and breathless. Under her stinging lids, she could see only the hard, whitening ruts, glimpses of the brown underbrush beside the road, and the sturdy figure of the man before her. Her glance avoided his gun with its unpleasant potentialities.

The wind shifted a little after a while, and they moved with less difficulty. On one side of the road the trees had given way to an indistinct vista of low boggy ground, over which the tamaracks spread their vivid summer greenness. They looked very young and gallant—glowing so fresh in the snow and the bitter wind. Una devoured their shining loveliness through the shifting veils of snow.

'Look there!' Peter had stopped short and was pointing to something across the road. His tone was hushed with tense excitement. Una looked. On a low branch, close against the tree trunk, perched a little owl, motionless—a soft morsel of pale feathers.

'See it?' His eager voice had a note of triumph that warned her just in time.

'You wouldn't shoot it!' she cried. The gun was at his shoulder.

'Hush, not so loud,' he whispered.

'Oh, the poor little thing! Don't! Dont!' She caught his arm and at the same instant the report tore the stillness and shuddered in the air for a moment, before the silence of the wind and snow flowed back again to cover the wound.

'Hit it!' he cried joyfully, plunging into the brush to retrieve his prize. She waited in a stubborn silence while he found the bird and brought it back to her.

'See,' he coaxed.

She turned her back on him.

'I don't want to look at it. Poor little thing! I asked you not to.'

He put the soft limp little body into his pocket and started on again, searching more eagerly than ever.

'You're allowed to kill 'em, same as hawks,' he offered casually, after a moment.

'Not such baby ones. It was so tiny.' Tears suddenly mingled with the snowflakes on her cheeks, but she kept doggedly on, with her head down. The helpless little owl seemed the most tragic figure in the world—and following so close upon the keen beauty of the tamaracks. He must be cruel underneath; she had never imagined that. For how else could he have overridden her in so simple and vital a matter.

The wind shifted fitfully among the trees, sometimes driving the snow almost horizontally before it, and again twisting it into fantastic columns and spirals. A branch broke sharply under Peter's heavy boot. Una started, and glanced up at him resentfully. He had spoiled a perfectly good walk with his horrible gun, she thought. How *could* he!

'Let's look for some cranberries just for fun. It's late, but we might find a few.' He turned toward her, indicating the tamarack swamp.

She looked past him along the snowy road without answering. He hadn't tried to please her about the little owl, so why should he consult her now? He had plunged into the underbrush already. At the rail fence he turned to help her across, but she moved away and clambered over unaided.

The ground in the swamp was soft and wet in spite of the cold. Their shoes made a squelching sound in the rank grass. Peter hunted cranberries diligently, but Una walked moodily among the tamaracks. Their first quarrel—and the first snow. It was symbolic. And she had been foolish enough to imagine that perhaps they need never quarrel at all. But if they had begun already, and found material for disagreement in the course of a simple country ramble, what might not the future hold for them? Standing disconsolately alone in the stinging snow, she remembered all the bickering couples she had ever known. Peter did not care, he liked to hurt her, and he probably didn't mind quarrelling.

He emerged from the trees, beckoning, and they returned to the road.

'Cold?' he asked. She did not answer.

'Too late for cranberries,' he remarked carelessly, springing over a log. She followed him, staring darkly at the uneven ground. After a quarrel things could never be the same again—quite. She had read that somewhere. It would be unbearable to have any cloud on their great happiness. They had started out so gaily, only an hour or so before, and already they had quarrelled and things would be different. If only he hadn't brought the gun. If only he hadn't seen the little owl.

Their numbed feet thudded on the stony road like inanimate objects. Instead of blowing steadily at their backs, as would have been reasonable, the wind came with frantic rushes, like an eager dog, from this side and that, with its piercing sprays of snow. The way back was interminably long. When they left the road, Una stumbled continually over the dark hummocks of the fields, but was careful to avoid Peter's assisting hand. In the low gray sky, the wind sang a shrill minor air, pressing down the tops of the pines with its invisible feet. The frozen weeds along the fence shivered and bowed stiffly. The world was winter and despair. In Una's heart the sad cadence of the wind ran like a cold stream bearing distant snows. What was to follow now that winter had overtaken the full season of their joy? It would be better perhaps to end it quickly than to let their summer languish with the wind and snow into the darkness of decay. Una thought, with a dreary half-smile, that the little owl might very easily have chosen a tree farther from the road.

The farmhouse came in sight through the orchard trees and Peter plunged ahead. Aunt Marty opened the kitchen door for them, a red shawl thrown over her head. Una dreaded, for a moment, to go in and let her see what had happened, but even at the thought she was inside and fumbling with stiff, aching fingers at her sweater buttons. Peter perched on a stool close to the kitchen stove and began an account of the walk, to which Aunt Marty listened eagerly. Una remembered that he was her favourite nephew. She had gone into the dining room, and stood rubbing her hands together and listening, too, to his gay voice. He didn't care.

'Una,' called Aunt Marty, 'Come out here to the fire this minute. You must be frozen.'

'I'm all right,' Una returned faintly.

'Come on, Una,' Peter said. Una stiffened. It was all very well for him to pretend, but she wasn't going to.

Peter came from the kitchen and put his arm around her.

'What's the matter, dear? Pretty cold? Come on out where it's warm.'

When he had established her in a chair close to the oven door, which emitted a wholly enticing fragrance, he pulled off her overshoes and brought her a cup of the tea Aunt Marty had ready for them. He rubbed her hands, which were too stiff to hold the spoon, till the blood came tingling back. He was his old tender, considerate self—Peter. Had he forgotten?

'You and Johnny must have cleaned out the cranberry swamp pretty well in the fall,' he was saying. 'But see what we got.' He drew out the little owl slowly with a small boy's triumphant pride.

'Hit it right under the wing. Una grabbed my arm and nearly made me miss it, but I was too quick, wasn't I?' He laughed.

'Poor little thing; it's so soft,' crooned Aunt Marty over the ball of feathers in Peter's hand. His other arm tightened around Una's shoulders. The warmth made her eyes heavy and filled her tired body with a great content. The spitting of the snow against the window pane sounded dreamy and far away. Peter held the little owl for her to see. Hadn't he known—?

'It's a pretty colour,' she said.

MARY Q. INNIS.

In Art There Is No Nationality

IN a shop on Yonge Street that sells skates and sweaters, upstairs in the toy department, between jig-saw puzzles and Halma games, stands a dusty glass case. It must be dusty, because what it contains has not been asked for since the year 1914 at least!

"German," whispers the shop girl apologetically. "German!" We echo stupidly as we gaze at six little enemy aliens, six dolls of such originality that the smug-faced beauties in the next case are immediately forgotten.

There is a little milk-maid with her pails hung from a wooden yoke on her shoulders, flaxen plaits hang over her pretty dress, her face is wonderfully modelled and painted, a chubby peasant child, a captivating Gretchen with wooden shoes.

Next her, tumbling sideways with an unwanted air, is a little country man, a sort of mountain gnome. The kind of fellow we would undoubtedly have met in that walking trip through the Black Forest we were due to make before the Great Catastrophe! Hansel and Gretel and the Witch in the Gingerbread House were his neighbours in that far-off Forest, or he watched with his fellow gnomes round the glass tomb of innocent Snow-White.

This tall black figure strikes a different note! He is the finest of the whole collection, a melancholy Pierrot! His face is chiselled to the life, full of longing and intelligence. Where is little Pierrette? Perhaps she was a Frenchwoman and he lost her in the war!

His little mandolin with the painted flowers on it hangs by a green ribbon from his neck, it is the

only colour on his Carnival costume of black and white satin.

His hands are long and flexible, he stands a man of temperament and Art!

He is the most haunting of little figures! All that was lovely in those countries, music and happy students, Heidelberg, the Rhine on moonlight nights, he knows them gone for ever. Lonely and forgotten, the race of minstrel-singers has vanished in an age of efficiency, he is a man without a country!

We linger so long before the little exiles that the girl begins to suspect our nationality! This will never do! Distractedly we buy a Halma board and depart by the self-working elevator to Yonge Street, which seems uglier than usual this morning.

The Black Forest and the students' café in Heidelberg vanish like a dream. We proceed to work in the world in which we find ourselves. After all "an organism is intelligent in proportion as it adapts itself to its environment," and what place have minstrel-singers and gnomes in Yonge Street?

MARGUERITE STRATHY.

Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars for the best MEDITATION ON SPRING *in prose. The essay should not exceed 500 words.*

The prize is awarded to K. H. Broadus, University of Alberta, Edmonton, for the following essay:

Spring On The Saskatchewan

White snow turns gray; along the street it is full of the drifted soot and dust of seven months. Beyond the town the river banks have shed their winter covers, and the face of the still frozen clay is lined and wrinkled. These clay banks have looked old and tired for many springs: theirs is a perpetual age—for it had no beginning in the memory of man—a harsh crabbed age that laughs sourly at the seasons. They have no friends, for even the trees shun them, and the moss curls back from their edges. The water is the most active enemy of the old clay banks—but it is slow, insidious, and, for seven months of the year, powerless.

At last the river ice shows crack and honeycombed places and pools shining in the wet spring sunlight. The snow is almost gone; but here and there under the willows some shrinking splash of white still lingers. The river has not yet broken, for the ice loves the sinuous curves of the brown water, and will not go. But even the ice, thick and strong as it was a month ago, is at last ready to break. One day you sit and watch a long crack in the gray surface; you hear a rustle in the grass behind you and turn to see what made it; in a moment you look again at the crack—and it has widened! Slowly, with a dimpling of brown water astern, the central ice moves in one solid mass for a few yards, till it grounds splintering on the curve below. Throughout the afternoon there are false starts and stoppages—starts that seem prepared to carry away the solid banks themselves—stoppages that are hopelessly futile. But a day later the solid masses have broken; ice cakes jostle each other on their way, and the rising water licks hungrily at everything in reach.

It is a time of change and expectancy. Each morning holds a thousand surprises, little in themselves, but massing into one great feeling of astonishment and delight. But there is an undercurrent of unfulfilment, almost of dissatisfaction. The air, moist with melted drifts, fills one with vague trouble. There is still something incomplete.

The days drag slowly on, with winds and a shower or two that swell the buds monstrously. But in the end the change is swift beyond belief. One day sees the poplars but a very little darker than before—the next morning every leaf shows a clear green in the early sun, and a robin shouts from a fence-post.

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

Our Bookshelf

Criticism

The Problem of Style, by J. Middleton Murry (S. B. Gundy, Toronto).

Middleton Murry commences by disengaging from the loose usage of the word, "style," three fairly distinct meanings most generally given to it: Style, as personal idiosyncrasy; Style, as the technique of exposition; Style, as the highest achievement of literature.

The first meaning he dismisses peremptorily—"as though it were really a literary merit for an author to be recognizable at all times and all places in his work." (Cf. Paragraph 4). The second meaning is hardly less summarily treated—"if the notion that to be vivid is to be vulgar is the heresy of the superior person; the heresy of the man in the street, and of not a few men who profess to live several stories above it, is that style is fine writing, a miserable procession of knock-kneed, broken-winded metaphors with a cruel cartload of ponderous polysyllables dragging behind them." Style, in the third, and true, sense consists neither in mere idiosyncrasy, nor in the artificial rejection or use of ornament, but in an individual use of language born of genuine individual feeling.

The next step is to show that the difference between the greater artist and the lesser is one of range of feeling: "Objects and episodes in life,

SOME WORTH WHILE SUMMER READING

St. John Ervine—The Ship **$1.40**

A poignant, finely drawn drama of the tragic conflict between father and son: the one old, strong-willed, and proud, who longs to bequeath to his son his love and dreams of ship-building: the other, young, eager and idealistic, with quite different ideas.

Louis Hemon, W. H. Blake translator

Maria Chapdelaine **$3.00**

This is a new collector's edition of this, Canada's greatest contribution to the world's prose literature. It is a beautiful book bound in grey velvet calf, suitably boxed, ideal for gift purposes.

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A book full of real people in irresistibly funny situations. One of the cleanest bits of fun that has been offered in a long time. A smiling success.

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This book defies satisfactory classification. It is so different. A certain salon, where the capitalist eats cheese sandwiches with the proletariat, is described. Many saucy anecdotes are related and there is much entertaining discussion.

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This is a delightful story by the translator of Maria Chapdelaine. It is based on the author's fishing expeditions in the Murray Bay district. A very entertaining, refreshing and seasonable book, particularly for the lover of out-of-doors.

Paul N. Miliukov—Russia Today and Tomorrow **$2.50**

To those who wish to know the real situation in Russia, this book by Prof. Miliukov can be safely recommended. It gives a most complete and informing view of Russian affairs at the present time, with authoritative predictions for the future.

Thos. Hardy—Late Lyrics and Earlier **$4.25**

Mr. Hardy is generally acknowledged to be the greatest of our modern writers and some of his best work is to be found in this volume of Poems, hitherto unpublished, which is the culmination and crown of a series of volumes of verse published by him. This is a book which will be thoroughly appreciated by all seekers for the modern note of verse.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS BULLETIN

THE WAR IN THE AIR. By Sir Walter Raleigh. Vol. I. **$6.75**
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This history is being issued under the direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence and is based on Official Documents.

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whether the life of every day or of the mind, produce upon him (the artist) a deeper and more precise impression than they do upon the ordinary man. As these impressions accumulate, unless the artist is one of the most simple, lyrical type, who reacts directly and completely to each separate impression, they to some extent obliterate and to a greater extent reinforce each other. From them all emerges, at least in the case of an artist destined to mature achievement, a coherent emotional nucleus. . . . However much he may think, his attitude to life is predominantly emotional. . . . A tragic poet is not a pessimistic philosopher . . . if he were, he would have written a pessimistic philosophy."

From this it follows that the "objectivity" of the great artist lies in his surpassing the simple lyric reaction, and creating a world of his own, which, however, *is his*, the subjective element appearing in its general *undertone*, the artist's "mode of experience."

On the question of poetry and prose, Middleton Murry concludes that, where thought predominates, there the expression will be in prose; where emotion predominates, the expression will be indifferently in prose or poetry, except that in the case of overwhelming personal emotion the tendency is to find expression in poetry. This may be, but poets have usually used poetry, though he is right in saying that the reference of Hardy to Shakespeare is preferable to the reference of Hardy to Meredith.

Finally we come to the general question of the communication of emotion (or his "mode of experience") by the artist to his audience. That communication must be precise. This precision, however, is not to be attained through merely exact visualisation, or through merely hypnotic rhythm, but through the right understanding of metaphor, *images*. A true image is never used for its own sake, but always reinforces the appropriate emotion. Citing John Clare's "Frail brother of the morn." Middleton Murry continues: "Only a man who loved the snail could possibly have such a delicate knowledge of it. Thus, quite simply, the cause of the emotion becomes the symbol. There we have, in the simplest lyricism, the achievement of perfect style. In a greater poet that simple perception, that emotion and its symbol, would be an item in his store of perceptions; stored up, waiting its time to be employed in the crystallisation of some more comprehensive and recondite perception, to be used as the young Shakespeare used it, and compel us to feel the shrinking of Venus' eyes at the sight of the murdered Adonis."

In a brief review, chiefly concerned to represent the book, this last quotation must suffice to indicate its peculiar merit, apt illustrations. It is heavily indebted to Croce; but its illustrations, its greater particularity (greater than in Croce's own applications of his "Aesthetic" to Shakespeare and Dante) give it a value of its own. The criticism of Shakespeare is especially fine.

A. G.

John Masefield, a Critical Study, by W. H. Hamilton (George Allen and Unwin).

First books of criticism on a contemporary author are always interesting, quite apart from their actual merits, and few of those who have followed Mr. Masefield's exciting literary career, however hardened they may be against current criticism, will be able to repress a certain curiosity in themselves as to what this pioneer volume manages to say.

On individual works it says less than many of the original reviews; for searching analysis and incisive judgment we prefer in many instances to go back to these. But Mr. Hamilton has done a different thing which in the case of John Masefield, a writer of popular as well as academic appeal, was well worth doing. He has taken the poet in the spirit in which most readers take him – a spirit of enthusiastic, and unashamedly personal, likes and dislikes. He travels with genuine gusto through the long succession of plays, poems, novels, etc., approves and condemns with conversational unreserve and ends by writing a somewhat better book than appears at first sight. It is not a book of permanent value but it will serve an immediate useful purpose, which is more than can be said of all books.

Mr. Hamilton's first choice is *The Everlasting Mercy* and his other favourites are *The Faithful*, *Philip the King*, *Dauber*, *Reynard the Fox*, *Gallipoli*. He defends *Nan* against its critics, but has clearly been shaken by them. Perhaps too he underestimates *Pompey* and overestimates *King Cole*. But he writes as one with whom it is refreshing to argue and this virtue atones for much that is carelessly considered.

B. F.

Poetry

Poems of To-day, Second Series (published for the English Association by Sidgwick and Jackson).

The first volume in this series appeared early in the war, just late enough to include a couple of the war-sonnets of Rupert Brooke and Laurence Binyon's "To the Fallen," With the exception of these and one or two other poems it was, in spirit, a "pre-war" volume. It gradually established itself as the best anthology of modern poetry for young people and 150,000 copies of it have been issued.

Its successor is disappointing. In the first place, the general standard is distinctly lower; numbers 34, 74, 85, 108, for example, could hardly find a place in the first volume. English poetry may have de-

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clined somewhat since 1915, but the decline in the two anthologies is beyond question. If it is a matter of policy, one may doubt the soundness of a policy of progressing downwards.

Furthermore, it does not appear that this new anthology has been compiled with the impartiality of its predecessor. About one-fifth of the volume is devoted to poems echoing the war, including Grenfell's "Into Battle" and A. E. Housman's "Epitaph". But there are striking omissions. Not a single war-poem by Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfrid Owen, or Charles Sorley is printed. Thomas Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers" appears and his still finer "In Time of the Breaking of Nations" is excluded. Such omissions can only be deliberate; it is not love of English literature that has dictated them. A certain caution is necessary in selecting poetry for the young, but one would expect the anthologist of to-day to have learned at least something from the bitter experience of recent years. One would expect him to distrust the old-fashioned bias and to print Sassoon and Grenfell, the horror of battle and the joy of battle, side by side, taking his cue from English literature and not from Westminster. The only way to do justice to a literature is to have complete confidence in it and to follow whither it leads.

It goes without saying that there are fine poems in this collection and that it will probably share some of the success of its forerunner. There are strange absences (W. H. Davies, F. Brett Young, J. C. Squire), and some misprints ("We'll see" for "We well see" on p. 33; "seamen" for "seaman" on p. 136).

B. F.

Fiction

Mr. Prohack, by Arnold Bennett (George H. Doran Company).

Mr. Prohack, as his name implies, belonged to the black-coated proletariat. So many readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM belong to the same class, that there is no need to dwell on the plight in which he found himself after the war. Briefly, he found it hard to make both ends meet—having rashly given hostages to fortune, in the persons of his wife, Eve Prohack, and Charles and Cissie, their very modern children. Mr. Prohack was a blameless official at the Treasury. Daily he walked across the parks to Whitehall, where he is said to have terrified the spending departments. (His official life, with all due deference to his creator, would have been a little more convincing if the ministries in question had spent a little less. The writer takes liberties with history). At home, Mr. Prohack's authority was less secure. Mr. Bennett conceives him, in short, as any nice professional man in the forties. His case commends itself naturally to the *intelligentsia* everywhere —to the great class which is ground in wartime between the upper and the nether millstones and (to complete the definition) in a revolution is always the first to be hung. Mr. Prohack is one of themselves.

Into this ordered life came a legacy. Mr. Prohack had cast his bread upon the waters—to the tune of a casual £100—and returning after many days it brought forth a thousandfold. He grew rich in the twinkling of an eye.

At this great crisis, Mr. Bennett is entirely master of the situation. He catches the reader—so to speak—both coming and going. Does he feel jealous of this new-found wealth? He will read all the faster, just to find out how the fellow lost it. Does the thought "What would not I do in his shoes!" make him revel in imagination? Mr. Bennett blandly leads him to the purchase of socks and suits and secretaries, of bric-a-brac and rich men's ailments, of a car and a house he does not want, a necklace of pearls to deck his wife, and half-a-factory to give him occupation. When Mr. Prohack coolly puts four-fifths of his fortune in oil-stock, others who have looked for truth at the bottom of the same wells (and found it not) prepare for the coming liquidation with "I told you so!" And when he sells the stock for "just under a quarter of a million pounds, my boy," his pleasure is amazingly contagious.

Those who have climbed from poverty to riches—if any such should come across this page—will read the tale of Mr. Prohack for remembrance. The rest of us, whose suspicion that we never shall be rich is in the main well-founded, will enjoy his story just as much. For an evening at least we shall all of us be millionaires. It is a wonderful sensation.

G. E. J.

Exploration

My Discovery of England, by Stephen Leacock (Gundy; $1.50).

The reader who is about to embark on a new book by Stephen Leacock knows beforehand that he will enjoy a hearty laugh, and he can almost see the author himself chuckling as he writes. Indeed Mr. Leacock's good spirits are peculiarly infectious, and he has an unerring touch in noting our little foibles and weaknesses. The newspaper reporter whose first question is invariably "What is your impression of our town?", the solemn motor ride in which the distinguished visitor is taken to inspect the municipal abattoir and the sewage disposal plant, the tedious convention of the funny story in dinner speeches—these are some of the things which he misses in his peregrinations through England. On the other hand there is the surly British Customs Official who refuses to open the author's trunk: "Do open it," he vainly pleads, "and see my pyjamas," but the officer is inexorable.

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Mr. Leacock did not see everything there was to be seen in England: the Tower of London, "where Queen Victoria was imprisoned for many years," resisted all his endeavours: but he did catch a glimpse of St. Paul's Cathedral, "an enormous church with a round dome on the top strongly suggesting the First Church of Christ (Scientist) on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland."

There is much shrewd commonsense mingled with the fun in his chapter on Oxford. An old-fashioned university in which it is impossible to combine courses on Salesmanship and Religion can scarcely be compared to our more progressive institutions, but in spite of all handicaps the Oxford student does contrive to learn something. "I gather," says Mr. Leacock, "that what an Oxford tutor does is to get a little group of students together and smoke at them. Men who have been systematically smoked at for four years turn into ripe scholars." Many weary professors will welcome his remarks on co-education.

The chapter on English and American humour too is interesting and suggestive. The author's own humour has not indeed the subtle literary flavour which one associates with Kenneth Grahame, E. V. Lucas, Max Beerbohm, and Aldous Huxley, a brand that one will sip slowly and turn over on one's tongue again and again. Mr. Leacock's humour is of the broader Mark Twain variety. But one may swallow it in gulps and enjoy every mouthful: for it is a vigorous, healthy, and cheerful diet.

W.D.W.

Reference

Readers' Digest of Books, by Helen Rex Keller (Macmillan; $5.50).

Some good souls (Early Victorian) have been distressed of recent years by the apparent decline in the reading of the classics of our literature. Their assumption of the fact of this decline has been based on booksellers' sales of Shakespeare (other than prescribed school texts), and Milton, and also on the Public Library reports, which would indicate that Harold Bell Wright is much more widely read than Bacon. As a matter of fact, their fears are groundless. These good souls are probably unaware that readers are now probably reading their Tasso in the tablet form offered in this volume. The publishers, however, do not seem to appreciate the real value of the book, the peculiar social value of it. Their manifesto on the jacket intimates that it "meets a long-felt want on the part of authors, scenario writers, and general readers who desire easy reference to the great masterpieces of fiction." Its value to authors we leave for authors to decide. (It should be a useful substitute for the telephone book, however, in supplying them with archaic names of characters for their historical or foreign romances.) Scenario writers should indeed find the book a veritable mine. Most histories of literature, if they tell the plot at all, clutter it up with a deal of lumber about the style of the author, and his relative position somewhere. This book rarely goes beyond acclaiming the book as "well-known," "famous," or "epoch-making." Having read this phrase, one dashes immediately into the plot, and for scenario writers one would say the plot was the thing. But the term "general readers" is misleading and poor advertising. This book is really meant for the busy man who has not time for recent fiction and no taste for ancient tales. Such an one is lost when calling Sunday afternoon on the De Jones family. But, fortified with this book, "summarizing concisely and with excellent taste the plots of over four hundred of the world's best novels," including the "Novum Organum," "The Foundations of Belief," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "Creative Evolution," Saintsbury's "History of French Literature," and other thrillers, he can rest assured of being able to overawe the most recent graduate.

R.

Geography

The Province of Quebec—Geographical and Social Studies, by J. C. Sutherland (Renouf Publishing Co, Montreal; $1.25).

"Though chiefly written for the general reader, this book can fairly claim to be a pioneering work in one essential way, because it is the first which has made any connected attempt to describe a Canadian province in accordance with the scientific principles of modern regional geography." Those readers who have suffered under the geographies of our schools will be prepared to turn a sympathetic eye on such pioneering as this paragraph from the Introduction claims. It is to be hoped that the volume will attain a sufficiently wide circulation to encourage the extension of this type of book. A series of provincial studies on more or less similar lines, should prove of great educational value and interest. The new emphasis in geography is evidenced in the proportion of the book devoted to the physical features and physical history of the province. Almost half the volume is devoted to these aspects of the subject. The first five chapters contain a fascinating introduction to the whole subject of physical geography and achieve, in an amazingly small compass, a thoroughly satisfactory clarity of presentation. If must be admitted that Eastern Canada furnishes an exceptionally romantic field in the history of her rocks and her wealth of great Ice Age results, but the subject could be made of equal interest for any province of the Dominion This physical history is followed through in its

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effect on human settlement in the valuable chapter on the "Economic Geography of the Province." The chapters on "Civil Government" and the "Educational System" will have additional interest and value from the fact that the author is the Inspector General of the Protestant Schools of the province. Much valuable information is packed into these two chapters. The concluding chapter on "Geography and Human Culture" is really a pointing of the moral which the rest of the book has made surely very clear. It is no disparagement of its interest to the general reader to say that it should have extensive usefulness as supplementary reading in other provinces than Quebec.

R.

Short Notices

Towards a New Social Order, by A. Schvan (Allen and Unwin).

Some of the builders of the New Jerusalem have served a better apprenticeship than others. Mr. Schvan's slapdash economics suggest that his own has been quite incomplete. The book is pleasantly written, but will appeal more strongly to the "practical" man, reinforcing his distrust of all social reformers, than to the constructive socialist or radical with work to do.

Two Dead Men, by Jens Anker (Macmillan; $1.75).

A detective story translated from the Danish. The story loses much in the translation, which is curiously lacking in warmth. The plot is ingeniously worked out, but a shrewd reader may guess the solution from the outset. The book cannot be compared with the detective romances of J. S. Fletcher, which are published in the same series.

America Faces the Future, by Durant Drake (Macmillan; $2.75).

Professor Drake recalls to Americans, especially young Americans, the progressive ideals which he thinks animated American politics a decade ago, but which are now in danger of being forgotten. A series of political sermons, by a good and serious preacher.

Japanese-American Relations, by the Hon. Iichiro Tokutomi (Macmillan; $1.65).

The most valuable of the many books written on this subject because it is written by a leading Japanese publicist for Japanese readers. It increases immeasurably one's sense of the gravity of the situation.

The Study of American History, by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan).

A published lecture, delivered a little over a year ago by the late Lord Bryce at the Mansion House. It deals in outline with the "Revolutionary and Civil Wars, the constitutional powers of the President and Senate, the influence of immigration upon the American character, and the American achievement of personal liberty."

The Wayfarer, by J. E. Ward (Macmillan).

A quiet little volume of meditations, somewhat in diary form, deeply religious in tone, with the slenderest thread of story, and a pastoral setting of English fields and lanes and trees, but marred by a too consciously poetic style.

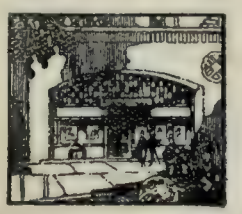
Sunday Night

Lord—
If I can see,
Let me show others the fair sight of Thee!

And, if I hear
Strains of Thy music sounding very near,

Grant me to sing
That they may know Thy voice in everything.

And let me smile,
Pain will be over in a little while.



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Trade and Industry

	Apr. 1922	May 1922	June 1922	July 1922	July 1921
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	161.2	160.9	164.5	165.3	174.3
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$20.66	$20.53	$20.57	$20.58	$21.55
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	82.8	89.2	91.1	.....	89.0
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	112.0	112.3	110.8	112.3	103.6

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the middle of each month, but, owing to a change in the method of computation at Ottawa, from May 1922 onwards the figures will refer to the end of the month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

"IS there no hope of better times?" asks the Assiduous Reader, in whom this page seems generally to produce a fit of "the blues." "Will the trade depression last for ever? Can you not, for a change, say something cheerful?"

If consistent caution is a crime, there is certainly ground for complaint against the tone of **Trade and Industry.** THE CANADIAN FORUM was founded at the beginning of a spell of very hard times. Within a few months, against the judgment of almost every financial journal in the country, it came to the conclusion that this industrial depression was likely to last a good deal longer than most of its predecessors, and that recovery was certain to be slow.

Yet no depression lasts for ever. Sooner or later in any period of stress, some financial journalist or other is sure to return to his employer (like the dove which brought its olive-leaf to Noah) with the news that he has touched on solid ground. The time must come when a turn of events for the better justifies the forecast of impending prosperity: and within the last few days there has been another little crop of newspaper stories, to the effect that farsighted manufacturers are preparing for a boom.

In one sense there is no doubt that the stage is set for industrial revival. A period of cheap money began some time ago. But producers will only take advantage of the financial situation, if they can sell their output profitably. A marked feature of the first half of the year, both in the United States and Canada, has been the failure of industry to take advantage of cheap money. The Stock Market has reaped the benefits instead.

What influences have retarded the trade revival and checked the growth of industrial demands for bank accommodation? Obvious among them have been (i) an uncertain exchange market, which adds to the cost of conducting foreign trade, and (ii) an uncertain equilibrium of domestic prices, which adds to the risk of producing goods for sale at home in the future.

(i) The trader's immediate need is for an exchange rate that moves within the narrowest possible limits. Provided it does not fluctuate, the question how high the rate is does not matter very much. Recent political events, however, have made for fluctuation. The collapse of German payments on Reparations Account has again called in question the soundness of lire and francs, as well as of marks. Continental European currencies generally have been losing in value; and there is nothing in sight at present, which is likely to stop the decline.

(ii) Month after month it has been insisted in these columns that a stable equilibrium of prices in the domestic market can only be secured as farm products appreciate in value, compared with factory goods. There is little evidence of such appreciation at present.

At the moment, interest in wheat predominates. The future purchasing power of the prairie farmer is a subject of endless speculation. What are his prospects of recovery?

A few facts stand out. Though the prospect of a bumper crop has receded, it is still predicted that more than 350,000,000 bushels will be harvested—or about 70,000,000 bushels more than last year.

The mean of several forecasts made in the United States gives a probable American wheat crop of about 815,000,000 bushels. The total for the continent is thus likely to be rather larger than that of an average year.

England, whose dependence on wheat from overseas is absolute, has already purchased more heavily than usual. Her imports of wheat and flour during the first six months of 1919, 1920, and 1921 respectively, have been as follows: 1919, 82,200,000 cwts.; 1920, 75,600,000 cwts.; 1921, 85,600,000 cwts. The British dealer is therefore in a relatively strong position despite the prospect of a poor English harvest.

No. 1 Northern is already selling at about 45c. per bushel less than at this time last year. In October it may be selling at $1.10 or less.

If a relatively larger crop is disposed of at prices even lower than those of 1921, the farmer may regard the worst as over. But it is not on this foundation that a trade boom will arise. At best, recovery cannot be rapid.

G. E. JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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VOL. II TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1922 No. 24

DURING the past few weeks the future of political parties in Canada has become a matter of general concern. The recrudescence of the quarrel between Mr. Drury and Mr. Morrison —or between their ideas—periodic ever since the former's elevation to the premiership, has raised the whole question as to the place of the occupational group in Canadian politics. Mr. Morrison, secretary of the United Farmers of Ontario, is the champion of the Group idea. On occasion he has permitted himself to be somewhat explicit as to how he would apply his theory. His idea of a provincial parliament would appear to be one in which occupational classes would be represented by men of their own number, while the cabinet would be selected from these representatives more or less in proportion to their numbers. At any rate, whatever other classes do, it is Mr. Morrison's desire that the farmers should keep their own organization and keep it free from contamination by those who are not farmers. This is how he put the case in a recent speech at Delta: "First they (the two old parties) fought us, then they started to love us. They tried to club us to death, and we throve on the treatment. Now they are trying to kill us with kindness. 'Let us in,' they are calling. We don't want them. We are not after votes. We are after principles. We don't care whether we have control of the Government or not. We want enough representatives to look after agricultural interests. If you let these people in you will surely get back once again to the system we have been trying to destroy. Party bosses will once more dominate. You cannot mix oil and water." Mr. Drury, himself a successful farmer and sufficiently prominent as a champion of the farmer's cause to be chosen first president of the U.F.O., is in spirit a co-operator. It is now some fifteen years since he first argued the farmer's case before the Canadian Club in Toronto. He knows that there are many city people who sympathise with the social and economic views of the country. Now with an election in the offing he wishes to give effect to his ideas by a policy which he described as broadening out. In view of the means by which the farmers have been rallied to their organization it is doubtful whether they are yet ready to follow Mr. Drury's lead.

JUST how the new organization will be achieved Mr. Drury has not said, but he proposes to introduce into Ontario politics the name Progressive, adopted in the Dominion field. It would be applied at least to urban candidates who support his government. It is not clear that he anticipates its use in rural ridings and the complete disappearance of the name U.F.O. Whether this party will have enough strength under the leadership of Mr. Drury to elect sufficient members to form a government is a matter of grave doubt. Mr. Morrison's determined opposition, an attitude in which he has secured the support of the *Farmer's Sun*, divides the ranks of the Farmers. Even if the forcing of the question on public attention a year before an appeal is made at the polls should enable the dissentients to reach common ground, the acrimony of the discussion is sure to leave the farmers less united than they were in 1919. The clever statesmanship which then achieved a union with Labour may possibly find a way for the continuance of the coalition; but the policy of organized Labour in Canada in many respects pulls directly against the interests of the farmers, and the alliance, being unnatural, is not likely to be permanent. Liberals in considerable numbers will support Mr. Drury, and Conservatives in smaller numbers. In attempting to organize and consolidate these forces Mr. Drury is doing nothing less than attempting to create a new party, which will consolidate the two old parties. His political philosophy and practical considerations—the latter probably as much as the former—have driven him to this course. So continuous has been the growth of the cities and the decline of the country, that the distinctly rural population of Ontario is now no more than a third of the total population of the province. Only political manipulation could give sovereign power to such a minority. Against group domination, even the domination of a coalition of groups, Mr. Drury has set his face. Time must determine whether he is inviting the fate of a Roosevelt.

IF the United Farmers are suffering from growing pains it is no less true that Liberalism is passing through a trying period also. In the last Dominion general election the province of Quebec returned a group of representatives, each labelled Liberal, but many of whom would be far more at home amongst the followers of Mr. Meighen. Naturally these latter were given cabinet representation and their presence has been a constant cause of embarrasment to true thinking Liberals. They have given rise to much speculation as so the future of the Liberal party. It is freely asserted that the 'big interests' of Montreal regard Quebec as their stronghold. In the results of the recent by-election in St. John-Iberville they have cause for apprehension. Two candidates, both styling themselves Liberal, one a farmer, the other a lawyer, were the contestants. The farmer, thoroughly liberal in his announced political attitude made his appeal as a farmer and overwhelmed his lawyer opponent in a constituency that is largely urban. It will be recalled that last December the United Farmers of Quebec placed many candidates in the field as Progressives, but failed to elect even one. It is significant that a farmer, making the same appeal now but styling himself a Liberal should be so decisively elected. Keen observers have contended that the masses of electors in Quebec are at heart progressive and liberal. This result seems to confirm their judgment. They have further predicted that once Progressive thought takes hold in Quebec it will shake the old parties there more completely than in any of the other provinces. Party tradition is still too strong to permit of this prophesy being fulfilled, but the rural movement in Quebec is clearly gaining strength.

THE settlement of the coal strike in the United States and the promise of an early resumption of work at full steam has brought a sense of relief to at least two of the three parties concerned in the quarrel. The mine-workers regard the verdict as a vindication of their stand and a reward for the months of hardship endured, while the public which has been anticipating a winter of cruel suffering foresees now a coal shortage but not a coal famine. Certain mine operators and coal dealers, doubtless, will also be happy if under cover of the shortage they can maintain and increase the organized exactions of the past few years, but the mining interests must realize that they reckoned badly when they refused to meet the miners in conference and that an indignant public will eventually wreak vengeance on a system which so disregards the public interest as to leave coal cellars empty in zero weather. Another truth also should be recognized by mine owners and other interests operating large industries, namely, that the factory-owned town is an anachronism. Freedom of contract is ridiculously unreal where eviction is the price to be paid for any show of independence. Especially is this true in isolated districts where the removal of a family may involve great hardship. Canada is still young in industrial development and it will be a pity if before outworn methods become entrenched here, some system is not devised that will give industrial workers security of freedom.

NOW that work has been resumed in the mines the American people seem to be fretting under the continuing railway strike. The impatience of the Administration has revealed itself in an injunction issued by the Attorney General. Sweeping in character, the injunction makes unlawful various strike activities which in most countries have been regarded as entirely proper. Not only the display of force and the use of intimidation are forbidden, but also the use of peaceful picketing and the employing of arguments or persuasion to induce employees to stop work or others to refrain from becoming employees. Further than this it is stated that the use of printed letters or circulars, telegrams, telephones, word of mouth, persuasion or suggestion through newspaper interviews to the same end is now illegal. A remarkable fact about the injunction is its issuance at a time when the Houses are in session and without their consent. The press on the whole has hesitated to discuss its terms. The *Philadelphia Ledger*, for instance, has abstained from mentioning it editorially. The only reference is indirect and is to be found in an editorial which commends the work of Senator Pepper in assisting with a settlement of the coal strike. After describing him as a man peculiarly endowed with courtesy of mind it goes on to say,—"Courtesy of mind was wholly absent from Congress during the years of the debate on the League of Nations. It is absent now. Mr. Gompers is without it. So is Attorney General Daugherty." This, after several days is the only allusion to the famous injunction, in the leading paper of the city where American liberty had its birth. Mr. Gompers has been more courageous, if less courteous. On Labour Day, challenging arrest, he used these words: "The Administration finding corporate wealth and the workingman in a dispute, illegally and unconstitutionally and with all the power of Government hog-tied and gagged the poor devil, struggling against a deterioration of his standard of life, and leaves him at the mercy of his antagonists." And Mr. Untermeyer, the prominent Attorney, has cabled from Europe: "Amazed, incensed at railway injunction, if properly reported ludicrously unsound." Entirely apart from the merits of the dispute it would appear that the method of dealing with strikes employed by Mr. Daugherty is ill calculated to increase the respect for law or to effect an early settlement of labour difficulties.

RECENT events in Ireland have been responsible for the revival of many of those gloomy generalizations (invented, for the most part, by Englishmen) which, until not so long ago, furnished the world with its favourite conception of Irish character. The incapacity of the Irish for government, their disastrous levity, their jealousy of greatness—sayings such as these, and particularly the last, have not failed to regain at least all their former currency with the present tragic crisis in Irish affairs. For, once again, it is the Irish themselves who have destroyed one, and perhaps two, of their great men. The universal consternation that followed the death of Michael Collins has tended to obscure to some extent the loss that the Free State had already suffered in the disappearance of the powerful but less spectacular personality of Arthur Griffith. For if something like a legend of daring and leadership has already begun to form itself around Collins' brief but crowded career, it must not be forgotten that it was Griffith who, through a lifetime of brilliant but obscure toil (five journals, it is said, sank under him, and yet he was never without a journal) charted out almost by himself the new revolutionary channel, assisted in its navigation, and finally gave invaluable help in steering the republican vessel into the harbour of compromise. With Griffith gone, Collins, who had absorbed his aims and his methods, did, no doubt, become as nearly indispensible as it is possible for any leader to be. Now that both are dead, leaving no tried successors, many people profess to have lost all hope of a settlement; they are ready to ascribe all sorts of qualities to the Irish people except the one quality that is likely to prove their salvation in the present crisis—their unquestioned genius (partly a result of their history and partly of their religion) for martyrology. In the eyes of the great majority of Irishmen the Free State and the Constitution cannot help but derive a new virtue from this double sacrifice. The greatest danger is that the Tory party may find itself in a position during the next few months of inevitable confusion to push the country back into the arms of the implacable republicans.

A BELIEF is current that the third assembly of the League of Nations will find many of the leading European statesmen sufficiently impressed by the accumulating ravages resulting from the usurpations of the Supreme Council and the entente—not to speak of the numerous *ad hoc* bodies which the collective but disrupted wisdom of Europe has seen fit to create from time to time—to try the experiment of according the League some genuine measure of support. One can only hope that the politicians are, in fact, beginning to realize what, to ordinary people, is becoming more and more obvious every day, namely, that the idea of the League of Nations, or some other super-national authority like it, alone holds any real hope of reconciling the conflicting policies of ambitious governments. Since the last meeting, the optimism that succeeded the Washington conference has evaporated before the melancholy realism of General Smuts's statement on air armaments; the Genoa conference has come and gone, leaving Russia without the means of tearing herself free from the grip of famine; and the Supreme Council, on Mr. Lloyd George's motion, has referred back to the League its carefully considered plan for rescuing Austria from the financial ruin and consequent disintegration that may at any time bring central Europe to the verge of war. With all of these failures—failures of improvisation, weakness, jealousy, and fear—the League will probably be called upon again to grapple. Lord Robert Cecil has already come forward with a fresh plan, which seeks to apply to the problem of disarmament generally the successful methods that were put into partial application at Washington; Austria will probably again petition for relief, or, failing that, for union with Germany; while the voice of Dr. Nansen, ignored last year, will no doubt be raised once more on behalf of the Russian peasant. In addition, the question of Germany's admission may draw the League into the very thick of the Anglo-French controversy. Whatever happens it must be clear to the most confirmed skeptic that the League can hardly make a worse mess of things than the Supreme Council or the individual governments, with their suspicions and their anxieties about their sovereign rights, have already succeeded in making. But before it can achieve anything really worth while the League must have the whole-hearted support of Prime Ministers and their cabinets; it cannot live by lip-service alone.

IN the death of W. H. Hudson, English literature loses one of its major contemporary writers. He was by no means among the most widely known or read. The news of his death was not cabled to this continent, but came by mail. He was close on eighty years of age, but died without seeing his works in a collected edition. His identity was frequently confused with that of another W. H. Hudson, now deceased, who wrote text-books on English literature. On the other hand, his fame was rapidly growing; his beautiful autobiography *Far Away and Long Ago* (1918) probably formed a turning-point. This is not the place for extended comment. For praise of Hudson we may go back to William James and to Roosevelt. What will always make the man unique is his intense concentration on the character of life. He studies snakes and birds as a naturalist, but he never classifies; his chief interest is in what it feels like to be a snake or a bird; his desire is to live their life. He was a wonderful psychologist, possibly

without knowing it. Above all he is a great writer. For pure beauty of character, written unconsciously across all his books, he is quite alone.

ONE of the most outstanding features of rural life to-day is the renewed interest displayed in recreation and in social intercourse. Almost every village and township boasts of at least one baseball team, to mention one line of sport only, while hotel lobbies and shop windows hang thick with bills announcing picnics and garden parties on all sides. To judge by some of the bills there is amusement for young and old. Certainly the publicity committees are doing their part to prepare the way, as a typical bill will testify in which the author after speaking of "delights to please the eye and tickle the fancy" caps all by adding that "Mr. R—— of London will set up his radio-phone and drag down oratory and music from the circumambient air." Dwellers in town and in country have for years been lamenting a steady process of rural depopulation and have offered various explanations. One has fastened on inadequate returns for the labour involved, another has seized on the long hours, another on the isolation of the country, and still another on the lack of entertainment. It is probable that every one of these factors, and others that might be mentioned, play a consiserable part in driving people from the country. If the condition is to be corrected each one must receive attention. Whether consciously or not, men and women of the country are now dealing with each of these phases and the latest to be remedied is the need for recreation. Not long ago it was thought by the farmer to be impossible for him to spare sufficient time for recreation. Now a weekly half-holiday is becoming common on the farm and farm life is the brighter for it. Old heads may shake at this new development but it was in the teeth of long hours and unremitting toil that the country side formerly prospered.

We apologize to Miss Millicent Payne for our mistake in printing the poem "Sunday Night" at the end of our last issue and without signature, instead of putting it with her other verses. We intend to reprint this poem with a forth-coming instalment of the author's work.

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Europe on the Slope

A LITTLE over three years ago, in a moment of exhilaration for which his latest and final triumph must be held responsible, M. Clemenceau indulged in an unhappy but unforgettable epigram that is already assured of a high place among those treasures of the historical ironist, the false prophecies of famous men. Indeed it is difficult not to believe that by this time M. Clemenceau himself, in the unmellowed twilight of his life, has swung around to the bitter conclusion that the next fifty years of history are likely to revolve almost anywhere except within the framework of Versailles. That does not mean, of course, that they will not revolve around the problems with which the Treaty pretended to deal; and, in fact, each postponement of a resettlement increases the chances of their doing so. The Treaty of Versailles is already a discredited and largely a broken instrument; the problem of reconstruction in Europe is, if possible, more pressing than it has ever been. It is this distant implication of truth in M. Clemenceau's prophecy no less than its astonishing inaccuracy that impresses it afresh upon our minds with each recurring crisis in European affairs.

Until the shock of a political murder a few weeks ago brought Europe face to face once more with the fundamental problem of Germany and the Treaty, the great majority of people had seemed, for more than a year, to be only too ready to interest themselves in such distractions as the conflicting policies of the different governments permitted to be advanced—for Genoa and the Hague, and, from a European point of view, even Washington, were, in spite of their tremendous importance, essentially in the nature of distractions; their objects simply did not comprise the two or three factors upon which the reconstruction of Europe primarily depends. There is no use in discussing again the reasons for this omission; the fact remains that at the time the majority of men failed to recognize its seriousness. Perhaps 'wolf' had been cried too often. The ordinary man, in England at any rate, was prepared to accept about half of Mr. Keynes's thesis—the less startling half—but he could not bring himself to believe that Germany and Central Europe would not muddle through in somewhat the same way as he was muddling through. With his faith in indemnities and the Treaty had gone his faith in their explosive possibilities. Germany would not, probably could not, pay; but that was no reason for believing that she would become another Austria. The whole business was becoming tiresome and could be safely left to time and Mr. Lloyd George.

To this type of mind the murder of Walther Rathenau seemed at first to be the cause of the crisis in Germany that followed his death, and this

in spite of the fact that the crisis was even more an economic than a political one. It is now clear, however, that Rathenau's murder did little more than precipitate calamities that have been steadily piling up for the last three years. It is even doubtful if it hastened the catastrophe by more than a very few weeks. Germany's present position cannot be ascribed to the loss of any man, however eminent. Its primary cause lies in the determination of this and previous French governments to enforce the Treaty of Versailles; and if any more immediate subsidiary cause can be assigned, it must be sought in the readjustments of allied policy that succeeded the meeting of the Bankers' Committee in Paris last spring. It was, in fact, from the report of this committee—a report whose whole effect was to swell the chorus started by Mr. Keynes—that Germany received the final push down the slope of insolvency. The financiers who composed the committee confirmed the economists' diagnosis of the malady from which Europe is suffering; in spite of its almost evasive discretion, their report left no room for doubt that they would have prescribed the same remedy; only the obstinacy of the French government, deserted this time even by Belgium, stood in the way. France was not yet ready for concessions; and, without concessions from France that would permit a substantial reduction of the indemnity, the Bankers saw no hope in an international loan.

If this almost inevitable decision caused annoyance and disappointment among the French, who had anticipated immediate benefit from a loan to Germany, it reduced the German government, which had previously declared its inability to meet accruing reparation payments without some form of international assistance, to a condition bordering on despair. It was not, however, until the collapse of the mark, accelerated by Rathenau's assassination, had begun to affect the franc that the French government showed any disposition even to discuss concessions. Two weeks of panic gave France her first real appreciation of the economic interdependence of Europe, and drove M. Poincaré to contemplate the necessity of a moratorium. France, of course, must have some *quid pro quo*, and M. Poincaré turned for his cue to that portion of the otherwise distasteful report of the Bankers' Committee that dealt with the cancellation of inter-allied debts. So, concurrently with the formal correspondence that was now opened with the British government with a view to arranging a conference, inspired paragraphs began to appear in the French press outlining the terms upon which M. Poincaré was believed to be willing to agree not only to a moratorium but possibly also to a reduction of the indemnity. The French debt was to be cancelled by Britain, or (what amounted to the same thing) was to be paid in class 'c' reparation bonds, and the indemnity was to be reduced to a figure approximating to that of Mr. Keynes, and actually slightly lower than the one that had been proposed by the impertinent Dr. Simons at London two years before—the whole plan to be conditional upon the establishment of some sort of control of German finances, and upon the German government's giving satisfactory assurance of an early resumption of payments.

To these semi-official proposals, which after all were assigned simply as a basis for negotiation, and which, in spite of their apparent crudeness and one-sidedness, marked a genuine inclination to a saner policy, the British government, in effect, replied with the Balfour note. Bearing in mind the circumstances that directly produced this note, it is difficult not to feel that the natural disposition to regard it as addressed primarily to the United States has been carried too far—so far, in fact, as to obscure its full significance. Many factors, not one, entered into the drafting of the note; and its effect upon many points of view has to be considered. To the French, its denunciation of the indemnity must have looked like a gratuitous attempt to impede the collection of their just damages, and its refusal to cancel their debt, like a deliberate denial of the only fair means by which the policy of the note could be accomplished. If Britain's economic position really demanded the restoration of Germany, France's did not (at least not in the same way), and it was for Britain to recompense France. To many Americans, on the other hand, the note appeared to be a disguised attempt, in spite of its declarations of intention to pay, to saddle the United States (as one Senator put it) with the German indemnity, and to leave Europe free to pursue the race for armaments.

Of course, in reality, the note was none of these things. Primarily it was a statement of policy by Mr. Lloyd George's government (it was Lord Balfour's name that invested it with a sort of esoteric dignity that it never deserved), and the point of view upon which it was founded seems to be this. The collection of the indemnity, as at present fixed, is neither possible nor, if possible, expedient, either from the point of view of Great Britain or of France. A sufficient sum could, however, be collected to meet the just claims of France. If the French government then found that it was still bankrupt it would have to try the experiment of taxing its citizens on something the same scale as British citizens are taxed. In devastated France the individual is actually more prosperous than he is in England; yet the Englishman, in addition to the injury his trade has suffered through French persistence in the policy of Versailles, is now asked by the French government, in exchange for a revision of that policy, to bear a considerable share of French taxation in the shape of the French war loans which he guaranteed for the United States, and which that

country has announced its intention of enforcing. No considerations of policy, the note says in effect, will induce him to accept that burden.

It seems to follow from this that the note must also have been based upon a perfectly genuine assumption that Great Britain would have to pay a considerable portion at any rate of her debt to the United States; and, from this aspect, it may be regarded, in spite of its ready admission of the legal obligation, as a veiled protest against the prevailing American attitude that sees nothing but indulgence in the idea of cancelling the loans which were made to weaker allies on Great Britain's guarantee, and which represented in reality a preliminary substitute for their country's delayed contribution in men and material. It seems to be hardly necessary, however, to labour this question of propriety in view of the conviction that has been expressed by the foremost economists (and that is shared apparently by such prominent American financiers as Morgan, Kahn and Vanderlip) that neither the farmers nor the industrialists of the United States would submit to a really determined effort by Great Britain to discharge Europe's indemnity to America. There is only one way in which that debt can be discharged and that is in goods. The American government's tariff policy is, in effect, a refusal to accept payment.

The Balfour note showed, however, that Mr. Lloyd George's government was not yet ready to apply its own painful experiences of the last three years. Instead of being content to leave the illumination of the American people to time and the dictates of economic necessity, it persisted in a futile hope of evoking some grand gesture of sentimental generosity, and instead of being willing to drive a bargain with France in the interests of Europe, it fell back upon the same specious realism, the same preoccupation with rights and obligations, that has obsessed French policy with such disastrous results to Europe. The failure of the United States government to respond, naturally aggravated the effect the note produced upon French opinion, and drove M. Poincaré's government back upon its familiar position of intransigeance, and confined policy once more to the nonsense of milliards. It can, of course, be argued that the French government would never, in any event, have accepted a reasonable settlement (which must have included the evacuation of the Rhineland and the abolition of various extravagant allied commissions), and that consequently the note had no real effect upon Europe. In a sense this is probably true; for it is difficult to believe that M. Poincaré's government would have been prepared so soon to make concessions upon any adequate scale. The note had this effect, however, as the ensuing conference showed; it committed the British government to a definitely obstructive policy in European affairs, and consequently rendered even the beginning of negotiations for a resettlement temporarily hopeless.

M. Poincaré had, in fact, wasted no time in retracing the step he had taken towards his Canossa; and the conference on a moratorium, which assembled in London last month, found him armed with all his old weapons of logic and justice. Britain having, through the Balfour note, assumed much the same weapons, a deadlock was inevitable, and the conference drove slowly through its dull complications and hopeless negotiations to a fruitless end. So little had the Balfour note left Britain to bargain with that the proposal even for a two months' moratorium was rejected by M. Poincaré. This time Mr. Lloyd George's only choice was between undisguised submission to France and a definite rupture; and so the entente was brought to an end in circumstances that deprived Great Britain of all initiative. With Germany in her present condition and France apparently contemplating fresh measures of coercion, the situation is an unpleasant one. It certainly cannot solve itself; and, until Mr. Lloyd George or his successor exchanges the thin realism of the Balfour note for a more full-blooded and practical policy, there is little chance of Europe's being rescued from her peril.

E.H.B.

The University of the Maritime Provinces

INSTEAD of some half-dozen small and impoverished colleges and universities there should be one central university to serve the higher educational needs of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. Such a proposal at first glance is sufficiently novel to be startling, raising, as it does, difficult problems in university administration and even political issues of a constitutional character. Yet after reading Bulletin 16 of the Carnegie Foundation of New York, entitled *Education in the Maritime Provinces of Canada*, the proposal appears not only sane, but the one possible solution of the higher educational difficulties for the area in question.

The bulletin in question is the work of Dr. William S. Learned, a member of the Carnegie Foundation staff, and Kenneth C. M. Sills, President of Bowdoin College. President Sills, born and educated in the Maritime Provinces, knows the situation from within.

What is the educational situation of this area? As these investigators see it, the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland constitute one educational area. The inhabitants are mainly of British stock who have become separated geographically, economically and educationally from the rest of their compatriots in Canada by the language barrier of Quebec. But at present they are divided into four areas, and within each area certain difficulties arise because of denominational and other jealousies. The separation of

Newfoundland is intelligible enough, since it has never accepted confederation, but the three Maritime Provinces are so sparsely populated that they can ill afford to maintain half a dozen colleges and universities, although this is what they strive to do.

In elementary and secondary education also there are certain features making for inefficiency. The systems are highly centralized and the people themselves, having little direct control over the schools, feel little responsibility for them. Secondly, education, at least in its higher forms, tends to be rather aggressively denominational. The students attend academies, seminaries and colleges because of their affiliations with churches, rather than because of the quality of the education they provide. Denominational jealousies have provided numerous ill-equipped colleges and universities among a population just sufficient to support one of reasonable size. Thirdly, the system of education has been planned for the bright students, for those of superior mental endowment, while those of inferior ability have suffered seriously from neglect. The stepping-stone from one class to another, and from one school to another, is uniform state examination. Since the success of a teacher is judged by the success of the bright pupils, it is these who receive the greatest attention. In the universities the honour system, excellent in many ways and worthy of preservation, again directs the energies of instructors to the 'lad o' pairts,' while the great majority learn as best they may. The elimination from elementary and secondary schools is very great because of chronic retardation, while the universities are forced to accept graduation from the eleventh grade for entrance standards. Even with these low requirements a disproportionate number of students enter with conditions, some in as many as four subjects.

The investigators are very emphatic about the waste of good intellectual material. The students are of good stock, but the system does not give them a fair chance. A misplaced emphasis in teaching directs its energy almost exclusively to the brilliant pupils. Less than fifty per cent. (the present figure), should be eliminated by examinations. They advocate a re-organization which shall recognize the value of the average person in the community.

Among the institutions which will be involved if the scheme of confederation is consummated are the following: (1) The University of King's College, Windsor, N.S., an Anglican University founded in 1802. To the university are attached a boys' secondary school and a girls' secondary school, both flourishing institutions and looming larger in the public eye than the parent institution. A fire destroyed the main building early in 1920 and a campaign for building funds has failed. The university is in dire financial straits. (2) Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S., the most important institution for higher education in the Maritime Provinces. It is undenominational in character, although the predominant Presbyterian element causes it to be regarded as a sectarian institution. The presence of Presbyterian College, a theological school, on the campus of the university and closely associated with Dalhousie, has probably much to do with its popular reputation as a Presbyterian institution. (3) Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., a Baptist institution to which is attached a flourishing academy for boys and a seminary for girls. These secondary schools, as is usually the case in the Maritime Provinces, quite overshadow in numbers and in importance the parent university itself. (4) The University of Mount Allison, a Methodist institution situated at Sackville, N.B. The university itself is ill-housed and ill-equipped, but has attached to it a flourishing Ladies' College and an academy for boys. If confederation did not involve higher education for Newfoundland, Sackville, being the geographical centre, is the place for the new university; if Newfoundland is included, Halifax is the better choice. (5) The University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, a Roman Catholic college of arts and sciences. Since 1910 the university has made immense strides, especially in the provision of buildings and equipment. It is a sound institution, destined to play an important part in the intellectual life of the English-speaking Catholics of the Dominion. (6) The Nova Scotia Technical College, situated at Halifax, a state institution providing an engineering education for the whole of Nova Scotia and parts of the other provinces. Its educational policy is controlled by a board of governors, consisting of the faculty of the college itself, together with one representative each from Acadia, Dalhousie, King's, Mt. Allison, St. Francis Xavier's and St. Mary's. (7) The University of New Brunswick at Fredericton. This is a state university, poorly equipped, but with an excellent educational record. It will naturally be more difficult to include this institution in a scheme of confederation than the six institutions previously mentioned. (8) Various other institutions mostly of secondary school grade, such as the Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown, P.E.I., the College of Ste. Anne, at Church Point, N.S., St. Joseph's College at Memramcook, N.B., St. Mary's College at Halifax, N.S., St. Thomas College at Chatham, N.B., Mt. St. Vincent at Rockingham, and St. Dunstan's, Charlottetown, P.E.I., may be affected by the change.

Even such a brief summary as the foregoing is sufficient to indicate that the existing organization of higher education is both wasteful and inefficient. So-called universities and colleges are hanging on to a mere thread of life, and are only prevented from collapse by the rather vigorous secondary institutions affiliated with them. These secondary schools in turn are unable to fulfil their highest functions

because of the incubus of the universities. Most of the institutions, we have seen, have been founded because of denominational jealousies and pique, and to this day denominational affiliations are extremely important.

What is the best way out of the present *impasse*? The report discusses three possibilities. First, differentiation, or the parcelling out of students among the different institutions according to the subjects they have selected for their degree courses. Second, selection, whereby the strongest institution is selected for development and all others closed down. Third, confederation, or the bringing together of the several institutions, with their endowment, and equipment, into one new organization at Halifax.

This plan is obviously modelled on that of the University of Toronto, but the weaknesses and pitfalls of this earlier and very successful confederation have been avoided. Dalhousie University is to be the central or parent institution. The whole of the confederated university might possibly retain this name or it might be termed the University of the Maritime Provinces. Centred around the university proper would be the following colleges: Acadia, Dalhousie College (representing the Presbyterians), King's, Mt. Allison, New Brunswick and St. Francis Xavier's. The colleges would surrender their degree-granting privileges in every faculty except theology. As in Toronto, some subjects would be college subjects, some university subjects. It is proposed, however, to have a group of subjects taught by instructors appointed either by the colleges or by the university. The colleges, also, would limit their instruction, in the main, to the freshman and sophomore years, the later years and all honour courses being undertaken by the university. Throughout the whole of the colleges and the university the same salary schedule would prevail, thus, again, differentiating the proposed institution from that at Toronto.

Such a scheme presents many difficulties besides the obvious financial one of transplanting institutions. Although denominational affiliations are preserved, only greatheartedness and negation of self-interest will enable ancient universities to sink their identities in a new institution. Perhaps the most difficult cases are those of Acadia and New Brunswick. Acadia is a Baptist College and the Baptists do not believe in state aid for education, at least, for higher education. New Brunswick is a state university. Even if the buildings at Fredericton are utilized for the freshman and sophomore work, the work of the later years will have to be taken in another province. Can New Brunswick, under the British North America Act of 1867, pay for students outside the province, or erect dormitories for them on a foreign soil? Can she pay a *pro rata* proportion of the cost and tax her people for expenses incurred in another province? So far as can be discovered, there is nothing in the Act to forbid it. Moreover, it is a common custom for provinces to pay a *per capita* sum for the training expense of defectives and the blind and deaf in extra-provincial institutions. The paying for senior years at a university is only an extension of the same idea, not a qualitatively different one. Whether New Brunswick will swallow her pride and do it is beside the question. But—if she wishes to do it—constitutionally she apparently can. And, *mutatis mutandis*, the same arguments apply to the students from Newfoundland. These would get their freshman training in St. John and then pass on to Halifax for the completion of the degree course.

The investigators estimate that a sum of $4,500,000 will be needed to carry out the scheme. Presumably, the Carnegie Corporation will be prepared to find a goodly proportion of this sum. If so, opportunity is knocking at the door of Eastern Canada. It is to be hoped that the statesmanlike suggestions will be accepted by all the institutions concerned. If only a fair proportion agree it should be proceeded with. Those institutions accepting the scheme will find their reward in the part they play in building up one of the great universities of the world; those rejecting it will almost certainly sink into insignificance.

PETER SANDIFORD.

The Authorized Wheat Board

FOR many months Western business men, as well as Eastern, have been watching anxiously the development of the wheat crop upon the prairies. Business has been bad, and in a good grain crop they see hope of trade revival. Not less anxious and expectant are the prairie farmers themselves. After several disappointing harvests they are likely to obtain a good yield. But, having obtained that yield, what of the prices? Will they receive a price that will pay them for the labour involved? Or will the railways, elevator companies, and banks eat up all the returns? These are burning questions for the farmer and have been for months, so much so that the Canadian Council of Agriculture, representing the largest body of organized farmers of Canada, made representations to the Dominion Government last April, requesting that steps be taken to protect the producer in marketing operations.

In 1919 the Canadian Wheat Board was established and invested with very wide powers, the most outstanding of which were the absolute control of all wheat marketed in Canada, either domestically or by export, and the fixing of the price of flour and other mill products. The chief argument advanced for this step was that Europe was buying entirely through one channel and that to deal with this single buyer Canada must be in a position to act as a single seller. The Wheat Board, by making use of the existing machinery for handling wheat, and by correlating its many

parts, carried on so successfully that out of the common pool it had, at the end of the year's operations, a substantial surplus to distribute to producers over and above the initial payment made at the time the grain left the producer's hands. Following the marketing of that crop, European unified buying ceased, and the Canadian Wheat Board was disbanded.

It is well remembered that the price of wheat soon took a very marked drop. Thereupon Western farmers began to advocate strenuously the formation of a voluntary Wheat Pool. A representative committee was appointed by the Canadian Council of Agriculture to investigate the scheme and to make recommendations to the Council. After deliberating for about a year a report was submitted stating that a voluntary pool was not feasible on the ground that the necessary finance was not available. Then followed further discussion as a result of which the Council requested the Government to reinstate the former Wheat Board, preserving as far as possible the personnel.

Immediately 'the fat was in the fire.' Grain companies protested, the Grain Exchange protested, and millers protested. The legality of the Board was challenged. The matter was referred to the law officers of the Crown who gave it as their opinion that the creation of the Wheat Board was *ultra vires* on the ground that it was an interference with private property, a field of action within the competence of provincial legislatures only. Some members of the House were for submitting the case to the Privy Council for decision, but fearing too much delay the majority ruled to refer the request for a Wheat Board to the Agricultural Committee of the House to be dealt with. Several weeks were spent in hearing expert evidence and on June 14th the committee's report was submitted to the Commons and debated at length. Briefly, the substance of the report was that a national wheat marketing agency be created, that it be given all the powers enjoyed by the former Board that are within the jurisdiction of Parliament to grant, except as they include the direct marketing of flour and other mill products, and that a suitable act be passed to become effective as soon as two or more provinces had conferred upon this agency such powers enjoyed by the Wheat Board of 1919 as come within provincial jurisdiction.

In reading the evidence given before the committee, and also the report of the debate in the House, one wonders how such a report came to be presented. Outside the direct representatives of the Canadian Council of Agriculture no one seems to have wanted the Board. Even the majority of the members of the Agricultural Committee themselves seem to have been against it. Yet here and there, and all through the records, there is evidence that, reluctantly almost, every witness admitted that the Board might work to the advantage of the producer. The solid farmer *bloc* from the West seems to have wielded no slight or trivial influence on the action of the House.

The chief reasons advanced in favour of creating a Wheat Board were four in number. The first and most compelling of all is that the flow of wheat to market could be regulated. In advancing this argument in the House Mr. Crerar pointed out that normally seventy-five per cent. of the season's crop was dumped upon the market during three months of the year. Producers, pushed by creditors, were compelled to convert their grain into cash with all speed, resulting in tumbling prices. In a later time of scarcity the price might be expected to advance, but the speculator, not the producer, would be the one to benefit. Should the grain be pooled an initial payment could be made at the time of delivery and a further payment made when the grain was finally marketed.

Second, it was argued and admitted that the final price in the export market might be slightly raised, in which case the full benefit would go to the producer.

Third, it became clear that many middlemen would be eliminated. Every additional step in marketing involves expense and spread between initial and final prices. Here again the producer might expect a benefit. All these arguments were given weight by the urgent need for taking almost any step that promised to relieve the admitted distress of the Western farmer.

In opposition to these contentions several reasons were brought forward for leaving things alone. Statistics were produced to show that it is nearly impossible to forecast the price of wheat much in advance and that on many occasions the price has been lower in the spring than in the fall. It would, therefore, be of doubtful advantage for the farmer to hold his wheat over winter. Exporters came forward claiming that by years of toil and good service they had built up trade connections, made for themselves a name and reputation, and now enjoyed a good will constituting a valuable asset. The operation of the Wheat Board would wipe out these connections and work a hardship on the exporters. Again it was argued that a compulsory Wheat Board involves the creation of a monopoly by the Government in favour of one particular industry. Such special treatment afforded to one industry could not long be withheld from others. Still again it was contended that a compulsory Wheat Board is an attempted interference with the normal operations of the law of supply and demand, and would lead the foreign consumers to curtail their purchase and use of Canadian wheat.

While these are the deductions to be drawn from the unfavourable evidence submitted to the committee, two quite different considerations seem to have been the factors that weighed with the com-

mittee and the House. Neither Mr. Stewart nor Mr. Riddell, the two chief members of the former board, would commit themselves as being in favour of another compulsory board, nor was it plain how large a proportion of Western farmers were behind the demand presented by the Canadian Council of Agriculture. Members were for treading warily.

Always beside the prospect of a compulsory board was the idea of a voluntary pool. It will be recalled that during the election contest of last autumn Mr. Meighen offered to create a voluntary agency, if returned to power. During the debate in the House, Mr. Crerar made the assertion, based on his own large experience in handling grain, and on the findings of the wheat pool committee of the Council, no doubt, that such a scheme would be of no effect. It would be nothing more than another competing agency. It would have no country elevators and would be wholly dependent for business upon grain put on the cars over loading platforms. Since such grain formed a small percentage of the season's crop, the proposed agency would be negligible. In an academic discussion it might be argued that farmers would patronize it, but hard experience often proves disconcerting to abstract talk.

Clearly there were and are honest differences of opinion over the methods employed and proposed for handling wheat. But from this there can surely be no dissent, namely, that the producer should receive fair returns for his labour and that, if profit is to be made from his labour, that profit should go to him. Why should great grain companies or speculators assume the risk of marketing wheat? Or why should these same parties pocket huge profits one year, justifying the act by showing that on some other year they suffered severe loss? Many a man has been ruined in the game, perhaps going down with an honest conscience, yet he surely is not deserving of the title of martyr in his fall.

The fact is that our marketing machinery is not suited to meet present conditions, giving justice to producer and marketing agencies alike. Buyers at present play safe so far as shrewd ability makes it possible. The small producer is helpless. What is required is some sort of collective agency through which he may receive some initial payment on delivering his grain and share ultimately to the full in any profit or loss sustained. All this points to some voluntary co-operative scheme rather than a Government agency.

There is much to be said for governmental action, however, for it need not be incompatible with co-operative effort. The case was put clearly by Mr. Motherwell. To start a voluntary pool in the Canadian West is a huge undertaking and may be humanly impossible. Conditions may thus justify the Government in starting the project which might be handed over presently to the producers as a going concern. Such has been the history of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries, and such is the hope of Hon. Manning Doherty in connection with the Niagara Growers Limited, and Ontario Dairy Products Limited. The indicator points to ultimate co-operative organization as the way of deliverance for the grain grower.

In the meantime an act authorizing a compulsory wheat board has been passed by Parliament. The legislatures of Alberta and Saskatchewan have met and conferred the necessary powers upon the board. Messrs. Stewart and Riddell have been requested to act upon the board and both have declined. Others, including Mr. H. W. Wood, have refused to accept the appointment also. At the time of writing it would appear that no board will function this year.

M. H. STAPLES.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

Marjorie Pickthall and One of Her Critics

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Drawn by *Marjorie Pickthall—Her Poetic Genius and Art*, I bought a book by J. D. Logan which proved an attack on Archibald MacMechan for calling her Canada's chief poet. It is unfortunate J. D. Logan did not hold to his title, keeping a quarrel with too lofty praise (if it was) for other pages than those presumably meant to honour her. As to where, in my opinion, she stands in Canada's poetic hierarchy, I shall here be silent; but I have read in the name of criticism nothing worse than this book.

I feel no great gap between three or four Canadian poets I might name, and all but two or three of the English contemporary poets; but it is a shock to pass from the general level of English and American reviewing, let alone such a critic as John Middleton Murry, to our best-known Canadian critics.

The greatest critic to-day, however, is Italian, Benedetto Croce, on whose *Aesthetic* and Shakespeare and Dante studies Middleton Murry has drawn so largely in *The Problem of Style*, and it is a pity J. D. Logan was not as wise. Space forbids representing Croce, but it is enough to show the result of ignorance or inappreciation of his work by quoting J. D. Logan's conclusion: 'Marjorie Pickthall never attained the mystical knowledge of God which brings ineffable joy and peace of the spirit. . . . Had she attained them, as Christina Rossetti, or Alice Meynell or Father Tabb attained them . . . I have no doubt that she would have composed poetry in virtue of which she would be accorded a place close to Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats.'

The corollary is: If she would have composed such poetry, had she had such knowledge, the former three poets, who had it, should have done so. As they did not, J. D. Logan convicts himself of confusion. And if he reply that the former three had the 'mystical knowledge,' but not the poetic power, pure and simple, he admits that what counts, after all, is just that power—

and this is the truth, for there are poets without philosophy (Shakespeare as opposed to Dante) but none without poetry. But if he reply it was through deeper mystical knowledge the latter surpassed the former three, mystical knowledge becomes the sole criterion, and this leads to a jungle of metaphysical jargon, so that poetry clear to the most ingenuous is obscured, as J. D. Logan himself proves.

Thus, he finds her nature poetry was 'all a *tour de force* of the senses and imagination *in her closet*,' arriving at this through a long and self-contradictory discussion here condensed: 'They are wrong in declaring that she had the Greek "feeling" for nature . . . the Greeks were pagans . . . Marjorie Pickthall did have a lively pagan imagination.' That is, she was pagan, but not Greek, though the Greeks were pagans! Again, 'she had saturated her mind, by reading, with the mythology of the Greeks; and her natural pagan sensibility and imagination recoloured and re-expressed this material in a delightful pagan—not Greek—way.' The truth is, the Greeks *were* (as J. D. Logan says) pagans, and her attitude to nature was *not* Greek, and therefore also *not* pagan, the difference between her's and the Greeks' being that noted between Mrs. Browning's and Alcman's seagull by R. W. Livingstone in *The Greek Genius* (page 76). But her nature poetry needs no explanation, being simply the work of a Christian passionately fond of birds, beasts and flowers, known at first hand, as only one blinded by metaphysics to its freshness could fail to see.

J. D. Logan also finds her not especially notable for 'imaginative conception,' in which he says she is inferior to D. C. Scott and Robert Norwood; lacking in 'style' (mere 'style,' for he says he does not mean the 'grand style'); and he quotes lines to show her technique not flawlwess.

I shall not discuss the first point, being ignorant of his use of a phrase of many meanings. Especially I shall not discuss whether (*e.g.*) *The Man of Kerioth* or *The Wood Carver's Wife* shows the greater 'imaginative conception,' when all that matters is the *execution*, the *poetry*, since it is impossible to conceive well and execute ill. Marjorie Pickthall's poetry is not like Norwood's. It does not show a philosophy separable from the poetry, but shows what is more important, though in her work it is very simple, a definite trend of feeling—Middleton Murry calls it 'mode of experience of,' Croce 'sentiment towards,' life. It is *that* which gives the 'ring' to her line, as distinguishable (*e.g.*) from the 'senuous' Keats-line, as it, in turn, from the 'heavenly rush' of the Shelley-line. And though in the greatest poets (and Keats and Shelley were not amongst them) this 'ring' becomes more of an 'undertone,' its presence is one of the surest tests of a poet. It is of course not to be confounded with idiosyncrasy. How a poet who has it can lack 'style' is past understanding.

The lines quoted are:

'In those fair coves where tempests *ne'er* should be,'

and

'And when immortal morning *opes* her door';

the italics his, in criticism of the archaic words, out of place in (say) a Masefield, but permissible in poetry which, though original, is yet 'in the tradition.' Keener criticism would rather condemn 'th*ose* cov*es*,' 'wh*ere* . . . n'*er*,' 'im*mor*tal *mor*ning.' Such lapses are rare enough to justify Archibald MacMechan calling her poetry impeccable.

I notice both on the cover and the title-page of this book, after the author's name, a lot of letters. Their use seems to me in very bad taste.

Yours, etc.,

ALFRED GORDON.

Montreal.

The Case for Human Mutation

THERE is at present a wave of interest in the science of Biology, and, more particularly in Evolutionary Theory, which is wider in extent and stronger in its grasp of human imagination than anything we have seen since the appearance of *The Origin of Species*. And the wave of interest is due, as in Darwin's day, to the belief that scientific theorizing has reached a point where it has immediate practical implications for ordinary human life. There are, of course, special pleaders whose interest is of another sort—holders of theological estates, for the most part, whose property is entailed, and who fear depreciation—but these are unimportant, though eloquent. The natural, vivid interest which so many of the untheological and unscientific are taking is caused by the revival of an old hope in a new guise—the hope of a happier future for mankind to be brought about by the scientific control of life.

This hope was bright when Darwin demonstrated that the forms of life which seemed so fixed were really in racial flux, but it slowly withered as it came to be realized that individually acquired modifications do not appear to be transmissible, and that thus there was no apparent method of speeding up the incredibly slow evolutionary processes, which might readily spend several million years in the development of a purified human race. The sudden revival of hope at the present day—a revival of which Mr. Shaw's *Back to Methusaleh* is a striking product—is due very largely to the mutation theory of the origin of variations, the theory that Organic Evolution is accomplished rather by occasional strides than by many oft-repeated short steps; and that hence a change which, by the method of the slow accumulation of minute variations, would occupy many thousands of years (if, indeed, it could be so produced at all, which is now widely doubted), may, by means of the brusque, discontinuous variations known as mutations, be brought about, as it were, in a night.

The bearing of this theory upon our whole conception of life is very clear; it means that if any further developments in human evolution are to be expected they may as easily appear in the 20th century as after the lapse of millennia.

If any further developments are to be expected—have we, then, any reason to expect such further developments? We have, of course, no certainty on the matter; evolution *may* have ended for ever with the production of man—as the older theologians would teach us; but such an end seems to offend our modern sense of artistic completeness; and we have, besides, a good deal of evidence which seems to point towards further changes.

On the one hand there is the almost universally felt incompleteness of man as he is, the acknowledged sense of great possibilities unrealized, great powers

unevoked, a great kingdom unclaimed. And, for those to whom such yearnings and stirrings are inadmissible as evidence, the individual mutations called genius should be sufficient to indicate the vast potentialities still folded up in the human germ-cell. Genius, if it has any significance at all, is a foretaste of the race to be.

On the other hand we have the apparently increasing lack of sympathy between man and what has been called his 'Social Heritage,' the fabric of extra-organismal registrations which has been gradually deposited by previous generations, and which forms the external complement to the germ-cell inheritance. This sense of conflict has frequently resulted in spontaneous uprisings against the Social Heritage, and attempts, more or less violent, to remould it to a form better suited to man's widening desires and ideals. These attempts have been notoriously unsuccessful, and have only deepened the already strong impression that the alterations most needed are certain very drastic ones in man himself.

We have, then, certain reasons, both external and internal, for thinking that some further step in the great process which has produced man is possible, nay, probable; while the discovery that evolution has frequently proceeded by great leaps forward allows us to feel that we may be even now on the brink of the change.

For many however, the subject is ended here with 'we may be.' 'The Life Force,' say these, 'which works unseen, unknown save in its operation, will do this thing when and where it pleases; perhaps to-day, perhaps in a million years, but in any case entirely without reference to what man may hope or think about the matter.' But this point of view, plausible as it may seem at first sight, ignores the most important factor in Evolution, which is the emergence of Consciousness. Consciousness has come into being, whatever may be the difficulties of accounting for it, and, unless all the tremendous achievements which have come about by means of it are to be regarded as being, in terms of Evolution, up a blind alley (in which case there is little object in our troubling further about the future), the development of this latest factor of self-awareness must be looked upon as a step along the main highway of evolutionary progress. That being so, the next step, be it sudden mutation or gradual change, must be expected to be a further one in the same direction, proceeding from what has last been tested and found good, not from any point further back along the road. In other words, Consciousness, having once been developed and justified by its great survival value, further endeavour along the evolutionary line must be expected to be *conscious* endeavour, further progress to be *conscious* progress.

We have, then, in the first place a fairly strong case for expecting a change of some sort in the nature of man—we doubt, indeed, his ability to survive very long without it. In the second place, if it is to have anything more than an argumentative interest for us, the change must be of the relatively sudden kind called mutation—a variation requiring great periods of time for its accomplishment will be, as far as human foresight goes, too late. And, thirdly, and most important, we feel convinced that the new departure will be a conscious one, perceived, accepted and conditioned, perhaps even initiated, by conscious mind.

We have thus reached, by methods of presumption rather than logic, a fairly advanced position; it only remains to test it, and the test is experience. Can we, as a matter of fact, feel anything which may conceivably be the Evolution-impulse; any constant force, or 'pull' that is, tending always in a certain direction, not originating in our own wills, but yet demanding their co-operation, working in us and through us, and yet not of us? The answer is that we can feel such a force if we will, and that its general direction is abundantly clear.

Nature speaks with many voices in the individual life, and is continually urging us to actions of one sort or another, actions which are conveniently grouped by Professor Thomson under the headings of Hunger and Love—tending, that is, towards the physical survival of the individual and of the species. But there is another voice which is not usually regarded as being of nature at all, for it urges us to resist the pull of the Hunger and Love voices—admittedly authentic products of the Evolutionary process, and, indeed, the means by which it has operated. And, if we take our attention from these clamorous impulses, it speaks in a clearer and more decided way, and urges us into courses of action that are strange and dangerous. And while the 'pull' of the Hunger and Love groups is short, intermittent, and easily silenced for a time, that of this other force is long, constant even when obscured, and marvellously persistent.

The large group of thinkers who are prepared to regard as the voice of 'nature' (using the word in its widest sense) only those short-range 'pulls' of which we have spoken are at once led into an extremely difficult position. For it is a fact that the further social progress of the human race is threatened by nothing so much as by the hold which these very forces have upon mankind. Society, we are told, is preserved from dissolution only by the rigid control of these impulses of Hunger and Love, a control partially internal, it is true, but with stern external control ready to replace it, if necessary. Thus, if these impulses be the authentic Voice of Nature for this generation, there are only two extreme positions to choose from: either that man's salvation lies in ceaseless combat with the whole cosmic process, the ascetic, or Puritan, view; or else that all civilization

A WOMAN'S HEAD

BY

F. H. VARLEY

is a disease, and the untrammelled life of savages the only true one, which is the view of Romantics from Rousseau downwards.

Now, both Ascetics and Romantics are conscious of this other 'pull' operating *against* what they regard as the voices of Nature, but both have misinterpreted it. The Ascetics say 'It is God: therefore Nature, which opposes it, is our enemy;' while the Romantics approach it from another angle, and declare, 'It opposes Nature, therefore, though it be God, it is our enemy. (And, to tell the truth, we consider it but a vicious product of the civilization-disease!)'

The idea which underlies both views is that it is impossible to regard as the Voice of Nature a 'pull' which clearly opposes what are already known to be natural impulses. But this position is fallacious, as I hope to show.

In the study of Evolution we are dealing throughout, as Professor Thomson does well to remind us, with a process of *change*, not with the successive production of different articles, as it were, from a conjuror's box. And change necessarily implies at least temporary opposition between what has been and what is coming to be, between factors which are to be replaced, and those which are to replace them. The little water-denizen that first, at an unknown period, made the great adventure of living on dry land has become almost proverbial; but do we consider enough the conditions that must have accompanied that great change? The organism altered its habitat at the bidding of some deep impulse, coupled perhaps with the stimulus of unfavourable changes in its previous environment; but what of the manifold impulses, all perfectly natural, and all the result of evolutionary process, which urged it to remain where it was? There could have been no such new step without a definite break with a great number of old-established instincts and habits (to use the only words available); without the letting go of a tangible, known something in order to grasp at a hypothetical, unknown something-else; without, in short, a *choice* of some sort. And, let us not forget, in this very real conflict of forces, both sides were truly speaking with the voices of nature; for nature is ever changing, and change implies opposition.

There can be, then, no logical objection to our boldly asserting that this long, steady 'pull' of which we are all conscious, which so constantly and, it may seem, so unreasonably opposes the gratification of what are, after all, perfectly natural desires, with just a hint of a hidden purpose of its own—that this strange force, the 'moral law within me' which filled Kant's mind with wonder—is nothing more nor less than the very Voice of Nature, cancelling, as it were, all previously issued messages, and calling man to a new adventure, a new step in the mighty series which has made the world what it is. And our assertion is strengthened by the acknowledged fact that no amount of gratification of our short-range impulses gives us more than temporary and quickly passing satisfaction. They seem to be no longer true vehicles of life; they are still necessary for physical survival, but are off the main line of advance. He who drinks of the water of Samaria always thirsts again; the Magdalene loved, not once, but many times. On the other hand, those who have consciously denied these impulses, and followed the lead of the long-range 'pull' (and there have been many, even in the few thousand years during which it has probably been felt) testify without exception to a fuller, richer life, to a joy that does not vanish away.

Of course, we do not know—in Evolution we never do know. The fish that came to shore did not know that it could survive there; but it took the risk, and it did survive. Just how is a mystery; but it seems easier to believe that individuals were provided with air-breathing apparatus by way of mutation than to imagine that lungs were developed by slow degrees through countless generations of fish *who never used them.* The important fact, however, is that the fish that left the water *was* provided with the means for existing in an entirely new element, and from that fact we can take courage.

One great difficulty lies in the purely negative aspect which the new form seems to present at first. It is difficult to believe in an impulse whose 'pull' would appear to be recognizable only as a negativing of certain other impulses. As *Joan and Peter* puts it: 'We are given these strong passions (too strong, it almost seems), and with them is given something else that keeps saying, "Fight against them." What the devil does it all mean?' We can only reply that the little fish, in his own semi-aware way, went through the same thing, and that the negative aspect of this 'pull' is quite transitory and illusive. The Force opposes certain impulses because they obscure it in the same way that short, choppy waves will obscure the long rhythmic swell of the sea. But those who follow with determination find that it is in reality intensely positive, a filling up, not an emptying of life, a second birth, not a death. Here it is that the Ascetics and the Puritans, the Formalists and Conventionalists in every age have gone hopelessly astray. They have reduced this first negative aspect of the new Evolutionary Force to a system of independent laws, and imagine that in merely keeping them they are fulfilling the purpose of life. Poor miserable fish, making desperate attempts not to use their gills or to feed on sea-weed, but totally unaware of the call to leave the sea! Their case is hopeless, a thousand times worse than that of the confirmed libertines who wholeheartedly follow the old natural impulses. For the latters' ears are still open, like children's; they can hear the new call and may respond; but the former can hear nothing at all because they are too busy with their code of rules to listen. Well were

they condemned by the great Pioneer of the Evolutionary stage. One who, though feeling the pull of the new Force to the exclusion of every other impulse, yet put the publicans and harlots, the very slaves of the old forces, nearer the great mutation than these legalists.

And so we have come to Him at last, and the reader (if indeed he had not already suspected it) says 'Pah! only Christianity masquerading as Science.' I sympathize with him, but I believe he is wrong, for to represent Christianity as Science is no masquerade. If we take into account the undoubted fact that, in the course of Evolution, the centre of gravity has somehow shifted from the physical to the mental and spiritual plane, is there, after all, any great contrast between the history of the Christian adventure and that of, say, the transformation of reptiles into birds, as far as we can picture it?

Surely it is a crude and ill-considered view to think of a whole generation of a certain species suddenly taking unto itself wings and flying, leaving one element and entering another without a struggle. Would we not more probably find a series of tentative mutations, be-winged but cautious reptiles, flying, as it were, with one foot always on the ground, but slowly preparing the way for one who, boldly leaving what seemed the only firm foothold, actually performed the miracle and flew? And is it too fanciful to imagine that perhaps this great pioneer, when he set foot again among the cautious hedgers, was set upon, cruelly ill-treated, and killed as a monster, a disturber? And in any case, may it not have been very long—perhaps even 2,000 years—before the great bulk of the species, driven perhaps by intolerable conditions on the ground, suddenly realized the power that was theirs, took the risk and flew?

If this be but fancy, it is very stimulating fancy, and transforms human life, here and now, from a dull tragi-comedy to an adventure, vivid and sublime, and of unimagined promise. DAVIDSON KETCHUM.

Poems

The Corn-field

I am the corn-field standing on the plain,
Straw-gold-headed corn,
Green-bellied corn.
I hold the golden quietude,
Never think storm come through in a rage
Within an everlasting age.
I hold the subterranean chain
Of drinking roots
Slowly in the dark.
From their black stillness
My yellow song shoots
And spreads like a lark
That hovers low,
Gives silence his song
The whole day long.
I am the corn-field hiding grain,
Take treasure from the rain,
Take pleasure in the sky,
The sun along the sky,
Stand yellow in his light
Till the gray twilight.
The whole day long
From timid dawn
I hold the golden quietude,
Mother of grain in the solitude.

Sept. 1, 1921.

Sunset Verandah

I too believe in times and places. See!
The sun is falling down, there's a lawless magic
Upon the air which drowns the comico-tragic
Relief, obliterates our usualty
And makes us into sheer mythology.
And though we know the magic for a gift
Of passage, for an atmospheric shift,
We shall not speak now of his treachery.

The maples by the roadside are a frame
For elven stagecraft in a play of gold,
Wherein we dreamily guess the pose and antic.
Dull Susan's fallen hair is burning the flame
Her poor, constricted heart could never hold.
Even my voluble friend is a little romantic.

September 6, 1921.

To A Returned Soldier

If fires of Hell have licked your body, tell
Me why you come with eyebrows fair, unsinged,
And arching still clear eyes. (Charred and unhinged
Should be the portal swinging into Hell.)
If you have heard the agonizing flame
About you whip in fury, tell me why
You come with undimmed smile. (The gate should lie
A smould'ring wreck, a thing that's lost its name.)

Or were your eyes no portal and no gate
That swung out to the agony of fate?
Perhaps you offered but your body's shell
And kept your eyes averted from the hell.
Perhaps your eyes were fixed upon a star
That o'er the smoking earth hung dim and far.

EDWARD SAPIR

March 10, 1918.

The Hart House Theatre

FOR some years past there has been a marked development of various organizations and activities for the furthering of artistic interest and taste in Toronto, and surely it is not mere illusion that these have been most encouragingly fruitful. One cannot wander through the galleries of the Grange, especially on a Sunday or Saturday afternoon, without feeling that the founders of the Art Gallery have been successful in attaining some part

of their purpose in spreading and intensifying the interest in painting; and that, too, among those who a few years ago had practically no opportunity of seeing painting at all. To this result, doubtless, the novelty and brilliancy of our latest landscape art in depicting distinctive Canadian scenes, has in no small measure contributed. The results of the cultivation of taste for better music by the numerous organizations for that purpose have given real justification to the claim that Toronto is a musical centre. In another sphere, the Hart House Theatre, with the absence of the sordidness and the vulgar associations likely to be connected with the drama, and the complete aesthetic satisfaction which its auditorium, stage, lighting and general environment give, must be reckoned as another factor in the development of aesthetic appreciation.

The members of the Players Club are to be congratulated on the use that they have made of the unusual advantages which have been put at their disposal. To an outsider, at least, they seem, each season, to have been increasingly successful in bringing together, on the whole, well-filled and appreciative houses. One must suppose that their financial difficulties have proportionately lessened—no small matter, even in the case of an uncommercial theatre with free quarters and in the main an unpaid staff; for even under such conditions a theatre cannot be run except at very considerable cost.

Some vagueness, which at first seemed apparent, as to the proper policy to pursue, has vanished, and the Club has settled down to one of the two alternatives which presented themselves at the outset. It was anticipated by many of the outside public, and especially by the students themselves, that the theatre would be carried on so as to allow as large a number of undergraduates as possible to share in the dramatic work. But if opportunities of acting were to be scattered broadcast it is evident that the theatre would not profit, except to the smallest degree, from the training and experience it afforded; and that the public would be likely to weary of crude performances. The Players Club accordingly—one would judge—definitely adopted the other policy. They seem to have tended more and more to distributing the rôles among the best actors available, and to retaining as far as possible the services of those who have shown aptitude, and have been trained by frequent employment on the stage to some degree of mastery. Very considerable success has attended the Club in this matter. It is in the acting that progress is especially evident. There are now a number of members who can be trusted to discharge the parts assigned to them in a creditable and not unpleasing fashion; and there are some who have developed real power in acting, so that, on occasion one sees characters or scenes which might hold their own in comparison with the work of good professional companies. To instance in this connection what might seem to be—but is not—a small matter, one notices a decided advance in the audibility of the voices, and especially in the gradual elimination of disagreeable and incongruous varieties of accent and of tone which marred some of the earlier performances.

Another side in which the Hart House Theatre has been uniformly successful is in the settings, the management of the lighting, and other matters of like nature. In an amateur theatre this is something that would scarcely have been anticipated and is due, in great measure, to the special qualifications of the first stage manager. But it is due also—and this is a pleasing feature—to the generous co-operation, not of professional stage decorators, but of our own native artists.

On the points thus far touched there is probably a general consensus of favourable opinion. On the other hand, as regards the selection of plays, a good deal of criticism has made itself heard. The management, it is understood, have no desire to duplicate the work of the regular theatre. One may assume that their purpose is to produce plays which are specially interesting to a cultivated, and intellectual audience, but which for one reason or another, and specially because they lack the more popular—perhaps even vulgar—characteristics which make plays pay, are not at all, or but rarely, to be seen in Canada. There has been in the English-speaking world, for some time back, an unusual activity in the production of dramas of real merit; but even in London itself many of these see the light only through non-commercial dramatic organizations. In the second place, they have presented another class of plays, those which appeal to scholarly interest—some which belong to the past and have a literary or historic significance, others which represent the drama in foreign lands. It is taken for granted by the outsider that these two classes afford a wide field for choice and that it is easy to find among them pieces suitable to the conditions of the Hart House Theatre. This assumption may not be wholly justifiable, and certainly the motives which impelled the selection of certain of the plays presented do not lie on the surface.

Among the plays on the repertoire which seem to have given the greatest general satisfaction were *You Never Can Tell* and *Candida* or—to go back to the earlier history of the Club—*The Pigeon*. It is plays of this character that should mainly fill the repertoire of Hart House. To be sure, some of these may be seen on the professional stage here, but they are in the main new to Toronto play-goers. They have the sort of merit that makes them attractive to people who have some care for truth to nature, and literary and dramatic excellence; and such plays are more likely to be within the range of the acting powers of the company. Of the plays of the other class, *Love's*

Labour's Lost gave an opportunity interesting to the student of the development of Shakespeare's art, which the professional stage would never afford him. Another happy choice was the Japanese play, *Matsuo*, which had not merely claims as being an example of a species of drama remote from our own; its peculiar dramatic merits, the remarkable excellence of the acting, and the unity of the general effect made this performance perhaps the most successful of the whole series.

In conclusion something may be said of the latest of the productions, that of *The Tempest*—in many ways a very creditable one, and one which seemed to give satisfaction to the audience. Among the defects of the theatres of the present day is the over-emphasis on unimaginative appeals to the senses, through lavish stage trappings, expensive scenery, upholstery, and costuming, and also through the exploitation of the extraordinary control of mechanical devices to which the modern world has attained. The consequent vogue of spectacular exhibitions, where there is food for neither thought nor imagination, and an absence of all literary and genuinely dramatic excellence, is patent to every one. So far has this tendency gone that for many years back great stage-managers, men like Irving and Tree, have contributed to the impression that the human nature, passion, and poetry of Shakespeare himself must be loaded with material magnificence and elaborate scenery. Whereas the scholar knows that the Elizabethan stage got along with very meagre help of this kind, and that Shakespeare's plays, having been written for such conditions, actually suffer from the distractions caused by these modern methods. Shakespeare did not disdain, on occasion, to make use of these sense appeals, but his greatness does not depend on the procession of kings in *Macbeth* or the appearance of a real bear in *The Winter's Tale*. In *The Tempest* there are several indications of the same tendency; as is shown in the opening scene of the play we are discussing (where, by the way, the Players Club hit upon a method of representing the ship which seemed both novel and happy). But, on the whole, *The Tempest* is—even among Shakespeare's works—a play for the imagination. It is conceived in an ideal atmosphere, with poetic beauty, and fanciful figures which even our stage, with all its material resources, cannot adequately embody. The poet must have known beforehand that Ariel and Caliban would be presented on the 'Globe' stage with as little elaboration and plausibility as was the Forest of Arden. He set out to conjure up the aerial quality and fantastic charm of Ariel by the magic of his own poetry and imagination—not by elaborate posturings or attempts to suggest that the actor was independent of the solid earth. No fault is found with the talented actress who last June impersonated this part; she did what could be done by the human figure, which, after all, is not aerial. Again, the costume of Caliban was, in a way, a triumph of ingenuity, but it was a triumph which resulted in fixing the attention on his physical characteristics. The stress of the acting was naturally also on the visible, so that the marvellous Shakespearean conception of this *character*, half poetical, half beastly, was lost in the interest in a hideous monster with his ugly tones and gestures. Caliban is an outstanding example of Shakespeare's genius, not because of his bodily frame, but because of his spiritual make-up. The poetic charm of two exquisite passages which the author puts in his mouth was lost in the excess of stage 'business' and the emphasis on the physical terror or excitement of the creature. We repeat, no criticism of the powers of the individual actor (who has done good work on the Hart House stage) is intended. The acting was a part of the whole treatment of the play. The same tendency showed itself in the prominence given to the gambols of the very clever monkey-like figures, and in the manifest stress, at times, upon the fine clothing. Shakespeare is poetry; even his most savage modern critics grant the splendour of his verse, especially in producing plays like *The Tempest* or *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The fact that they are poetry should be emphasized, and the appeal should be to the imagination, not to the senses. This consideration should influence even the acting and 'business.' Some fairly good professional companies put such an amount of supposedly dramatic interpretation into their rendering of his lines that the audience fails to feel them as poetry. An allied defect in the performance was the ineffectiveness, from the point of the play as a whole, of the Masque. One reason in Shakespeare's mind for its introduction—probably the chief one—was to give scope for this very appeal to the senses of which we have been speaking, this opportunity for picturesque costumes, pretty dances, etc. But because throughout the recent performance the stress was upon this side, the Masque failed to stand out from the main body of the play. The Masque, and the personages who appeared in it, seemed to be of the same order, to have the same reality, as the wrecked Italian courtiers, and their real adventures. After all—whatever success the Players Club may have in the material sphere—it can afford to leave spectacle to the regular stage. Its true opportunity lies in the artistic and intellectual quality of its selections, in the absence of crude appeals and offences against good taste, in the stress which it gives to the imaginative and intellectual side of art.

It would be unfair to the Club, and untrue to the spirit in which this article is written, to end with fault-finding. One would rather conclude with a word of congratulation and encouragement. The Players Club has been successful in the practical management of the theatre—in making it carry itself, in giving to their public many evenings of real

enjoyment, and in attaining a degree of excellence which, it may be said in all sincerity, an outsider would never have anticipated.

A.

A Bit of Rock, River and Legend

OF the wild places in Canada, one of the most accessible, least forbidding, and yet most romantic, is the Georgian Bay with its 30,000 islands. The rocky coast is crammed with Indian legends and tales of the trapper, the lumber-jack, and the *coureur de bois*. The islands and the innumerable reefs of rock about them are the remains of the most ancient mountains of the world, great masses of gneiss and granite which were scoured and ground by moving ice during a million years of glacial activity till they became half submerged in the waters of a lake left behind by their own retreating glaciers. In place of peaks and pinnacles there are to be seen rounded brown whale-backs of rock; gray rocks, square cut, rising sheer above the breakers; rocks piled in horizontal strata; rocks contorted, or tilted, or bent into hoops and split in the middle; boulders as big as haystacks; black rocks, white rocks, brown rocks, red rocks, tossing up the white spray in the bay. Nowhere do they rise to any height, but the general contour, as they sweep out to meet the water which carries the line westward to the horizon, gives the impression, if not of mass, at least of vastness in the horizontal plane. The coast-line is saved from monotony by the fringe of trees—bent pines, scrub oak, silver birch, and poplar—which have rooted themselves in the thin soil a little way back from the shore. Seen from a boat a little distance out in the open, islands and mainland seem united in a thin line of gray and green.

The object of this sketch is not to attempt a description of scenes that are already familiar to many. It is rather to suggest that the attractions of such localities as this are not complete until the local legends and traditions have been collected and made accessible to the sightseer. All scenery, wild or tame, is the better for a bit of human history attached to it. The wildness and infertility of the 30,000 islands has led many tourists to believe that the country is as barren of legend and anecdote as it is of lawns and hedges. But the folk-lore is there, and oral tradition is the library in which most of it is to be found. On the coast are fishermen, and at the mouths of rivers, on unexpected farms, are *habitant* farmers, who have heard and can retell stories of the old days when the Indian and the lumber-jack shared this country between them.

In August of last year I caught a glimpse of this interesting material in a short trip of forty miles, by boat and canoe, from Midland to Bala by way of Go Home Bay and the Muskosh River. Midland and Penetanguishene, at the bottom of the Georgian Bay, are the jumping-off places for this coast. A neck of land only three miles wide separates their rival harbours; but in character the towns are far enough apart. Midland is a new town, neat and busy, intent upon capturing the carrying trade of the coast; Penetang is an historic town, beautifully situated on hills at the end of a wooded bay, intent upon preserving pioneer memories and the charms of a picturesque site. Midland prides itself on ship-yards and smelter and grain elevators; Penetang, on its handsome Commemorative Church, which keeps alive memories of early missions to the Hurons and of the great Iroquois invasion that destroyed all settlement and gave this coast its Jesuit martyrs, Brébeuf and Lalement.

When the train from Toronto, running briskly downhill, stopped at the wharf where the *Midland City* waited for us, we were met by a host of small boys, barefoot and almost black with sunburn, who were trying to sell boxes of worms to the anglers from the city. No angle worms grow north of Midland, for the rocks lie too close to the surface.

One lad waved a large box at me, offering it for a dollar.

'Have you a smaller one?' I asked.

'Yes,' he said, thrusting the same big box at me, 'you can have it for fifty cents.'

A little fellow about six years old offered his services to carry my suit-case.

'How old are you?' I asked him.

'Eight or nine,' he replied evasively.

I engaged him, and then in my turn offered to lend him a hand, for he was too small to handle the bag by himself. He waved me away with a bob of the head and dragged the suit-case along the ground until another porter of seven years pattered to the rescue. The two of them carried the bag down to the wharf and saw me safely aboard the steamer.

We left Midland with a toot and a clatter, and churned our way out of the long harbour. The Georgian Bay was flooded with sunlight. Behind us lay wooded hills and good farms, ahead were flat shores of rock and bush, and the blue water was spotted brown where submerged rocks came near the surface. We twisted and doubled on our course, steering an intricate way among shoals and reefs.

On our left we passed Beausoleil Island, called 'Bosely' by the English-speaking boatmen of the coast. An interesting French-Canadian called Simand made his home on Beausoleil, and lived there for many years. An old trapper said to me: 'Dat was de oldes' man I know. I tole heem one day, "I t'ink you been long tam on Beausoleil." "Oh, no," he say, "not long; only forty year." One odder tam I say to heem, "I t'ink you mus' leeve ver' long tam, eh? How ole you be?" "Oh, I dunno," he say; "mebbe two-t'ree hondre' year."'

It was on this island, according to an Indian tradition, that the demi-god Kitchikiwana used to make his home. His last resting-place, however, was the island farther out in the Bay, known on the maps as the Giant's Tomb. It is several miles in length, high and rounded, lending its form to the perpetuation of the legend. To this day, the Indians will not allow themselves to be caught on the island at night; there are noises, they say, and mysterious lights to remind them that this is the tomb of the great giant of tradition.

The steamer dodged about among the islands, poked its nose into the open bay, and turned in again past High Rock Island to Go Home Bay. High Rock is the topmost point for many miles along the coast, although its summit is only fifty feet above the water. By the Indians the place is called the Kettles, because of four large and almost perfectly formed pot-holes bored some six feet into the flat rocks near the shore. Geologists say that these holes were worn by glacier streams whirling stones, but some old-timers are not satisfied with the explanation.

'There's something strange about those pot-holes,' an old fisherman said to me. 'They're not easy to explain.'

'How do you suppose they came to be there?' I asked.

'Well,' he said, 'they must have been dug or dynamited. They were probably forts in which the Frenchman lay when they were fighting the Indians.'

Go Home Bay is inhabited in the summer by a university colony. Here lawyers and scientists, business men, professors, doctors, publishers, clergymen, come together with two things in common: their *alma mater* and their old clothes. Professors of New Testament Exegesis may be seen in patched trousers; school teachers and college presidents in brown shirts and 'sneakers,' scramble over the rocks with fishing poles, or splash about the bay in dinghies and canoes and gasoline launches. They grow brown splitting wood in the sun; they haul water, kill snakes, catch fish and scale them. *Abeunt studia in mores.*

In this haunt of the pedant and the angle-worm, which disport themselves at opposite extremes of the rod, I browned for two weeks in the sun. But I was never a disciple of Izaak Walton. It is 'de ol' tam voyageur' that disturbs my spirit in the summer, and the life of the voyageur is sampled with a canoe on river and portage. Into Go Home Bay flows the Go Home River, which was given its name, as some say, by lumbermen, who used it after a season's logging in the interior to descend to open water and the direct way home. From the mouth of the river it is only a matter of twenty miles to Bala on Lake Muskoka, but there is enough in that little stretch to hold one's interest for two or three days. Two friends agreed with me in that opinion. Accordingly, we crammed a tent, blankets, bacon, pork and beans, a frying pan and two billies into a dunnage bag, knelt into a Peterborough canoe, and started up the Go Home River.

A mile up stream, we passed the farm of Pete Laforge, a famous trapper in these parts. He has discovered a scrap of arable land and, ploughing up an old Indian graveyard by the shore, has planted wheat, and oats, and Indian corn that stands ten feet high. He and his sons own 600 acres, half of it solid rock. But the other half grows sugar maples and grain and vegetables; and Laforge has grown so prosperous that his old log house is now used as a barn and he and his family live in a large new frame house two stories high, with kitchen and dining-room separate, and a phonograph to play for them in the evenings. The phonograph, however, is an intruder. Madame Laforge has a store of old French-Canadian *chansons* which she sings less frequently now that the records from the city are at hand with new tunes. Toby Laforge, the eldest son, who had enlisted and gone to the war, chatted with me about what he saw at Amiens and Cambrai. His father told me of last winter's trapping, which had taken him as far as Mattawa and Montreal.

Across the river from Pete Laforge's farm, on the bed of what was once a brook that emptied into the river, is a beaver dam covered with grass and reeds. Out of the sluggish yellow water behind it stand gray tree-stumps with gnawed tops, and miles of new-made lake. That dam has a history, which Pete Laforge told me over a cigar.

'Some year ago,' he said, 'before de beaver come, de lomberman buil' a dam at de sam' place. Dere was a beeg marsh above it, so beeg a marsh it was hard to get de logs across. Some place a stick would go down in de mud twenty feet. If a horse got in dere it's hard to get heem out. De lombermen dey t'ink if dey flood de swamp dey can bring de log easy across de ice in winter. So dey buil' a dam; but it was no good, it let too moch water t'rough. Dey kip on buil'ing, but no use. Dey couldn't feex it so it will hol' de water. At las' dey leave it an' go away. Nex' year de beaver, he come along an' buil' a dam in de ver' sam' place. De beaver, he buil' such a good dam you can't even get a drink of water below it. I tole de boss he have a better dam nex' tam if he bring some beaver along to help heem feex it.'

We paddled a mile from Laforge's to the Chute, where the lumbermen have built a trough of huge timbers to guide the logs over an ugly jumble of rocks. Above the Chute we passed between gaunt walls of rock, stained varying shades of gray with the successive high-water marks of many years. Soon we came out into a wide sheet of water known as Go Home Lake on the maps. To our right lay the Haunted Narrows, which recalls by its name an accident of many years ago. A draft of logs was being brought down to the

Georgian Bay. During the night the men were still running about on the floating logs, trusting to their nail-shod boots and spiked poles to balance themselves. One of the gang, unobserved by the others, fell in between the logs, which closed over his head. He was not missed until the morning. His comrades dragged the river for days, but they never recovered the body. Pete Laforge, who told me the legend, added his own etymological theory at the end of it. 'So dey call it de Hunted [sic] Narrows,' he said, 'because dey *hunt* for de body long tam af'er, but dey never can fin' it.'

Across the lake is an inlet called Magneur's Bay (more usually pronounced Miner's by the summer tourist). Many years ago a trapper named Magneur, a giant of those days, had his shanty here. 'He was de stronges' man between Shawanigan and Penetang,' said Pete Laforge. 'One tam he tak' de boom chain off some logs, tie it to a barrel of pork, put de chain roun' hees forehead, an' carry dat barrel miles an' miles t'rough de boosh. When he come to camp, dey break de barrel up, an' it tak' four men to carry de pieces any furder. One tam in de winter he keell a beeg bear. He was alone, but he wouldn't leave it for fear de wolves might get it. So he put it on hees back an' walk on snowshoes all de way to de camp. Dat was a man, dat man!'

Paddling across the northern end of the lake we came to Flat Rock Falls, where the water drops fifteen feet over a flat ledge that give the place its name. By the edge of the falls we found a new pot-hole in the rock, about the size of a large mug. It is still being carved when the water is high enough to pour into it.

Above these falls we entered the Muskosh River, of which the Go Home is merely an offshoot. We made our way between high, wooded banks until we came to Sandy Gray, a portage flanking a waterfall that is remembered for the death of a lumber-jack two generations ago. Sandy Gray was the boss of a gang bringing a draft of logs down the Muskosh. At this place the logs jammed and the current piled them up like heaps of matches. To break the jam it was necessary to scramble out into the middle of the chaotic drift and cut away the key logs that held the mass back. Breaking the jam is always a dangerous venture. Frequently, as a safeguard, the man who volunteers is tied to the end of a rope suspended from a rock above. Men at the other end are ready to lift him into the air the moment the timber comes crashing down. But at Sandy Gray there was no overhanging rock. Sandy, unwilling to order any of his men upon an adventure so hazardous, prepared to break the jam himself. He ran out on to the logs and began to loosen them with axe and pole. One of the gang, ashamed to see him risk his life alone, ran out and worked beside him. Suddenly, with a roar, the piled up logs came down. Sandy's man reached the shore, but Sandy himself was caught and smashed by the plunging timber. His body was carried down under the logs, and was only recovered from the river half a mile below the falls. A little wooden cross in the woods beside a crumbling shanty still marks his grave.

Such is the tale as told me by Pete Laforge, who had a friend in Sandy's gang on the day when he broke the jam. Another version is circulated which, if not genuine folk-lore, is at least good journalism. It was early on a Sunday morning when the logs jammed and Sandy's men, honouring the commandment as all good lumbermen should, refused to lift a hand in labour to break it. Sandy, finding his orders unavailing, cried in a passion: 'I'll break that jam if I breakfast in hell.' He leaped on to the boom, the logs came down, and Sandy Gray never returned to breakfast on this earth.

Above the falls the river winds lazily between low banks. The shore along some stretches is a marshy flat, where porcupine and deer are seen; along other reaches it is heavily wooded with birch and oak, tamarack and maple. In still water the deep greens are clearly reflected, with here and there a splash of scarlet from a maple early touched by the frost. Cardinal flowers raise brilliant heads out of the shadows by the water's edge; and dead pines, falling from the crumbling bank, lean gray bodies with thin arms out over the current.

Near Big Eddy we came upon a printed notice, nailed to a tree on the shore, informing us that we had passed the West Limit of the Black Lake Indian Reserve, and making the prosaic threat that trespassers would be prosecuted. But the definition of trespassers was less conventional than the fate that awaited them. They were stated to be all those who hunted, fished, felled trees, gathered sweet grass, or in any of half a hundred other attractive ways impaired the Indian's means of livelihood; for the Indians of this district weave baskets of sweet grass, and embroider birch bark boxes with porcupine quills, to sell to the summer tourists on the Muskoka Lakes.

We carried over Big Eddy, paddled on a mile or two, and camped for the night on a spot overlooking the falls at Squaw Chutes. This name grew out of a tragedy that is still preserved in oral tradition. One spring, when the river was full, three Indian squaws were paddling a birch bark canoe across the river just above the falls. All at once a dog, which they had with them, catching sight of a deer on the bank, sprang barking to the gunwale and upset the canoe. The Indian women were carried over the falls and drowned.

We made a mattress of ferns, and slept with the field mice scampering over us. Next morning we portaged over Brown's Cookery, which, doubtless, has an interesting story, though who Brown was, or

what became of his cookery, I have not learned. Next came Cedars, and after that Raggedy, named for the half mile of bad rapids in a narrow gorge outflanked by the portage. Above Raggedy we came out into the Moon River, from which both the Muskosh and the Go Home are derived, and soon we encountered the last of our portages, the Moon Chutes.

Once over that, we found ourselves among white-clad tourists, with the irritating chug-chug-splutter of motor boats in our ears; for, three miles above, is Bala, a popular summer resort on an arm of Lake Muskoka, with a C.P.R. bridge in the middle of the town spanning Bala Falls, and destroying the beauty of what was once one of the finest sights in this region.

PAUL A. W. WALLACE.

Our Bookshelf

Exploration

Mount Everest—The Reconnaissance, 1921 (Longman's, Green & Co., New York: Edward Arnold and Co., London).

Now that human endeavour has won both the poles perhaps the greatest task which remains to test man's physical powers is the ascent of Mount Everest. 'The Goddess mother of the mountains,' as the natives so appropriately call it, has grown in altitude under recent computations from 29,002 feet to 29,141 feet. Exceptional capacity for enduring fatigue and cold, as well as rare organizing ability, is necessary for success, or even honourable failure, in such an undertaking.

The world now knows that the assault of the present year has failed, having reached a point some 1,700 feet below the peak, but nearly 3,000 feet higher than had ever been attained by man on foot. The story of this distinguished achievement has yet to be written. Meanwhile, in a volume of 350 pages, we have an account of the reconnaissance of 1921. The book is composite. Colonel Howard-Bury, the head of the expedition, is responsible for somewhat more than half of it, while Mr. Mallory, who was in charge of the climbing party which came to grips with the mountain itself, has contributed a hundred pages. Other members of, and sponsors for, the expedition have added chapters or appendices.

Quite the most interesting and eloquent part of the work is that contributed by Mr. Mallory. Stimulating as mountain air these chapters will be found by mountaineer and layman alike. Great endeavours these were, and they are clearly depicted; yet Mr. Mallory can relieve the tension by praising, above all else, a certain valley 'where cattle grazed and where butter was made, the little stream we followed up to the valley head, wandering along its well-filled banks under the high moraine, the few rare plants, saxifrages, gentians and primulas, so well watered there, and a soft familiar blueness in the air;' and he can call it a first principle of mountaineering 'to be as comfortable as possible as long as one can.'

Colonel Howard-Bury, whose name stands on the title page, is less happy in subject matter and in method. Passages of considerable interest on Tibet and its people are to be found interspersed with trivial and unordered details, as from a diary written from duty, of so much game shot or so many coolies incapacitated by drunkenness.

Canadians will find special interest in the part played by Major O. E. Wheeler, who, as a boy at Trinity College School and the Royal Military College, was accustomed to spend his summers with his father surveying in the Rockies. Major Wheeler's chapter on the photographic survey of Everest bears the scars of his years spent as surveyor and soldier. Of his work Major Morshead has this to say: 'Major Wheeler had probably the hardest time of any member of the expedition, and his success in achieving single-handed the mapping of 600 square miles of some of the most mountainous country in the world is sufficient proof of his determination and grit.' The fact that Major Wheeler was one of the three members in the 'final push' of 1921 will be gratifying to those members of the Alpine Club of Canada who have climbed with him in the Rockies and Selkirks.

The book is well printed and excellently illustrated.

C. B. S.

Fiction

Georgian Stories, 1922 (Chapman and Hall).

This is the first of a series of collections of contemporary English short stories. It is intended as a prose counterpart to the now well-established volumes of *Georgian Poetry*, and the editor expresses the hope, which implies a measure of belief, 'that the art of the short story is once again coming into its own.' Perhaps it is because the short story has never been thoroughly at home in English literature that we are apt to overlook it. The poets are familiar to us, their names and characteristics have been amply presented to us, we are becoming more and more conscious of the point they stop at. The novelists are not quite as well known, perhaps, because it takes longer to sample a novelist than a poet, but in so far as we know them we think of them as the writers of long stories, not of short. When we hear of short stories we find our minds ranging abroad to Maupassant, Tchehov, even O. Henry, and only then do we add a casual 'of course, we have Kipling.'

Georgian Stories comes, therefore, in the nature of a mild surprise to many. Whether the surprise is maintained after you have begun to read the contents depends upon where you begin. The stories are very unequal, unpardonably so. Those who begin with

W. L. George's 'Perez' or with Ronald Pertwee's 'Sentimental Rubbish' (the title is good) are unfortunate. Less so those who begin at the beginning; the first two stories are good, they should carry the reader through the succeeding bumps and hollows to the middle of the book where Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, and Somerset Maugham form a strong trio, and these will help him down the gentle decline that then awaits him.

The impression of those who find their way right through will probably be that the short story is 'coming back' as compared with ten years ago. Whether the 'glories of the 'nineties' in this field are being recaptured is another matter. Kipling may not be a perfect artist in the short story; he packs too much in and prunes too little. But he has at his best very unique compensations. Henry James fatigues most people in his longer novels, but in the short story he can be admirable. What we get to-day appears to be less genius balanced by a better adjustment of talent to the stricter requirements of the genre. The new factor is, without doubt, the Russian story and principally Tchehov; the American magazine story technique may have contributed something too, but not as much.

The Russian influence in the best stories is shown by their gloomy bias. Two of the very best deal with prostitution. Somerset Maugham's 'Rain' tells an appalling tale of a missionary who converts a prostitute and then is converted by her; the author's talent is cold-blooded and external, but very effective. Finer still, perhaps the pick of the volume, is Katherine Mansfield's 'Pictures,' the story of a come-down contralto singer's efforts to raise rent for her lodgings; she fails with the movie people and then succeeds with an unknown gentleman. After reading this finely-keyed incident we can easily understand why Miss Mansfield is coming to be regarded as the pick of our short-story writers. D. H. Lawrence, with more genius than any one else in the group here represented, relieves the gloom of his dreadful plot with the warmth of, and insight into, passion which he seems unable to withhold from whatever he writes. 'They were both shocked so much, they were impersonal, and no longer hated each other.'

At high tension these severe subjects can be carried off humanely, or at least convincingly. But there are altogether too many low-pitched stories of sex and marriage which cheapen the volume, though it must be admitted that there are few which have not some special qualities of a redeeming nature. Thus Miss F. Tennyson Jesse's 'The Man with Two Mouths' is anybody's plot, but the local colour of a Cornish smuggling lugger is splendid; Mary Butts' 'Speed the Plough' is the most morbid story of all, but it has real value as a pathological study.

As the above reference to smugglers will have indicated, the book is not all gloom, although even the smuggling story was a tragedy (the two mouths are fatal to comedy). The pick of humour is Stacy Aumonier's 'A Source of Irritation,' which describes how an old Norfolk farm labourer is picked up in a swede field by a German aeroplane during the war, because of his outer resemblance to a notorious German spy. Hodge is exposed in the German front lines with a view to his getting killed and thus 'eliminating' the spy. He is taken alive by the British, proves that he is Hodge, helps them to run down the spy, and is conveyed by British aeroplane back to the swede field by request, just in time to walk home for supper without being made a fuss of. With this betrayal of a tit-bit we will leave our Georgian story-tellers to speak for themselves.

B. F.

Daughters of Hecuba, by Clara Viebig (George Allen & Unwin, London; 7/6).

It is no criticism of this book—rather of the reading public—to say that it will be read, at least in Canada, more for the light it throws upon conditions and opinion in Germany during the war than for its qualities as a novel. To ensure its being read, as it should be, reviewers will first have to persuade the still rancorous mind of many that all or the majority of Germans were not Huns, and that the nation, both its civilians and its fighting-men, travailled, hoped, and feared with the same despairs and pride as did the British and French on the other side of the Line.

It is a pity that this should be so, for Clara Viebig has achieved in *Daughters of Hecuba* a novel of the war as unpartisan and as universal in its appeal as a novel concerned with a bitterly waged struggle could well be. She does not concern herself with the glory of German arms in defeat or victory, or with the superhuman heroisms of youthful warriors against a destroying foe, but with that oldest and most unchanging of all the phases of warfare—the torturing anxiety and sorrow of the women whose men have gone out to meet death and mutilation. There is no plot in the ordinary sense, and no hero and heroine. The chief characters are half a dozen women of differing ages, ranks and conditions, upon whom the war had laid its heavy hand, taking from one her son, from another her lover, and from all their peace of mind, their joy, and, as winter passes winter, almost their last shred of hope. In the background come and go others of the community (a Berlin suburb) absorbed in their own sorrows and the struggle against a new poverty. As the story progresses from the autumn of 1914 till it ends with the false hope of Germany's peace offer towards the end of 1916, the tension increases, not only the tension of anxiety and sorrow, but the physical suffering of almost unendurable hunger. (In passing, it is interesting to note that there is no bitter mention of the Allies'

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blockade which killed women and children as surely as did the Zeppelin or submarine).

Clara Viebig handles this tremendous and difficult subject with a fidelity, restraint, and depth of feeling which place her, if not beside the Hardys and Conrads, at least in the front rank of novelists. No one who *lived* through the war can read *Daughters of Hecuba* without vividly remembering the excitement and the tedium of those almost forgotten days when the individual was at once isolated by his own emotions as in a mist, and yet united with others by a community of interest—and this though the translation is by no means equally good throughout.

H. K. G.

Poetry

Bonnie Joann and Other Poems, by Violet Jacob (John Murray, London; 3/6).

This and Mrs. Jacob's two earlier volumes, *Songs of Angus* and *More Songs of Angus*, are a rare find for the seeker after poetry who can appreciate the Scots vernacular at its true worth. In Canada, especially, we may seek in vain for a page of 'guid braid Scots' by a modern writer; we find only the hackneyed twaddle of the self-exiled sentimentalist. But Mrs. Jacob is of another sort and displays that characteristic Scottish gift to sing of familiar and homely things with freshness and personal insight which has marked nearly all of a long succession of song-makers. No other literature, perhaps, is so strongly marked by a tradition or a bias as is Scottish song by this love of the domestic. The flowers and birds and cottages of the countryside, and the men and women who look upon the locality of their birth as the loveliest spot on earth, have found, generation after generation, a singer to give them a new voice. Such a tradition is dangerous, and since the brilliant climax of Burns the vernacular lyrics of Scotland have shrunk to the merest trickle, too often stagnating among *clichés* and worn-out phrases into which the modern writer has usually failed to pour new life.

Mrs. Jacob, however, like Mr. Charles Murray, is an exception. She uses the old themes of country lad and lass and the 'fields of home' (which indeed can alter little) but she infuses into them that reality which comes only from personal emotion and experience. She writes with gusto and affection, and her touch is nearly always true and effective. With her there is none of that spurious sentiment masquerading under the disguise of the would-be 'simple Doric.' Were it not that the Scots language is becoming more quickly anglicized every year, Mrs. Jacob and Mr. Murray might give us grounds to hope for a new flowering of vernacular song. They use the pure spoken language with a simplicity and directness that carry conviction. But to-day, when a wanderer may return after an absence of fifty years and not find himself understood in the language he spoke as a boy, the only hope for the future is for poetry in the English tongue.

There is much in Mrs. Jacob's three small volumes which tempts one to quote at length. The only difficulty is to make a choice. The first verse of 'Jeemsie Miller,' however, is too good to pass.

> There's some that mak' themsels a name
> Wi' preachin', business, or a game,
> There's some wi' drink hae gotten fame
> and some wi' siller:
> I kent a man got glory cheap,
> For nane frae him their een could keep,
> Losh! he was shapit like a neep,
> Was Jeemsie Miller!

And then for sheer ranting high spirits take 'Hogmanay (to a pipe tune)':

> O, it's fine when the New and the Auld Year meet,
> An' the lads gang roarin', i' the lichtit street,
> An' there's me and there's Alick an' the miller's loon,
> An' Geordie that's the piper oot o' Forfar toon.
> Geordie Faa! Geordie Faa!
> Up wi' the chanter, lad, an' gie's a blaw!
> For we'll step to the tune while we've feet intil oor shune,
> Tho' the bailies an' the provost be to sort us a'!
>
> We've three bonnie bottles, but the third ane's toom,
> Gin' the road ran whiskey, it's mysel' wad soom!
> But we'll stan' while we can, and be dancin' while we may,
> For there's twa we hae to finish, an' it's Hogmanay.

But one could fill pages; it is better for the reader to buy and taste for himself. These books make me pity, with Lord Cockburn, 'the poor one-tongued Englishman.'

H. K. G.

Philology

Language, by Edward Sapir. (Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.75).

The modern tendency to deal very definitely with facts rather than with theory, with the concrete rather than with the abstract, and the hesitation so generally found in indicating any theoretical conclusion from the data dealt with, are very much in evidence in modern books on language. In fact, there are practically no recent books on language. It is a rather startling coincidence that two books with this title should appear in the same twelvemonth. But even at that, one of the two exhibits the timidity I have mentioned, for the admirable volume published this year by the veteran grammarian, Dr. Otto Jespersen of Copenhagen, is much less theoretical than the title might lead one to expect. This is perhaps a little disappointing, for one might well have hoped for some conclusions on the fascinating mysteries of what Dr. Sapir calls 'the ultimate psychological basis of speech' from one of the few great students of language now living.

Dr. Sapir's brilliant book has in some measure at least supplied the want, though even he has little to say about this 'ultimate psychological basis of speech,' the aspect which is primarily of most interest to the lay reader. At the same time, the book has been written,

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almost if not quite all through, with the general reader as much in mind as the student of linguistics. Where a certain amount of technical knowledge is required it is clearly and concisely given, as, for instance, in the summary, in the eighth chapter, of Phonetic Law. One may suspect, however, that the majority of general readers will not read all of Chapter VIII. They need not. For many a moderns undergraduate and graduate, on the other hand, the interest in 'umlaut' and 'shiftings' will be deepened by the presentation of these phenomena as living currents in the never-ceasing drifts of language.

The chapter on drift in language is one of the most interesting in the book, rather on account of the method adopted than for any very new material employed. The discussion of the isolation of 'whom,' of the slow but inevitable dying away of 'whom did you see?' is most engrossing, and convincing to all but the most incurably conservative purists. It is bound to give even them a most uncomfortable feeling of insecurity, a Belshazzer uneasiness. The introductory chapter deals with the psycho-physical basis of speech, and with the relationship between thought and language, incidentally with the question of whether thought is, or is not, possible without language. The following four chapters consist of a careful analysis of the mechanics of language, the phonetic elements, the grammatical processes and concepts. The sixth chapter, 'Types of Linguistic Structure,' is concerned chiefly with the classification of languages, especially with the two great divisions under the terms 'inflective' and 'agglutinative.' Dr. Sapir suggests a conceptual classification for which he makes out a strong, if not entirely irrefutable, argument. It is in this chapter that the author's own peculiar qualifications for original contribution is probably best shown. His studies and investigations, and the facilities afforded thereto by his position as chief of the Anthropological Section of the Geological Survey of Canada, have given him a very unusual acquaintance with the languages of primitive people, and especially of the Indian tribes of North America. The book is enriched by many interesting examples from these languages.

The concluding three chapters, 'How Languages Influence Each Other,' 'Language, Race and Authors,' and 'Language and Literature,' are more general in treatment. The middle chapter of these last three is especially interesting, and should serve to correct some current misconceptions on the relationship between race and language, and kindred subjects. The whole book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, and will be especially welcome to many of us who have vainly searched for authoritative treatment of the more general bearings of the science of language, for what Dr. Sapir calls a 'perspective on the subject.'

R.

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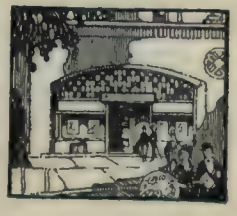

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Trade and Industry

	May 1922	June 1922	July 1922	August 1922
Wholesale Prices	160.9	164.5	165.3	164.7
Twelve Canadian Securities	112.3	110.8	112.3	115.7

THERE is no longer any reasonable doubt that we are, economically speaking, on the mend. That is not to say, of course, that we are making any very startling progress; on the contrary, we are still merely creeping along. But at any rate we are really better than we were, and with anything like good luck we ought to get along fairly well in the future. Prices are rising, as will be explained later, and the stock market is decidedly better in tone. We are not having all the excitement of a real bull market, but stocks are rising slowly; an advance of five per cent. in a couple of months is not bad.

The index number of wholesale prices shows a very small decline for August. This is attributable entirely to seasonal factors when at this time of year foodstuffs are always cheap. But while foodstuffs have declined enough to pull down the whole index number along with them, manufacturers' goods have advanced again, although not quite enough to counteract the fall in foods.

When we study the trends of manufacturers' goods and foodstuffs we find that since April of this year manufacturers' goods have appreciated 7.9 per cent. while foodstuffs have declined 2.4 per cent. This fact is worth considering, since it shows two quite definite movements which are not always reflected in the whole index number. What is really happening is that the cost of living is still slowly declining, a fact further attested by the Department of Labour's retail number, and the cost of manufacturing is sharply rising. A moment's reflection on this point will give a very clear indication as to what is going to happen to wages in the near future, and we may well commend the point to our labour leaders.

On the whole, as we look about us, there does not seem to be very much to depress and quite a number of things to cheer us. Evidently the coal strike in the United States is well over, and, after all, it has not upset conditions too badly. Things are picking up, simply because there was not very much left to act adversely on them. We have passed through a pretty stiff time and it has hurt some of us quite painfully. The list of failures every week is not particularly enlivening reading; nor does the spectacle of little storekeepers being forced out of business up and down the retail shopping sheets of our cities conduce to cheerfulness. But such things must be, and the shaking out was inevitable, and we may suppose healthy in the long run. Employment is distinctly improving; and the building trade is active, in itself a fairly reliable barometer of trade conditions. We are promised a very sizable crop this year, so on the whole we ought to be thankful and reflect that if winter comes we may rely upon the solar system functioning according to schedule and bringing along spring in due course.

In any case it is fairly sure now that the volume of unemployment will be quite naturally less this winter than last, and that next spring will see us going pretty strong. But, of course, we must not expect a boom; indeed we may well pray most fervently to be delivered from one. The future for Canada, as for every other country in the world, is one of hard toil to repair the damages of war. The parallel between to-day and a century ago is curiously exact and we know how long it took the world to recover from Napoleon. Perhaps our recuperative powers are greater than those of our great-grandfathers and we may be able to effect complete restoration sooner. But in any case a decade at the very least from the cessation of hostilities must pass before we can look for anything like normality for the whole world.

Of course Canada suffered but lightly as compared with other nations; but when one member suffers all the members suffer. Even now there are signs that Canada has approached fairly near her pre-war condition. The Canadian dollar is worth one hundred cents over the border, and Canadian and American prices are now fairly close together. Mr. Lloyd George's injunction to study the foreign exchanges in order to see the relative economic positions of the nations to-day may well provide some cause of satisfaction to Canadians, since the only country in which our money stood at a discount, the United States, now receives it at par, and in every other country in the world we receive a premium for our funds. Let us be thankful for all mercies, great and small.

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